Margarita L. Leyerle 2nd
Oct. 1932

Cornelia P. Scott

Billy-Boy

By William Canton

Author of "The Invisible Playmate" and "W. V., Her Book"

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD does not look back, but for a minute in the new sunshine of the morning it seemed a most wonderful experience. Yesterday the world was a long street of tall houses in the midst of a maze of streets; to-day, after a sweet mossy sleep, it was a sunny road coming from between grassy banks and great trees, and widening out to make room for a dozen gardens and brown-tiled cottages on either side. There were green fields running up and sloping down, as far as one could see. Who would have thought there *could* be so much grass in all the world? But stranger than the fields were the woods. They grew in a muffling ring all round the sky; they ran up hill and down dale; and where they did not press together in crowds, they loitered about in twos and threes; so that between the woods and the fields it was an enormous green space with a sunny road running through it and playing at hide and seek among the bushy hollows. Over all there was a fresh blue sky with silvery clouds, but though Billy-boy was conscious of this in a dim way, he only discovered it afterwards.

It was in this wonderful new country that he was to be left with the gamekeeper and his wife till he grew brown and plump and strong, and then his mother was to come and take him home. There was a storm of sobs at parting, but before the tears were dry the little man had been bribed into smiles; and then with an invisible hand Nature drew him to her enchanted bosom and found him companionship.

Who can describe the glamour which falls on a child, or explain the play of illusions by which he contrives to make himself happy? Henceforth Billy-boy's life was a long day-dream, in which everything was alive and had stories to tell, and in which there was no perception of time or of the sequence of events. For instance, what seemed the first of all his impressions must really have been gradually acquired much later. The Sunny Road ran two ways—like most roads, but Billy-boy did not know that. Up-hill it wound away on the ridge of the downs to London Bridge, where, as you know, the children sing and dance in a ring all day long in summer. Down-hill it ambled along through the woods and across the meadows and over the dark pine ridge to the south till it reached the Sea, and you saw the white ships sailing to and fro. Sunny Road southwards was the way of romance and adventure; the carts that came up the slope appeared to have come all the way from the Sea, and the carters must have talked with the sailors in the ships, only Billy-boy did not like to question them. It was enough to watch the carts go by, and dream; it was specially good to see them on a wet day when one could not live out-of-doors.

At the foot of the gamekeeper's garden another road branched off from the Sunny Road, and was bordered by green banks covered with bracken and tufts of heather. If you were not going to the Sea or to London Bridge, you followed this road, for it just went rambling on and on to any place you might want to go to. Billy-boy never found a name for it, but I always think of it as Wishing Gate. There was a strip of woodland along the left-hand side, and the village children took Billy-boy there to play with them beneath the trees. Their favorite spot was underneath an old larch whose boughs swept the ground on three sides and formed a snug house full of green shadow. Here the youngsters made a ground-plan of rooms and passages with pebbles and pieces of stone, and visited each other after they had decked their hats with wild flowers and plumes of bracken. Sometimes, too, they played at school, and sometimes at shop; sometimes they simply nursed their dolls and chattered; but whatever they did, it was just like being in fairyland.

Occasionally some of the bigger boys and girls climbed up into the trees, laughing and shouting to each other. Billy-boy longed to be big enough to go with them. There was nothing he wished more for than to be able to hide high up among the thick green leaves. He loved the trees, and liked to listen to the low, soft voices in which they were always sighing or singing to each other, and he often wished that they would reach out their strong green arms and lift him up to them.

When he was not with the children, you would generally find Billy-boy in the paddock with the retriever Captain. Captain was chained to his kennel because he was so savage and dangerous; but at first sight Billy-boy had gone up to him, put his arms about his glossy neck, and entered into brotherhood. He shared his bread and butter with Captain, showed him the match-box in which he kept his big brown furry caterpillars, hung pansy or nasturtium chains about his neck, and arranged in front of the kennel all the shells, bits of glass, and colored pebbles he had gathered. What delight the little man took in those jewels of illusion! He would wet the dull pebble, and, lo! the shy color came gleaming to the surface; or he would hold up the fragment of glass to the sun, and then he and Captain became the joint owners of a rainbow.

He reconciled Captain and Mrao, the cushiony and companionable cat. Once, as he sat by the kennel, Mrao brought a live field-mouse as a tribute of friendliness, and Billy-boy took it and stroked it softly and then let it go free. Though he knew he was very strong, Billy-boy was extremely gentle to all the wild creatures. Now and again he would catch a grasshopper and try to tame it, but the curious springy creature would escape at the very moment he fancied he had succeeded. With the slow, twisty-shelled snails he held long parley, asking why they made tracks of silver wherever they went, and telling them how good it was for them to have little houses which they could carry about with them. It was a very shocking thing to see a thrush pounce down on one of them after a shower and split its shell to pieces on a flat stone. The gamekeeper's pigeon who lived in a doll's house on the top of a pole would never have been so cruel!

Once on the road called Wishing Gate Billy-boy saw a squirrel for the first time. It ran a yard or two up a tree and looked out at him with its soft bushy tail curled up its back and over its head. It chattered for a moment, then jumped a yard or two higher, looked out again, and finally disappeared. Sometimes, before he fell asleep, Billy-boy would tell himself stories, and this adventure with the brown nut-cracker delighted him beyond measure. "Once," he would say, "I went down the road, and a squirrel popped out of a tree; and he saw me and shouted Hullo! and I shouted Hullo! and then he ran away." A four-year-old's stories are amazingly brief and artless.

Billy-boy told the children about the squirrel, and they went with him in search of it. Peering up vainly into every tree, they trotted along the road till they came to the top of a rise from which they looked down on Willowmere. Billy-boy uttered a cry of delight. The sun was glittering on the lake among the hoary willows; the road ran along it; and far away beyond, on the top of Juniper Hill, the great sails of a windmill, silvery-white in the sunshine, were whirling round and round. They were like the bright arms of angels waving to him to go to them. He stood gazing with eager eyes and open lips. "Oh, if you were not so far—so far away!" Many a night after that he cried out joyfully in his sleep, for he saw the white arms beckoning to him, and voices called to him across the shining water, "Come to us, Billy-boy; come to us, Billy-boy!"

One memorable afternoon Billy-boy saw the villagers standing at their doors or out in the middle of the road all staring up into the sky. He looked up too, and high above him, like a great golden moon in the heavens, floated a large balloon, with people in the car. It drifted slowly over their heads in the beautiful summer air, and the soft wind steered it gently to the south and the Sea. What a vision of beauty it was! The little man watched it as it glided away and away, growing smaller and smaller, till at last it crossed the dark pine ridge and sank down out of sight. When it had vanished he looked up overhead once more, and discovered—the vast blue luminous depths of heaven. Then, in some strange way, it seemed to him that he and the children and the village and the woods and all the earth were part of a wonderful blue balloon which was drifting away and away like the golden one.

It must have been about this time that Billy-boy was greatly perplexed by a nursery rhyme which the gamekeeper's wife used to recite to him:

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack fast asleep.

There was a haystack in the paddock, and Billy-boy was certain, in his own mind, that this was the haystack of the rhyme. Time and again he ran round on tiptoe to surprise little Boy Blue, but he never found any one

sleeping there. One hot day he sat down in its shadow, and dropped off from day-dream into slumber. Far away from the forests of elfinland he heard liquid voices crying, "Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn," and elfin echoes repeated the words, "your horn—your horn—your horn!" till they became too thin to hear. When he awoke and saw that he was in the shadow of the stack, he began to wonder whether it was he who was little Boy Blue, or whether he was only Billy-boy.

And so the happy, dreamy days glided by. He watched the reaping-machines as they went whirring up and down among the wheat, and he saw the sheaves stacked against each other all over the fields. These he thought must be the houses of the tiny "corn people." The berry bunches on the rowans deepened from orange to crimson. The bracken all turned to lemon color and red and brown. The trees were dyed a hundred colors, and the days were short and the mornings sharp with cold. The air was filled with spider-threads and films of gossamer.

Then there was rain and rain for days together. When it ceased, you saw on the sloping garden paths how the gravel had been sifted; the big pebbles left, the little ones washed down, and the fine sand riddled out and spread in a smooth sheet. The days grew still shorter, and morning and evening it was colder and colder. When he went out, Billy-boy found that the chestnut and other leaves had fallen in barrowfuls. It was as if the trees had loosened their clothes and let them drop in folds about their feet.

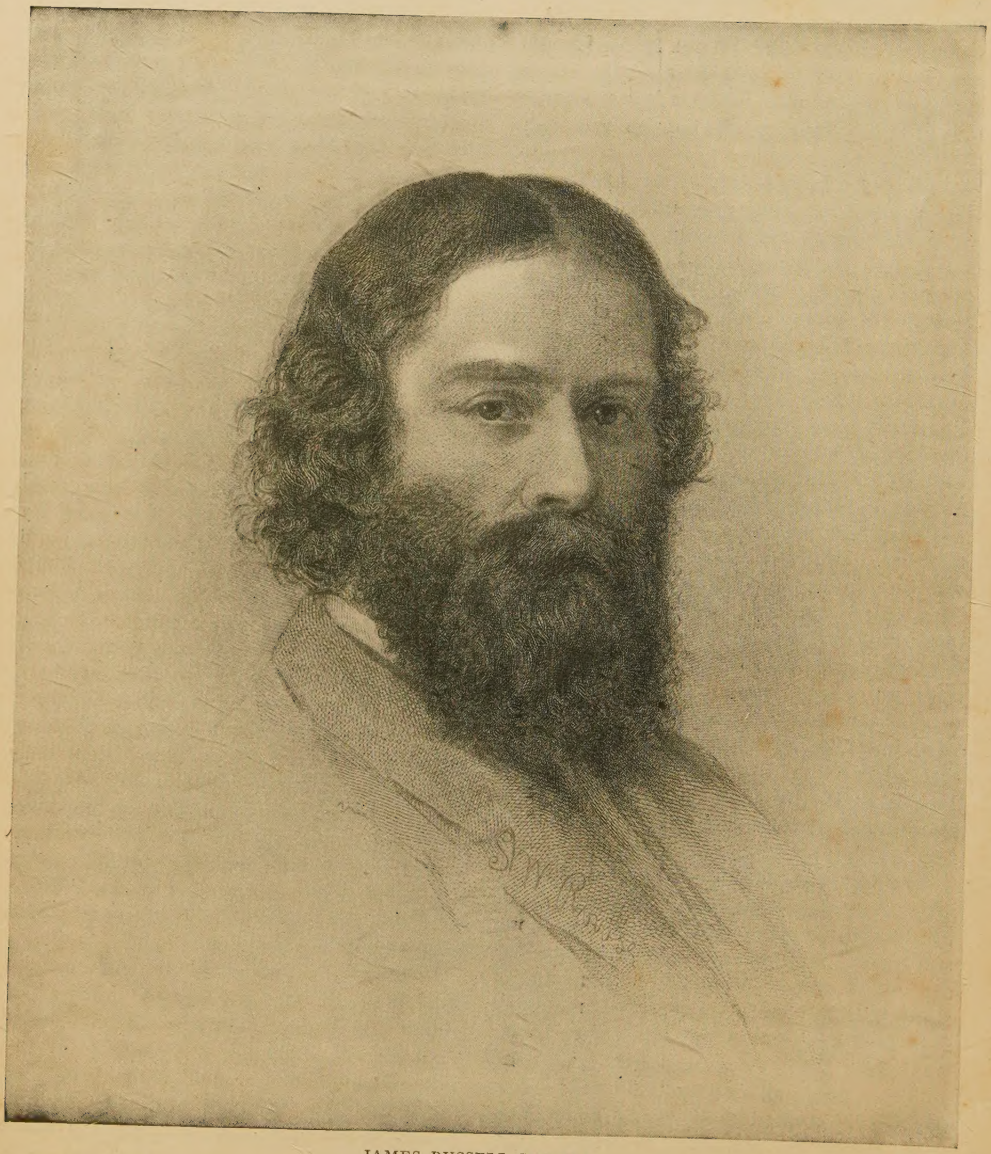
All day, too, the leaves came down in little showers; and there were gusts of whirly-wind which sent them flying along the ground with strange pattering noises; and small troops of sparrows were blown about with the leaves, so that one could not say which were leaves and which were birds.

At last there came a mighty gale and volleying rain, and with an awful hollow roar the woods seemed to be flying under bare poles before the tempest. Watching from the window, Billy-boy thought sorrowfully of the dead summer, and the golden balloon, and the sleep under the haystack; and then, as in a dream, he saw the shining white arms of the angels beckoning to him from Juniper Hill. There it must be sunshiny and warm and beautiful, he thought; and he determined to go in quest of that radiant height.

The gale died down in the darkness, but next morning the ground was white with the first fall of snow, and the trees were striped white on the windward side. He trudged manfully along the road called Wishing Gate, which is the way of heart's desire. Bleak and comfortless he found it, lonely and gloomy; but his courage never flagged. At last he reached the top of the rise, and, behold! far away on Juniper Hill, silvery white in the sunshine, the great arms were still waving. But down in the hollow, gray and cold and menaceful amid the snow, the lake gloomed among the willows. It seemed a long, lonely, eerie way to go, but the bright hands were beckoning, and to be on Juniper Hill, under the shining of those arms, would, he felt, be like heaven.

He ran down the slope towards the lake till he had to pause for breath; and when he paused he realized how grim and shuddery the place was, and how unfortunate it was to be there alone. His heart began to beat fast; he wished he had not come; and then a strange adventure befell him. Out of the bare willows and the dead wood by the lake, a swarm of birds sprang up and suddenly dashed down on him with sharp screams and a rush of wings. On a broken stump a huge black crow cawed viciously and egged them on, and at last flapped heavily up on its wings as if it too were about to attack him. The birds—but there *could* not have been so many thousands as he imagined—wheeled about him like a gust of dry leaves, and drove him back. With a cry of terror he turned and fled up the rise. They did not pursue him far, and when he looked behind him he could not see them any longer. But far away beyond Willowmere the silvery white arms on Juniper Hill kept waving and beckoning.

Next day Billy-boy's mother came to take him home, for he had grown brown and plump and strong. He was sorry to leave Captain, but otherwise he was glad to go. The sunshine had faded from his fairy world, and the only spot he knew of where it was bright and happy lay beyond a waste of water guarded by flying griffins and quite inaccessible. Many a time he saw it in sleep, with the bright arms waving, and heard sweet voices calling to him. Sometimes they cried, "Come to us, Billy-boy." Sometimes, "Your horn—your horn—your horn!" But Billy-boy was too shy and too dreamy to speak of either his terror or his delight.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a crayon portrait by Mr. S. W. Rouse, in the possession of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Cambridge, Mass.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

The editors of The Outlook have thought that their readers would be interested in such a study of Mr. Lowell's life as should include a familiar account of what we may call its surroundings. The conditions of life in New England in which he was born and in which his early manhood was spent are already matters of history. The last half of the nineteenth century is very different from the first half. I have wholly agreed with them in their feeling that his poetry and his life cannot be fully understood without a careful consideration of the atmosphere in which he was educated and the work which young men then had to do. No one can understand the difficulty of representing these to another generation so well as one who has tried to do it. But, as it happened, I grew up in intimate friendship with him, many of the conditions of his life were the conditions of mine, and so I was willing to undertake the papers which in the next twelve months will be in the reader's hands. I shall feel that I have not succeeded in what I have attempted if they do not give, all through, the sense of Mr. Lowell's eagerness to be of use to mankind, and the simple and affectionate relations which he held with everybody who came near him.

EDWARD E. HALE.

CHAPTER I.—HIS BOYHOOD AND EARLY LIFE

ONE cannot conceive more fortunate or charming conditions than those of the boyhood and early education of James Russell Lowell. You may study the babyhood and boyhood of a hundred poets and not find one home like his. His father, the Rev. Charles Lowell, was the minister of a large parish in Boston for more than fifty years. Before James was born, Dr. Lowell had moved his residence from Boston to Cambridge, to the home which his children afterwards called Elmwood. So much of Mr. Lowell's poetry refers to this beautiful place, as beautiful now as it was then, that even far-away readers will feel a personal interest in it.

The house, not much changed in the last century, was one of the Cambridge houses deserted by the Tory refugees at the time of the Revolution. On the steps of this house Thomas Oliver, who lived there in 1774, stood and heard the demand of the freeholders of Middlesex County when they came to bid him resign George the Third's commission. The King had appointed him Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts and President of the Council. But by the Charter of the province Councilors were to be elected. Oliver became, therefore, an object of public resentment. A committee of gentlemen of the county waited on him on the morning of September 2, 1774, at this house, not then called Elmwood. At their request he waited at once on General Gage in Boston, to prevent the coming of any troops out from town to meet the Middlesex yeomanry. And he was able to report to them in the afternoon that no troops had been ordered, "And. from the account I had given his Excellency, none would be ordered." The same afternoon, however, four or five thousand men appeared, not from the town but from the country—"a quarter part in arms." For in truth this was a rehearsal for the Minute-men's gathering of the next spring, on the morning of the battle of Lexington. They insisted on Oliver's resignation of his commission from the Crown, and he at last signed the resignation they had prepared, with this addition, "My house at Cambridge being surrounded by five thousand people, in compliance with their command, I sign my name."

But for Thomas Oliver's intercession with General Gage and the Admiral of the English fleet, the English troops would have marched to Cambridge that day, and Elmwood would have been the battle-ground of the First Encounter.

The State confiscated his house after Governor Oliver left for England. Elbridge

[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Outlook Company

Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration, occupied it afterward.

Readers must remember that in Cambridge were Washington's headquarters, and that the center of the American army lay in Cambridge. During this time the large, airy rooms of Elmwood were used for the hospital service of the center. Three or four acres of land belonged to the estate. Since those early days a shorter road than the old road from Watertown to Cambridge has been cut through on the south of the house, which stands, therefore, in the midst of a triangle of garden and meadow. But it was and is well screened from observation by high lilac hedges and by trees, mostly elms and pines. It is better worth while to say all this than it might be were we speaking of some other life, for, as the reader will see, the method of education which was followed out with James Russell Lowell and his brothers and sisters made a little world for them within the confines, not too narrow, of the garden and meadow of Elmwood.

In this home James Russell Lowell was born, on the 22d of February, 1819. There is more than one reference in his letters to his being born on Washington's birthday. His father, as has been said, was the Rev. Charles Lowell. His mother before her marriage was Harriet Spence, daughter of Mary Traill, who was the daughter of Robert Traill, of Orkney. They were of the same family to which Minna Troil, of Scott's novel of "The Pirate," belongs. Some of us like to think that the second-sight and the weird fancies without which a poet's life is not fully rounded came to the child of Elmwood direct by the blood and traditions of Norna and the Fitful Head. Anyway, Mrs. Lowell was a person of remarkable nature and accomplishments. In the very close of her life her health failed, from difficulties brought on by the bad food and other exposure of desert travel in the East with her husband. Those were the prehistoric days when travelers in Elijah's deserts did not carry with them a cook from the Palais Royal. But such delicate health was not a condition of the early days of the poet's life.

His mother had the sense, the courage, and exquisite foresight which placed the little boy, almost from his birth, under the personal charge of a sister eight years older. Mrs. Putnam still lives, loving and beloved, after showing the world in a thousand ways how well she was fitted for the privileges and duties of the nurse, playmate, companion, philosopher, and friend of a poet. She entered into this charge, I do not know how early—I suppose from his birth.

Certain general instructions were given by father and mother, and under these the young Mentor was largely left to her own genius and inspiration. A daily element in the business was the little boy's nap. He was to lie in his cradle for three hours every morning. His little nurse, eleven or twelve years old, might sing to him if she chose, but she generally preferred to read to him from the poets who interested her. The cadences of verse were soothing, and so the little boy fell asleep every day quieted by the rhythm of Shakespeare or Spenser. By the time a boy is three years old he does not feel much like sleeping three hours in the forenoon. Also, by that time this little James began to be interested in the stories in Spenser, and Mrs. Putnam once gave me a most amusing account of the struggle of this little blue-eyed fellow to resist the coming of sleep and to preserve his consciousness so that he might not lose any of the poem.

Of course the older sister had to determine, in doubtful cases, whether this or that pastime or occupation conflicted with the general rules which had been laid down for them. In all the years of this tender intimacy they never had but one misunderstanding. He was quite clear that he had a right to do this; she was equally sure that he must do that. For a minute it seemed as if there were a parting of the ways. There was no assertion of authority on her part; there could be none. But he saw the dejection of sorrow on her face. And this was enough. He rushed back to her, yielded the whole point, and their one dispute was at an end. The story is worth telling, if only as an early and exquisite exhibition of the profound affection for others which is at the basis of Lowell's life. If to this loving-kindness you add an extraordinary self-control, you have the leading characteristics of his nature as it appears to those who knew him earliest and best, and who have such right to know where the motives of his life are to be found.

I am eager to go on in some reminiscences of the little Arcadia of Elmwood. But I must not do this till I have said something of the noble characteristics of the boy's father. Indeed, I must speak of the blood which was in the veins of father and son, that readers may be reminded of a certain responsibility

ELMWOOD

"Mostly elms and pines." "The house . . . stands, therefore, in the midst of a triangle of garden and meadow."

which attaches in Massachusetts to any one who bears the Lowell name.

I will go back only four generations, when the Rev. John Lowell was the Congregational minister of Newburyport, and so became a leader of opinion in Essex County. This man's son, James Lowell's grandfather, the second John Lowell, is the Lowell who as early as 1772 satisfied himself that, at the common law, slavery could not stand in Massachusetts. It is believed that he offered to a negro, while Massachusetts was still a province of the Crown, to try if the courts could not be made to liberate him as entitled to the rights of Englishmen. This motion of his may have been suggested by Lord Mansfield's decision in 1772, in the Somerset case, which determined, from that day to this day, that

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free!
They touch our country, and their shackles fall!

But in that year John Lowell lost his chance. In 1780, however, he introduced the clause in our Massachusetts Bill of Rights under which the Supreme Court of Massachusetts freed every slave in the State who sought his freedom. Let me say in passing that some verses of his, written when he was quite a young man, are preserved in the "Pietas et Gratulatis." This was an elegant volume which Harvard College prepared and sent to George III. in 1760 on his accession to the crown. They are written with the exaggeration of a young man's verse; but they show, not only that he had the ear for rhythm and something of what I call the "lyric swing," but also that he had the rare art of putting things. There is snap and epigram in the lines. Here they differ by the whole sky from the verses of James Lowell, who was also the grandfather of our poet Lowell. This gentleman, a resident of Charlestown, printed a volume of poems, which is now very rare. I am, very probably, the only person in the world who has ever read it, and I can testify that there is not one line in the book which is worth remembering, if, indeed, any one could remember a line of it. This John Lowell, the emancipator, became a judge. He had three sons—John Lowell, who, without office, for many years led Massachusetts in her political trials; Francis Cabot Lowell, the founder of the city of Lowell; and Charles Lowell, the father of the poet. It is Francis Lowell's son who founded the Lowell Institute, the great popular university of Boston It is Judge John Lowell's grandson who directs that institution with wonderful wisdom; and it is his son who gives us from day to day the last intel-

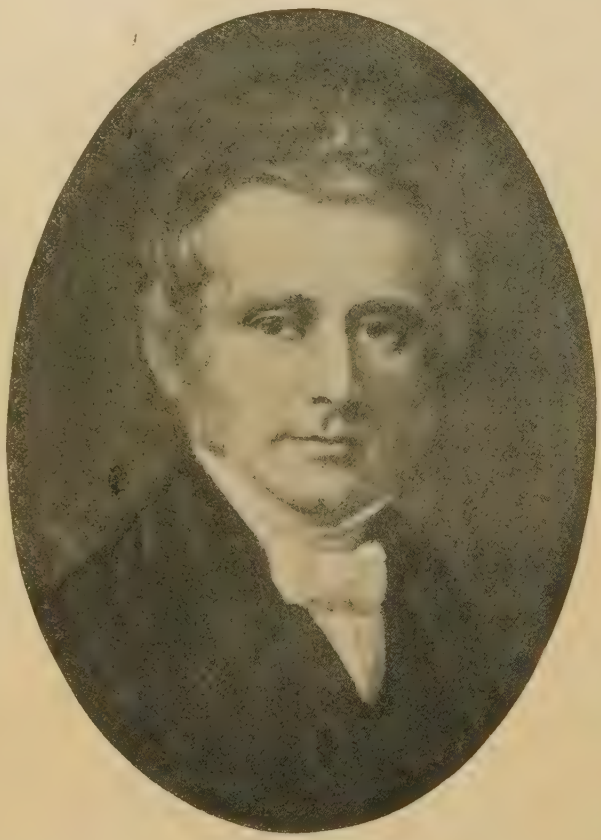
ligence about the crops in Mars, or reverses the opinions of centuries as to the daily duties of Mercury and Venus. I say all this by way of illustration as to what we have a right to expect of a Lowell, and, if you please, of what James Russell Lowell demanded of himself as soon as he knew what blood ran in his veins.

In this connection one thing must be said with a certain emphasis; for the impression has been given that James Russell Lowell took up his anti-slavery sentiment from lessons which he learned from the outside after he left college.

The truth is that Wilberforce's portrait hung opposite his father's face in the dining-room. And it was not likely that in that house people had forgotten who wrote the anti-slavery clauses in the Massachusetts Bill of Rights only forty years before Lowell was born.

Before he was a year old the Missouri Compromise passed Congress. The only outburst of rage remembered in that household when Charles Lowell, the father, lost his self-control, was on the morning when he read his newspaper announcing that capitulation of the North to its Southern masters. It took more than forty years before that same household had to send its noblest offering to the war which should undo that capitulation. It was forty-five years before Lowell delivered the Harvard Commemoration Ode under the college elms.

We are permitted to publish for the first time a beautiful portrait of the Rev. Charles Lowell when he was at his prime. The picture does more than I can do to give an impression of what manner of man he was, and to account for the regard, which amounts to reverence, with which people who knew him speak of him to this hour. The reader at a distance must try to imagine what we mean when we speak of a Congregational minister in New England at the end of the last century and at the beginning of this. We mean a man who had been chosen by a congregation of men to be their spiritual teacher for his life through, and, at the same time, the director of sundry important functions in the administration of public affairs. When one speaks of the choice of Charles Lowell to be a minister in Boston, it is meant that the selection was made by men who were his seniors, perhaps twice his age, among whom were statesmen, men of science, leaders at the bar, and merchants whose sails whitened all the ocean. Such men made the selection of their minister from the young men best educated, from the most distinguished families of the State.



THE REV. CHARLES LOWELL
Father of James Russell Lowell, and for over half a century Minister of the West Church, Boston.

In 1805 Charles Lowell returned from professional study in Edinburgh. He had been traveling that summer with Mr. John Lowell, his oldest brother. In London he had seen Wilberforce, who introduced him into the House of Commons, where he heard Fox and Sheridan. Soon after he arrived in Boston he was invited to preach at the West Church.

This church was the church of Mayhew, who was the Theodore Parker of his time.

Mayhew was in the advance in the Revolutionary sentiment of his day, and Samuel Adams gave to him the credit of having first suggested the federation of the Colonies: "Adams, we have a communion of churches; why do we not make a communion of States?" This he said after leaving the communion table. In such a parish young Charles Lowell preached in 1805, from the text, "Rejoice in the Lord alway." Soon after, he was unanimously invited to settle as its minister, and in that important charge he remained until he died, on the 20th of January, 1861. It is one of my pleasant personal recollections that when I asked him to give his name, first among the clergymen of Massachusetts, in the enterprise for maintaining freedom in Kansas, he gave me his name readily, and asked God's blessing on the undertaking. This was in 1854.

Mr. Lowell was always one of those who interpreted most broadly and liberally the history and principles of the Christian religion. But he was never willing to join in the unfortunate schism which divided the Congregational churches between Orthodox and Unitarian. His unwillingness appears in this letter. He and Dr. John Pierce, of Brookline, to their very death, succeeded in maintaining a certain nominal connection with the Evangelical part of the Congregational body.

THE WEST CHURCH, BOSTON

My Dear Sir: You must allow me to say that, whilst I am most happy to have my name announced as a contributor toward any fund that may aid in securing freedom and religious instruction to Kansas, I do not consent to its being announced as the minister of a Unitarian or Trinitarian church, in the common acceptation of those terms. If there is anything which I have uniformly, distinctly, and emphatically declared, it is that I have adopted no other religious

INTERIOR OF THE WEST CHURCH, BOSTON

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

From the portrait by Eastman Johnson at Craigie House, Cambridge, Mass.

creed than the Bible, and no other name than Christian as denoting my religious faith.

Very affectionately your friend and brother,

CHA. LOWELL.

Elmwood, Cambridge, Dec. 19, 1855.

It may be said that he was more known as a minister than as a preacher. There was no branch of ministerial duty in which he did not practically engage. His relations with his people, from the beginning to the end, were those of entire confidence. But it must be understood, while this is said, that he was a highly popular preacher everywhere, and every congregation, as well as that of the West Church, was glad if by any accident of courtesy or of duty he appeared in the pulpit.

I could wish that I might publish here, in its full detail, a charming memorial which Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam once wrote out, of the boy life of the poet. But readers must wait before they see that till Mrs. Putnam has completed it to her mind. The interesting and amusing life by which the children of the family made a world of the gardens of Elmwood was in itself an education.

The garden and grounds, as measured by a surveyor, were only a few acres. But for a circle of imaginative children, as well led as the Lowell children were, this is a little world. One is reminded of that fine passage in Miss Trimmers's "Robins," where, when

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

From the portrait by Eastman Johnson at Craigie House, Cambridge, Mass.

the four little birds have made their first flight from the nest into the orchard, Pecksy says: "Mamma, what a large place the world is!" Practically, I think, for the earlier years of James Lowell's life, Elmwood furnished as large a world as he wanted. Within its hedges and fences the young people might do much what they chose. They were Mary, who was the guardian; then came William; afterwards Robert, whose name is well known in our literature; and then James. The four children were much together; they found nothing difficult, for work or for pastime. Another daughter, Rebecca, was the songstress of the home; with a sweet, flexible voice she sang, in her childhood, hymns; afterwards the Scotch melodies and the other popular music of the day.

The different parts of the grounds of Elmwood became to these children different cities of the world, and they made journeys from one to another. Their elder brother Charles, until he went to Exeter to school, joined in this geographical play.

The father and mother differed from each other, but were allied in essentials; they enjoyed the same tastes and followed the same pursuits in literature and art. Dr. Lowell was intimate with Allston, the artist, whose studio was not far away, and the progress of his work was a matter of home conversation.

The reader who will refer to "The First

Snowfall" will find a reference to Lowell's elder brother William, who died when the poet himself was but five years old; and another trace of this early memory appears again in "Music."

To this open-air life we may refer the pleasure he always took in the study of birds, their seasons and habits, and the accuracy of his knowledge with regard to trees and wild flowers.

In the simple customs of those days, when one clergyman exchanged pulpits with another, he would drive in his own chaise to the parsonage of his friend, would spend the day there, and return probably on Monday morning. Dr. Lowell soon found that James was a good companion in such rides, and the little fellow had many reminiscences of these early travels. It would be easy to quote hundreds of references in his poems and essays to the simple Cambridge life of these days before college.

So soon as the boy was old enough he was sent to the school of Mr. William Wells, an English gentleman who kept a classical school in Cambridge, not far from Dr. Lowell's house. Of this school Dr. Holmes has given his memories, and Mr. Higginson. All the Cambridge boys who were going to college were sent there. Mr. Wells was a good Latin scholar, and on the shelves of old-fashioned men will still be found his edition of Tacitus, printed under his own eye in Cambridge, and one of the tokens of that "Renaissance" in which Cambridge and Boston meant to show that they could push such things with as much vigor and success as they showed in the fur trade or in privateering. A very good piece of scholarly work it is. Mr. Wells was a well-trained Latinist from the English schools, and his boys learned their Latin well. And it is worth the while of young people to observe that in the group of men of letters at Cambridge and Boston, before and after James Lowell's time, Clarke, Charles and James Lowell, John and Wendell Holmes, Sumner, Higginson, and other men of such schools, never speak with contempt of the niceties of classical scholarship. You would not catch one of them in a bad quantity, as you sometimes do catch to-day even a college president, in the mechanical Latin of his Commencement duty.

But though the boys might become good Latinists and good Grecians, the school has not a savory memory as to the personal relations between master and pupils. James Lowell, however, knew but little of its hardships, as he was but a day scholar. Dr. Samuel Eliot, who attended the school as a little boy, tells me that Lowell delighted to tell the boys imaginative tales, and the little fellows, or many of them, took pleasure in listening to the more stirring stories. "I re-

FIVE PRESIDENTS OF HARVARD COLLEGE: QUINCY, EVERETT, SPARKS, WALKER, FELTON

All were connected with the College while Lowell was an undergraduate, Quincy being President, Everett on the Board of Overseers, Sparks Professor of History, Walker of Philosophy, and Felton of Greek.

HARVARD COLLEGE

With the procession of the Alumni from the Church to the Pavilion, September 8, 1836.

member nothing of them except one, which rejoiced in the central interest of a trap in the playground, which opened to subterranean marvels of various kinds."

CHAPTER II.—HARVARD COLLEGE

From such life, quite familiar with Cambridge and its interests, Lowell presented himself for entrance at Harvard College in the summer of 1834, and readily passed the somewhat strict examination which was required.

Remember, if you please, or learn now, if you never knew, that "Harvard College" was a College by itself, or "Seminary," as President Quincy used to call it, and had no vital connection with the Law School, the School of Medicine, or the Divinity School—though they were governed by the same Board of Fellows, and, with the College, made up Harvard University. Harvard College was made of four classes—numbering, all told, some two hundred and fifty young men, of all ages from fourteen to thirty-five. Most of them were between sixteen and twenty-two. In this college they studied Latin, Greek, and mathematics chiefly. But on "modern language days," which were Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, there appeared teachers of French, Italian, Spanish, German, and Portuguese; and everybody not a Freshman must take his choice in these studies. They were called "voluntaries," not because you could shirk if you wanted to, for you could not, but because you chose German or Italian or Spanish or French. When you had once chosen, you had to keep on for four terms. But, as to college "marks" and the rank which followed, a modern language was "worth" only half a classical language.

Beside these studies, as you advanced you read more or less in Rhetoric, Logic, "Moral Philosophy," Political Economy, Chemistry, and Natural History—less rather than more. There was no study whatever of English Literature, but the best possible drill in the writing of the English language. There was a well-selected library of about fifty thousand volumes, into which you might go on any week-day at any time before four o'clock and read anything you wanted. You took down the book with your own red right hand, and you put it back when you were done.

Then there were three or four society libraries. To these you contributed an entrance fee, when you were chosen a member, and an annual fee of perhaps two dollars. With this money the society bought almost all the current novels of the time. Novels were then published in America in two volumes, and they cost more than any individual student liked to pay. One great object in joining a college society was to have a steady supply of novels. For my part, I undoubtedly averaged eighty novels a year in my college course. They were much better novels, in my judgment, than the average novels of to-day are, and I know I received great advantage from the time I devoted to

reading them. I think Lowell would have said the same thing. But I do not mean to imply that such reading was his principal reading. He very soon began delving in the stores which the College library afforded him in the older literature of England.

You had to attend morning chapel and evening chapel. Half the year these offices were at six in the morning and six at night. But, as the days shortened, morning prayers came later and later—even as late as half past seven in the morning, while afternoon prayers came as early as quarter past four, so that the chapel need not be artificially lighted. On this it followed that breakfast, which was an hour and twenty minutes after prayers, might be after eight in the morning, and supper at half past four in the afternoon. This left enormously long evenings for winter reading.

Lowell found in the government some interesting and remarkable men.

Josiah Quincy had been the Mayor of Boston who had most to do with ordering the system and precedents of its government under the new city charter. From a New England town, governed by the fierce democracy of Town Meetings, he changed it into a "city," as America calls it, ruled by an intricate system of Mayor, Aldermen, Council, School Committee, and Overseers of the Poor. Of a distinguished patriot family, Mr. Quincy had, for years of gallant battle, been a leader in Congress of the defeated and disconcerted wrecks of the Federal party. His white plume never went down, and he fought the Southern oligarchy as cheerfully as Amadis ever fought with his uncounted enemies. He was old enough to have been an aid to Governor Hancock when Washington visited Boston in 1792. In Congress he had defied John Randolph, who was an antagonist worthy of him; and he hated Jefferson, and despised him, I think, with a happy union of scorn and hatred, till he died. When he was more than ninety, after the Civil War began, I had my last interview with him. He was rejoiced that the boil had at last suppurated and was ready to be lanced, and that the thing was to be settled in the right way. "Gouverneur Morris once said to me that we made our mistake when we began, when we united eight republics with five oligarchies."

It is interesting now to know, what I did not know till after his death, that this gallant leader of men believed that he was directed, in important crises, by his own "Daimon," quite as Socrates believed. In the choice of his wife, which proved indeed to have been made in heaven, he knew he was so led. And, in after life, he ascribed some measures of importance and success to his prompt obedience to the wise Daimon's directions.

His wife was most amiable in her kind interest in the students' lives. The daughters who resided with him were favorites in the social circles of Cambridge. To Miss Susan Quincy's pencil we owe some of the pictures of Cambridge which illustrate this paper.

Most of the work of the College was then done in rather dreary recitations, such as you might expect in a somewhat mechanical school for boys to-day. But Edward Tyrrel Channing, brother of the great divine, met his pupils face to face and hand to hand. He deserves the credit of the English of Emerson, Holmes, Sumner, Clarke, Bellows, Lowell, Higginson, and other men whom he trained. Their English did more credit to Harvard College, I think, than any other of its achievements for those thirty-two years. You sat, physically, at his side. He read your theme aloud with you—so loud, if he pleased, that all of the class who were present could hear his remarks of praise or ridicule. "Yes, we used to have white paper and black ink; now we have blue paper, blue ink." I wonder if Mr. Emerson did not get from him the oracle, "Leave out the adjectives, and let the nouns do

MR. HANCOCK'S HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE
Where Lowell lived while at Harvard

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From an early crayon by his friend, William Page. Long in the possession of another friend, the late Charles F. Briggs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and now owned by Mrs. Briggs.

the fighting." I think that is Emerson's. Or whose is it?

In 1836, when Lowell was a sophomore, Mr. Longfellow came to Cambridge, a young man, to begin his long and valuable life in the College. His presence there proved a benediction, and, I might say, marks an epoch in the history of Harvard. In the first place, he was fresh from Europe, and he gave the best possible stimulus to the budding interest in German literature. In the second place, he came from Bowdoin College, and in those days it was a very good thing for a Harvard undergraduate to know that there were people not bred in Cambridge quite as well read, as intelligent, as elegant and accomplished as any Harvard graduate. In the third place, Longfellow, though he was so young, ranked already distinctly as a man of letters. This was no broken-winded minister who had been made professor. He was not a lawyer without clients, or a doctor without patients, for whom "a place" had to be found. He was already known as a poet by all educated peo-

ENTRANCE TO ELMWOOD, RESIDENCE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"It was and is well screened from observation by high lilac hedges and by trees, mostly elms and pines."

ple in America. The boys had read in their "First Class Book" his "Summer Shower" verses. By literature, pure and simple, and the work of literature, he had won his way to the chair of the Smith Professorship of Modern Literature, to which Mr. George Ticknor had already given distinction. Every undergraduate knew all this, and felt that young Longfellow's presence was a new feather in our cap, as one did not feel when one of our own seniors was made a tutor, or one of our own tutors was made a professor.

But, better than this for the College, Longfellow succeeded, as no other man did, in breaking that line of belt ice which parted the students from their teachers. Partly, perhaps, because he was so young; partly because he was agreeable and charming; partly because he had the manners of a man of the world, because he had spoken French in Paris and Italian in Florence; but chief of all because he chose, he was companion and friend of the undergraduates. He would talk with them and walk with them; would sit with them and smoke with them. You played whist with him if you met him of an evening. You never spoke contemptuously of him, and he never patronized you.

Lowell intimates, however, in some of his letters, that he had no close companionship

with Longfellow in those boyish days. He shared, of course, as every one could, in the little Renaissance, if one may call it so, of interest in modern Continental literature, on Longfellow's arrival in Cambridge.

I cannot remember—I wish I could—whether it were Longfellow or Emerson who introduced Tennyson in college. That first ittle, thin volume of Tennyson's poems, with Airy, Fairy Lillian" and the rest, was printed n London in 1830. It was not at once reprinted in America. I think it was Emerson's copy which somebody borrowed in Cambridge and which we passed reverently from hand to hand. Everybody who had any sense knew that a great poet had been born as well as we know it now. And it is always pleasant to me to remember that those first poems of his were handed about in manuscript as a new ode of Horace might have been handed round among the young gentlemen of Rome.

Carlyle's books were reprinted in America, thanks to Emerson, as fast as they were written. Lowell read every one of them attentively, and the traces of Carlyle's philosophy of life are to be found in all Lowell's life, as in the life of all educated Americans of his time.

I have written what I have of Channing and Longfellow with the feeling that Lowell would himself have said much more of the good which they and Longfellow did to all of us. I do not know how much his clear, simple, unaffected English style owes to Channing, but I am quite sure that he would have spoken most gratefully of his teacher.

Now as to the atmosphere of the College itself. I write these words in the same weeks in which I am reading the life of Jowett at Oxford. It is curious, it is pathetic, to compare Balliol College in 1836–7 with Harvard College at the same time. So clear is it that the impulse and direction were given in Oxford by the teachers, while with us the impulse and direction were given by the boys. The boys invariably called themselves "men," even when they were, as Lowell was when he entered, but fifteen years old.

Let it be remembered, then, that the whole drift of fashion, occupation, and habit among the undergraduates ran in lines suggested by literature. Athletics and sociology are, I suppose, now the fashion at Cambridge. But literature was the fashion then. In November, when the State election came round, there would be a little spasm of political interest, but you might really say that nobody cared for politics. Not five "men" in college saw a daily newspaper. My classmate, William Francis Channing, would have been spoken of, I think, as the only Abolitionist in College in 1838, the year when Lowell graduated. I remember that Dr. Walter Channing, the brother of our Professor, came out to lecture one day on Temperance. There was a decent attendance of the undergraduates, but it was an attendance of pure condescension on their part.

Literature was, as I said, the fashion. The books which the fellows took out of the library, the books which they bought for their own subscription libraries, were not books of science, nor history, nor sociology, nor politics; they were books of literature. Some Philadelphia publisher had printed in one volume Coleridge's poems, Shelley's, and Keats's—a queer enough combination, but for its chronological fitness. And you saw this book pretty much everywhere. At this hour you will find men of seventy who can quote their Shelley as the youngsters of to-day cannot quote, shall I say, their Swinburne, their Watson, or their Walt Whitman. In the way of what is now called science (we then spoke of the moral sciences also) Daniel Treadwell read once a year some interesting technological lectures. The Natural History Society founded itself while Lowell was in college; but there was no general interest in science, except so far as it came in by way of the pure mathematics.

In the year 1840 I was at West Point for the first time, with William Story, Lowell's classmate and friend, and with his sister and mine. We enjoyed to the full the matchless hospitality of West Point, seeing its lions under the special care of two young officers of our own age. They had just finished their course, as we had recently finished ours at Harvard. One day when Story and I were by ourselves, after we had been talking of our studies with these gentlemen, Story said to me: "Ned, it is all very well to keep a stiff upper lip with these fellows, but how did you dare tell them that we studied about projectiles at Cambridge?"

"Because we did," said I.

"Did I ever study projectiles?" asked Story, puzzled.

"Certainly you did," said I. "You used to go up to Pierce Tuesday and Thursday afternoons in the summer when you were a junior, with a blue book which had a white back."

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER IN HIS STUDY

"I know I did," said Story; "and was I studying projectiles then? This is the first time I ever heard of it."

And I tell that story because it illustrates well enough the divorce between theory and fact which is possible in education. I do not tell it by way of blaming Professor Pierce or Harvard College. Story was not to be an artilleryman, nor were any of the rest of us, so far as we knew. Anyway, the choice of our specialty in life was kept as far distant as was possible.

The Picturesque in American Life and Nature[1]

By Charles Dudley Warner

As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson

NOT long ago I was in the little village of Charlemont, low in the valley of the Deerfield River among the hills of western Massachusetts. Here our now famous essayist and novelist passed several years of his early life, and it is the recollections of this period that make up a large part of the graphic and witty chapters of his "Being a Boy."

It was my impression that Mr. Warner was at present living in Hartford, but when I inquired about him of a Charlemont boy I overtook driving a half-dozen cows to pasture through the fog of an autumn morning, I was informed that Charles Dudley Warner was dead. The boy pointed out the house he used to live in, and said that he was buried just up the hillside beyond the house, and I could find a monument there over his grave. He was the first settler in the valley, the boy continued, and the Indians killed him. Did I notice that big sycamore in front of the house right by the side of the road where the watering-trough was? Well, they said that had grown from a crotched stick that Charles Dudley Warner, this early settler, had stuck into the ground there and left. He had used the crotched stick to rest his gun on when he was hunting bears and savages, and it took root and grew.

I don't know how much more information of the sort this boy held, for I interrupted with some doubting questions, and he acknowledged that he had lived in Charlemont only three years. But, at any rate, these were the things the other boys had told him.

There certainly was a monument on the hillside amid a scanty group of lesser stones, and the man it commemorated was killed by the Indians. The name, however, of this early settler was Captain Moses Rice. The house down the hill is a gray old building that is very much the same as it was in the days when Mr. Warner was a boy there, and the great sycamore, the murmuring river, the ancient covered bridge, and the steep, scrubby pastures have all their earlier characteristics.

Plainfield, eleven miles distant on the hilltops, was Mr. Warner's birthplace, and there he lived till he moved down into the valley when he was seven or eight years of age. The farm-house and the wide-spreading gray barn across the road still stand.

I got the impression in Charlemont that Mr. Warner had become a myth and a legend among his native hills, but, later, when I visited Hartford, I found him very much alive. His home is in the suburban part of the city, a modest house of brick, pleasantly secluded in a little grove of tall trees well back from the street. Indoors are everywhere the marks of culture and wide travel—pictures, curios, books without end. It was natural that in seeing all this, the spoils of many wanderings, I should ask Mr. Warner his impressions of the picturesque in our life and nature as compared with those of other lands.

But we did not have our talk amid the color and variety of these lower rooms. We went upstairs to the author's study, a comparatively barren apartment at the top of the house. The room had a decided air of business, with its plain shelving, its many drawers, the long rows of pigeonholes, and its ample desk in the center strewn with papers.

In what was said we perhaps did not stick to the subject very well, for we continually wandered into asides, but often these were just as interesting as the main topic, and I include them with the rest. My first question was as to how wide an acquaintance Mr. Warner had made with the world in his travels.

"I've been about this country pretty well—that is, the United States—and I've made excursions into Mexico and Canada. As to

[1] The accompanying illustrations are from photographs taken for this article by Mr. Johnson.

MR. WARNER'S BOYHOOD HOME

Canada, there was great talk at one time about annexation, and I went up to see about it. I wanted to find out about Canada, and I talked with business men, farmers, politicians, all classes. I saw the people who were running things up there, and I saw the lower classes, the laborers and mechanics. When I stopped at a station, I'd talk with whoever I could get hold of. If I saw a woman over a fence, I'd talk with her—and I really got valuable information from chance ordinary people. They told the truth. I could find out what the Canada weather was from them, while the others would all lie about it—give you a biased view in accord with what it was for their interest for you to believe. The promoters of annexation would say the weather was so and so—never have severe cold or intense heat, or drouth, or floods, etc. The same way about the crops, education, and everything else. But when I wanted facts, I preferred the woman over the fence.

"In the first place I went up to Quebec, and then I went across by the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver. I went in a private party, and we had a whole train at our disposal. We did not travel nights, and I saw the whole country, both going and coming, by daylight. Then, when any one looking out of the car window saw a place specially attractive, he'd say, 'Hello! let's stop here and we'd bring the train to a standstill and go out and look around. It was a very delightful trip. But the sum of the whole annexation stir was that the Canadians were very loyal and they didn't want it, and we didn't want it. The excitement was one of those newspaper performances that we have to have about once in so often.

"Another part of Canada that I know something of is Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Twichell and I had been up in the Adirondacks a good deal, but we always thought we'd like to see Canada, and finally we started. We went to Nova Scotia, through the Evangeline country, etc., and then we concluded we wanted to get to Baddeck—that is, Cape Breton. It was curious, but it was an unknown country then, and we couldn't get any information about it at St. Johns or anywhere.

"The trip was purely for pleasure, and I returned without a single note and no intention of writing anything. But on my way home I stopped in to see Howells, who was then in Boston editing the 'Atlantic.' I told him some of our experiences, and he said, 'Can't you give us a paper about it?' I said No, I hadn't any memoranda whatever to work from. But he was urgent, and the result

was that when I got home I sat down to write a little article about Baddeck. To my surprise, my first paper hardly got me out of Boston Harbor, and by the time I was through I had a book. It never would have been but for Howells's insistence, for I hadn't it in mind to write a single line. The book sold a good deal when it first came out—and it sells still, for that matter. It made that country known up there, opened it up, and attracted tourists.

"But in most of my writing I don't depend on memory to the extent I did in 'Baddeck.' Still, nearly everything I write is from very small notes. You can't get the reading public's attention simply by exactness and faithful detail. It's the general impression they want—what you carry away with you. I find that a very well-defined memory of sights and experiences stays with me for a long time. It's a queer thing, but there it is in my mind, and I can pull it out like a thread if I get hold of the end.

"For mountain scenery I prefer the Canadian Pacific route to our own. It runs through deeper chasms, and, though the mountains themselves are no higher, they seem so as one looks up at them. It is very like Switzerland. In the warmer countries the chief beauty of the mountains is in the contrast they offer. Take Ætna in Sicily. The water that laps its base is exquisite in color, and the mountain rises straight up before your eye from a semi-tropical shore to a height of ten thousand feet. The contrast is even more striking in the case of Popocatapetl in Mexico. On the lowlands you might think you were in Central Africa Then, as you ascend, the palms meet the pines, and far above is the white crown of never-melting snow.

I've been abroad, of course, a number of times. The first time was in 1866, when the trip from New York to Liverpool was four teen days. Scandinavia and Russia I have not seen at all, but most of the rest of Eu rope I am rather familiar with. In Asia I have visited Palestine, and in Africa I have been a couple of winters in Egypt. I spent one whole summer in Venice. It was there I wrote 'My Winter on the Nile.' I had a habit then of diaries. Here they are in this drawer. See, they are all much like this one—a note each day of the weather and of places visited, and that's about all. 'To-day I saw the Sphinx.' 'To-day I visited the Pyramids' —and so on—suggestions to spur the action of my memory. Aside from my diaries, I would get a great deal of help from the guide-books. It was to them I went for names,

MR. WARNER S BOYHOOD HOME

MR. WARNER'S PRESENT HOME, HARTFORD, CONN.

dates, and facts. I haven't a good verbal memory, and such things escape me. But my mind does carry impressions. I don't lose them, and there's no apparent fading until I get them on paper. Then they are gone. I seem to discharge myself of them, and if I were to read my books now they would be as new to me as to any one.

"For picturesqueness in nature there are some parts of the West that have a peculiar individuality. For one thing, there's the prairie country; only this, with the coming of settlers, is entirely disappearing. I lived for two years on the rolling prairies of upper Missouri. That was in 1853 and 4. It was a beautiful country, with oak groves that made it look like an English park. Yes, it was noble landscape before any one got in there to spoil it. At that time, below Chicago, the country was pretty much all bare, flat prairie. There were no trees except for now and then a line of cottonwoods along the streams, and no houses save a few dismal huts. If I were to make a picture of Illinois as I saw it then, I would make the main feature a shanty with a lone man leaning up against the door-post shaking with fever and ague. But the country has been transformed absolutely since then. The settlers planted trees, beginning with the locusts and others that grow quickly; farms multiplied, villages grew, and now the country is covered with verdure and you see the church spires peeping out here and there, and get a very pleasant impression of it as you whirl through on the train.

"But there's nothing that touches the imagination more in the West than the Arizona desert. If you've been there once, you have a perfect longing to go back. I traveled across it from Flagstaff to the Grand Cañon, a distance of seventy-five miles. It's a wild, forsaken sort of district, and about all the life you see is an occasional antelope, or an Indian hunting. You look off, and 'way in the horizon—what's that! Why, that's the painted city—the New Jerusalem! You see the roofs, the temples and turrets. It is one of the desert visions that the shimmer of the heat and the color of the tropic atmosphere conjure up. The formation of the desert, with its wastes of rocks in splinters and boulders and plateaus, lends itself to the impression.

"You don't get so much of this mirage in the North African desert. There the desert is not a plain, but is made up of hills of pebbles and drifting sand, with now and then a withered bush sticking up in the waste. In the wind the gritty sand drifts like snow. But you like it. There's the fascination of desolation, and you joy in the freedom of it, in its big horizon and in the power of its black hills.

"Yet I've never seen anything so grand, so exquisite in color, as the Arizona desert. Color is the wonderful thing about the great Cañon. The Cañon is a world in itself—full of mountains, chasms—full of everything. But its color! The rocks hold every tint you know. Photographs or paintings never show what it really is. You can't catch its atmosphere. The only way to get a proper realization of it is to go there and see it. The artists can't get it. Their efforts amount to about the same as those of the amateur who goes out to paint a tree. He gets the tree as green as green can be, and you can't say but what it is the color of the tree. Yet it doesn't give you the right impression. So with the fellows who picture the Grand Cañon. They sit down and copy the rocks, and the result looks like a spilled paint-box.

"That reminds me of a very curious fellow we found up in the Yellowstone. He kept an eating station there. The Yellowstone Park is all full of bubbling devilment, you know, and among other things there's a spring of mineral paint. Well, this fellow had just taken that mineral paint and painted a picture of the 'Gate to the Yellowstone.' You enter the valley through buttes or towers of colored rock, and he had drawn these correctly and painted them with the very colors of which they were made. It was a match, you couldn't dispute that, but it made a very strange effect. That picture is one of the nicest comments on realism you could have, if you have a mind to follow it out.

"In a broad sort of way—in a very broad sort of way—you can generally tell an American from a European. There is a difference in physiognomy and manner. There is something that differentiates an inhabitant of a new country from those of the older civilization. But except for this the difference between us and other peoples is much smaller than the differences you can find within our own country. It's not easy to say what a typical American is. Is it a Maine man or a Florida man? You can't find anything more different than a New England woman and a Louisiana woman. Then take Boston and New York. The people in each city have a character of their own. You get on the cars

and go out around Boston. How different the people from those you see under like conditions about New York! Culture is a marked feature of the public you see about Boston, and it isn't of the people you see about New York.

"In speech the Americans have a good many local peculiarities. You know there's a lot of talk about our dialect, but I've heard in London all the varieties of speech you can discover here. Yes, in England you can find all our dialects, nasal twang and all, and a number of others that we haven't imported. They have a more distinctive character there, too, for they have hung on to the dialects more than we have. The English are settled, and they are so staid that they don't change habits and manners as we do. Our people are continually moving around. We're in a state of fluidity yet. But we'll develop, and then we'll have a new kind of people here. Just what it will be we don't know—it's a fusion of so many distinct elements. In a way we are following in the steps of England. England is made up of many different races very much mixed. But the mixing was begun when the peoples were still in the savage state, and it's taken a thousand years for the original Britons to assimilate these elements and get a distinct type.

"We are trying fusion here on an entirely new plan. The different peoples that make our nation are all from old countries, and they have been acted on and molded by centuries of civilization. They start much further apart than would members of races of half-developed savages. Notice those ignorant Italians that come here from Calabria—but they are not barbarians. Their race is not in its childhood. They are the product of a very old civilization. They are dyed through and through with feelings and customs peculiar to their race. Take the Arabs—there are enough in New York to publish a newspaper—they have their ways, and they are very set in them; and this is as true of the lowest grades as it is of the higher. Take any of the Oriental peoples and it is the same.

"There is an aristocracy of vice even. We haven't reached that point in America yet. You see the people on the race-track at Henley, and they are people who are set apart for racing, betting, and that sort of thing. There's a kind of tribe of them, and a continuous perpetuation of ways and traditions. You find this lineage among the fellows who run the peep-shows in Vienna; and this is true all over Europe of those who run the coarser amusements or pander to vice. But you take our Coney Island, and it's decidedly different. The vice is not simply vulgar—it's that, but it's rustic, too.

"I think our people are more sharp-angled than those of other countries. Maybe that's partly due to the climate, but it is more due to our envy of our neighbors who dress better or have finer houses than we have—to our feverish desire to get rich. Now, in Tuscany, for instance, the people live on their farms from generation to generation in the same condition. They never have any strikes there, or labor troubles of any sort. The farmer has just as much right as the landlord. He is a tenant at will really, but he belongs there and he stays—there are no evictions.

"In a general way, these Tuscan characteristics apply to much of Europe and to Mexico as well. Life in Mexico is at present more European than American, and the people, in spite of small wages and cheap houses, are satisfied with their lot. Whether the railroads which have been building so rapidly down there and the multiplication of schools will change all this is a question. Some districts of Europe are very much ground down by taxes, or are otherwise handicapped, but there is more modest, well-to-do contentment among the poorer classes than with us.

"One thing very peculiar in most of the European countries, from the American point of view, is the division of society into ranks. With all its advance, there's no feeling of equality in England. The idea hasn't come with democracy so far. How funny it would seem to us to be addressed as the Queen did the English in her recent Jubilee letter, '*My* subjects—*my* people—I am touched by *your* loyalty to *me*.' She talks as if she owned them. It strikes us as ridiculous. But they accept these class lines over there. The populace wouldn't do without the gentry if they could. Even in an election they prefer to send a gentleman to Parliament rather than one of their own class. A man runs the political race all the better if he has a little blood in him.

"Class lines do not stop even outside the doors of their churches. The Church has been a curious solvent in the mixture of things. You know, long ago here in New England, they used to seat the congregation

according to rank. Those highest in the social scale had the best seats, while at the tail end there was the riffraff that had to go up in the gallery with the negroes. That is the plan in England still. The front pews are reserved for the gentry as their right.

"The tendencies of our American life at present lead away from picturesqueness. Certainly in New England, much of the picturesqueness I used to know is gone. When I was a boy up in the little hill-town of Plainfield, our ways of farming were much more interesting than they are now. There was the old sugar camp, for one thing, in the maple orchard. There couldn't be anything more picturesque than that camp at night.

"I think, too, they built more picturesquely then. Even their churches—some of them were about as bare and ugly as they well could be, but there was a certain kind of sincerity about them that these little gimcrack churches they build now haven't. It's a pity we don't build more permanently. Suppose, up in the hills, they had built their farmhouses of stone, as the English do. Then, with the vines climbing the walls and the old garden and the trees round about, the house would be all the time growing more beautiful.

"In our manner of living there's very little that's really picturesque. About all we attain to is the mediocre and the commonplace. Our houses are so much alike, so uninteresting. They are more comfortable—better to live in—than the Europeans' houses, no doubt, but they are far less attractive. They haven't charm. You strike that the minute you land across the Atlantic, I don't care where it is.

"The ways and the homes of the European are comparatively mellow in aspect. Their life, national and local, has been continuous. Their art instincts have kept straight on. But our people in settling here made an absolute break. They left their pleasant English villages and went into the wilderness to build a shanty with a hole in it to shoot the wolf from. You go to Spain and you see the town halls dating back for generations. The cottages are old, too, and the churches.

"Climate has something to do with the lack of architectural beauty in our homes.

MR. WARNER AT HOME

You can see that as soon as you go down South far enough. They don't build so smugly down there. They run galleries around their dwellings, and the square old houses with these galleries are far more picturesque than they would be without them. They may not be so neat as our New England homes, but artists like them. Artists have a pretty tough time with our Northern houses. They are as ugly as sin—all of them. Yet there are some of our old farm-houses that are attractive. But our village houses are

almost uniformly petty and offensive. You'd think they were hacked out with a jig-saw.

"Architectural smartness seems to be what the average person admires and aspires to now. Still, there are signs that we shall grow into better conditions. A great deal better taste is being shown in interiors, and you can see out in the country that they are making some real improvement in the farm-houses. The girls who have been off to school, or the city man buying a country home, have a good influence. They throw out a piazza, put in a bay window, or make some such simple change that transforms plain severity into attractiveness.

"In its life our New England is probably the most picturesque section we have. But I would have to except the colored element in the South. You take a half-clothed darkey with a banana and you get something right off. But you take old Nantucket, and Plymouth, and the other early coast towns, and there's a quaintness about them and an interest in their colonial background, with its pioneering, its seafaring, its buccaneers, etc., that other sections haven't. Then, almost every New England village has among its inhabitants some curious type. You get that in Miss Wilkins's writings, only she exaggerates so that you get the impression that our country folk are all oddities.

"One might think that the material for novelists in this country was rather barren, and that they would be at a disadvantage as compared with their fellow-craftsmen abroad. But this is not so. Just as good work can be done here as anywhere, if we only have an artist to do it. Nothing could be more vulgar than the characters in Dickens's 'Pickwick Papers.' But there is genius to picture the vulgarity, and that makes the work delightful.

"In one respect we've led off in this country—that is in the use of nature in our stories. Cooper did a great thing in making the prairies and the woods a background for the action of his novels. But there's danger of overdoing. It shouldn't be dragged in or forced. Burroughs is right about that when he says he doesn't want nature to pose. After all, what attracts in a story is the human interest. You mustn't tire with details and geographic descriptions. But a certain amount is all right. I feel a tempest, I feel the influence of sunshine, clouds, cold; and I ought in my stories to bring in the weather as a part of the life of my characters. Thackeray says very little about nature, but what he does say is very much to the point. He opens the window when he rises and looks out, and in three sentences he sets before you all the sweetness of the morning.

"Have you ever noticed that in 'The Arabian Nights' and that class of books there is no weather whatever? They go right along with the story. That isn't our way. You can't have a picnic without a thunder-storm. Here you get a fellow and a girl alone together on a rock, and there would be a declaration only a thunder-clap stops them. Perhaps we feel the effect of the weather that we live in. We have a greater variety of it than they have anywhere else; changes are sudden, and no particular sort lasts long.

"There is an impression that the Americans excel in humor, that our wit has an unequaled picturesqueness. But I doubt it. Such interest as our early humorists have all comes from the use they made of the raw conditions of a new country. Our rude life and manners in contrast with something more finished and civilized was an entertaining subject for contemplation. Any strokes of real wit are probably as old as the Sanscrit, but the details, the situations, grow out of conditions. I think we have a little exaggerated conceit of our humor. There is something individual about it, but it's a question whether it is at all superior to that produced abroad. A friend got off a good bit of true American wit the other day. I've lived in Hartford thirty years, and our public ways have been in a state of turmoil all that time. It's nothing but dig up and dig up continually. Well, this friend said, "Hartford was settled in 1636, and it has never been settled since." Now there's something a little different in that from what a European would have said—a little different turn in it.

"Of course we hope, as time passes, we shall develop an increased appreciation for what is beautiful and harmonious, and in ourselves a sturdier character. Naturally we look to our schools for help in our problems. But the present effect of education is to produce the commonplace. The machinery of it hampers. We get into a groove, and the result is mediocrity. Each person should be himself, should form himself. But people don't take the trouble to make up their own minds—if they have any. They accept opinions ready made. That's the way it is in politics. They all go in a lump, or slump. Something catches them, and off they go.

The more isolated people of fifty years ago used to make up their minds. They were hard thinkers. Now we don't take the time, or haven't the patience. But education will have to change this. Education doesn't consist in giving encyclopædic information. It isn't anything in the world but the training of a man's own mind. Then it becomes an instrument that he can bring to bear on things."

Sloyd: The Swedish Manual-Training System

By W. S. Harwood

IN a dingy corner of a dark room in a quaint old building hard by the central portion of the city of Stockholm I saw not long ago a series of ancient utensils which were interesting not only because of their antiquity but because of their definite illustration of the fundamental principle of one of the most important educational movements of the last half of this century. They were homely, crude, semi-savage in their suggestiveness if you will; they were stained by the sweat and grime of peasant hands; they were, mayhap, two centuries old and possibly three, or, if not that old, they were precisely like those which had been in use for perhaps half a thousand years. They were, if you will, uninteresting from some points of view, but they were intensely interesting as illustrative of the prehistoric days of sloyd. In the sloyd which has distinguished Sweden among the other nations of the world in educational progress one may find the spirit of those who made these ancient utensils; or, if one would be more precise, the same spirit in more primitive type. I think it is quite fair to say that. Speaking broadly, the sloyd of to-day has evolved itself by a natural and legitimate law out of these coarse tools, these humble flour-mills grinding for a family, these home-made plows and looms and child's queer cradles, and the whole gamut of kitchen and living-room objects.

It would be hard to say how or where or when the word sloyd originated, and I do not find any very satisfactory lexicographical foundation for it. The people have been sloyders for the centuries. Only in a circumscribed sense have they wielded influence, however, and it has been set for the task of modern Sweden to develop that which they so stubbornly wrested from their surroundings. But while we may not trace the word sloyd nor know much of its history, we can take it as it stands to-day in the stir and strife and tremendous energy of modern education and call it in truth one of the most potent factors in modern life. Perhaps that should be qualified somewhat in so far as extent is considered, for sloyd has but recently, comparatively speaking, set out on its conquering career.

It would be difficult to express in words the tremendous influence of Swedish sloyd. It is an influence quite like some of the other great influences that have moved men—silent, subtle, it may be, always unpretentious, never wearying. It takes the boy and the girl in that precious formative age when God alone knows how great the influences of environment and example and suggestion are, and it leads them steadily and consistently and with many a pleasant fascination past many of the deadly blight-spots of young life. It makes the boy busy; it takes up a corner of his heart and his mind where many a meaner thing might dwell; it trains

CO-OPERATIVE BATHING

GIRLS ENGAGED IN KITCHEN SLOYD IN STOCKHOLM CITY SCHOOL

him in habits of good thinking; it is suggestive of the pure and wholesome.

Would you have the boy deft of hand and gentle of touch and keen of eye, and, in a homely word, "handy" the whole day long? You will not lead him away from but into the paths that turn to these if you place in his little restless hands the tools of the sloyder. They are hands, too, these tools; they grip him in a strong, loving grasp, and they hold him steadily to the right. It is not only that sloyd is becoming popular all over Europe and advancing in America; it is not this that interests us so much in a study of its workings as the tremendous force of its influence for purer lives and healthier bodies and wholesomer brains. Sloyd is not a panacea for sin. It will not unbind the brutal cords that some coarse spirits bind about them, but it will so fill in the otherwise unoccupied corners in the boy's life that he will not find room for the bad that might have lodged itself.

Let one go through the model school building on the grounds of the World's Fair in Stockholm, held in that city during the past summer, or walk through the long galleries of the Museum of the North where the sloyd exhibits were displayed, or visit the exhibit in the building of the city of Stockholm, and it would be sufficient to dissipate any lingering doubts, if such existed, as to the practicality, so to use the word, of the sloyd of Sweden. The exhibits, which covered, one would almost say, acres of wall and floor space, were the tangible evidences of the practical side of sloyd, the results of the training of the children in the home of the system. These exhibits would demonstrate to you, not only that there is theory in sloyd, but that there is practice in it as well—the most practical of practice.

Mention any article you will which has value and significance in domestic economy, mention any article which enters into the affairs of the kitchen or the dining-room or the living-room, any article which is in use in the shop or on the farm or in the store or in the office—any article makable by hand—and you will not have far to fare before you shall find it, beautifully, substantially, intelligently made by the hands and the brains of these Swedish boys and girls.

I have stood in front of one of these exhibits and tried to think of something in use in the common life of the every-day world which was perhaps a trifle difficult to make—a fine, keen tool of some specialized nature, a pair of shoes, a dress; have wondered if I should find some such thing as the handiwork of a Swedish lad or lass; and it was always there for the looking. You cannot mention any article of common use in modern life susceptible of manufacture by hand and hand-held tools which these children have not made. They have taken the rough plank and made it into a substantial, handsomely carved dining-room table, and they have made the saws and the chisels and the beautifully finished planes and the hammers and mallets and carving tools with which it was constructed and adorned. They have taken the raw flax, have spun it into delicate threads with spinning-wheels which their own little hands have made, and then have woven it into fine or strong or beautiful fabrics in looms which they themselves built with precision and care and skill. They have taken a bar of iron or steel, and out of it, at forge and on anvil and by planer and shaper and what not, they have made such tools as might put to shame many a one you would pay a round price for in the tool-maker's shop. They have made penholders and penwipers, bread-boards and hat-racks, chairs and choice draperies, window-curtains and stepladders, baskets and paper flowers, petticoats and music-racks, match-safes and broiling-irons, straw hats and picture-frames, shears and bed-sheets, ice-picks and sad-irons—where shall we stop?

Pick up that boxwood plane before you. Is it not symmetrical in form, beautifully finished, well fitting to the hand, keen in its steel blade? Every portion of it was made by a boy. Look over that little girl's dress is it not fine in its fit, taut and snug in its sewing, attractive in its simple ornamentation? Not a hand has been at work on it but the hand of a girl scarce into her teens. Sit down to that dinner—if so be you are fortunate enough to be invited—which has been spread for the poor children of the schools who cannot pay perhaps more than one *ore*, far less than a cent, but who, if possible, must pay something to keep away the sad savor of pauperism—do you need a daintier, more appetizing, more wholesome repast, better bread or toothsomer roast mutton, or better-flavored vegetables? And yet not an article in the bill of fare but has been taken from its raw state and made into its present edibleness by the hands of some young girl whose father may be a leader in the nation's parliament,

SLOYD CARPENTRY

or a professor in a university, or a merchant prince along the Drottningotan, or a day laborer on the streets of Stockholm.

And, best of it all, the children are delighted with their labor. It cannot in truth be called labor, and yet it is not by any means play; it fills in that large middle, oftentimes empty, ground in the child's life when to be employed at what will dignify and elevate and strengthen for the future life is so seriously important.

It has been less than a round quarter of a century since the spirit of those ancient utensils of the mediæval times stepped out of its long hiding-place and started to lead the children of Sweden in the paths of sloyd. And yet so great has been its progress that there is scarcely a child in the realm who has not been touched and inspired by its magic wand.

When the principles of sloyd were first introduced into the schools of Sweden, about twenty-five years ago, the chief aim, primarily, was to overturn the old method of overworking, to give the child's brain plenty to do, but to steadily guard against overcrowding it, by introducing into the course of study systematic training in sloyd, so attractively presented that the question of compulsion never enters into the child's thoughts. Sloyd has been emphatically a labor of love. Early in the decade from 1870 to 1880 the movement gained steadily in strength, many private schools for the teaching of sloyd alone having been established. In addition to the work in public and private schools, the work of the Naas Normal College, situated not far from the city of Gothenburg, had an important bearing upon the system. A wealthy gentleman named August Abrahamson, interested in sloyd to a marked degree, established this college on his private estate. The main object of the College is to train men and women in the teaching of sloyd—the most important sloyd training-school in the world. There is no charge whatever for instruction, the aim of the founder being to facilitate, in all ways possible, the work of those who have determined to give up their lives to teaching sloyd to children. Here the method of instruction has ample scope for illustration. The school is in a beautiful place on a great estate where to nature's art has been added the art of man. The students are given every opportunity for the development of their best powers. There are no restrictions, either, as to nationality, and all the world is free to study sloyd at Naas. In the year ending with the spring of 1897 there was a large attendance. Up to that date there had been in the school 2,627

BASKET WEAVING

teachers seeking instruction. Of this number 1,957 were natives of Sweden, and only 53 were from Norway. It is possible that the political differences between these two people of one crown have been barrier enough to prevent the Norwegians from entering. England and Wales sent 265, Finland 60, and the United States has had 46 students at Naas already, the number steadily increasing all the time. There is hardly a nation of any progressive spirit in the world which is not represented by students in sloyd at Naas—Japan, Chili, Italy, Hungary, Iceland, Uruguay, Russia, Switzerland, Spain, Holland, and all the rest, while even far-away Abyssinia has had students at work in this great training-school. The influence which these teachers exert as they go out in the world to carry the principles of sloyd still further away from its home cannot easily be estimated.

I do not know that the practical side of sloyd, as demonstrated in Sweden, can any more easily be shown than in a few words on the kitchen work. There is so much in all its branches which might be described, but which must be omitted in an article of this length.

The children begin the sloyd work in the schools of Sweden at the age of seven years. They continue it until they are fourteen. In certain schools of the city of Stockholm there are complete kitchens fitted up. I was in such a kitchen, and it was, if you will not think it exaggeration, a perfect kitchen. It certainly was as near perfect, to be more exact, as such a kitchen could be made. The girls, of, say, ten to thirteen, here meet at regular hours through the week for instruction and for participation, too—for the practical side of the work is never neglected. The whole system of cooking is taught these girls. They learn in a simple but effective way what the food is composed of, how the raw material comes to be converted by heat into food fit for consumption, and what particular kinds of food are best suited to the building up of various parts of the body.

There are poor children in the city of Stockholm, as elsewhere in the world, and there is constant effort in their training to keep them from becoming paupers and mendicants; so that an effort is made to have them pay enough, for the one meal a day which is the result of the cookery of these young girls, to at least take from the food the flavor of charity.

The room where the girls of such a school cook is fitted up as a model kitchen. The ranges are all modern in type, the kitchen utensils of every kind are of the very best

A SLOYD SCHOOL: WEAVING BASKETS AND MENDING SHOES

tiful gentleness, and suffused his thought with a tenderness born of deep compassion and love. He carried the sorrows of his country as truly as he bore its burdens; and when he came to speak on the second immortal day at Gettysburg, he condensed in a few sentences the innermost meaning of the struggle and the victory in the life of the Nation. It was this deep heart of pity and love in him which carried him far beyond the reaches of statesmanship or oratory, and gave his words that finality of expression which marks the noblest art.

That there was a deep vein of poetry in Mr. Lincoln's nature is clear to one who reads the story of his early life; and this innate idealism, set in surroundings so harsh and rude, had something to do with his melancholy. The sadness which was mixed with his whole life was, however, largely due to his temperament; in which the final tragedy seemed always to be predicted. In that temperament, too, is hidden the secret of the rare quality of nature and mind which suffused his public speech and turned so much of it into literature. There was humor in that speech, there was deep human sympathy, there was clear mastery of words for the use to which he put them; but there was something deeper and more pervasive—there was the quality of his temperament; and temperament is a large part of genius. The inner forces of his nature played through his thought; and when great occasions touched him to the quick, his whole nature shaped his speech and gave it clear intelligence, deep feeling, and that beauty which is distilled out of the depths of the sorrows and hopes of the world. He was as unlike Burke and Webster, those masters of the eloquence of statesmanship, as Burns was unlike Milton and Tennyson. Like Burns, he held the key of the life of his people; and through him, as through Burns, that life found a voice, vibrating, pathetic, and beautiful beyond most voices of his time.

Lincoln and Darwin

Born February 12, 1809

By Frederick LeRoy Sargent

Emancipators both, Time's twins who taught
  The world twin truths long kept from mortal ken:
  What *freedom* means at last to freeborn men,
And what the *progress* which our fathers sought.

Hope's prophets were they, led by fearless thought:
  Life wrote her primal law with Darwin's pen,
  While Lincoln's word raised man from brute again,
Through love undoing what love's foes had wrought.

Iconoclasts they were, who won from creeds
  That knew not progress, and abhorred the light,
Curses which honor; yet, o'er fanes outworn,

A nobler temple fit for noblest needs
  They built, wherein the ages will unite
In blessings on the day when both were born!

EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD
Photographed by Mr. A. E. Alden, of Boston

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

CHAPTER III.—LITERARY WORK IN COLLEGE

"HARVARDIANA," a college magazine which ran for four years, belongs exactly to the period of Lowell's college life. Looking over it now, it seems to me like all the rest of them. That is, it is as good as the best and as bad as the worst.

There is not any great range for such magazines. The articles have to be short. And the writers know very little of life. All the same, a college magazine gives excellent training. Lowell was one editor of the fourth volume of "Harvardiana." I suppose he then read proof for the first time, and in a small way it introduced him into the life of an editor—a life in which he afterwards did a great deal of hard work, which he did extremely well, as we shall presently see.

The editorial board of the year before, from whose hands the five editors of the class of '38 took "Harvardiana," was a very interesting circle of young men. They were, by the way, classmates and friends of Thoreau, who lived to be better known than they; but I think he was not of the editorial committee. The magazine was really edited in that year entirely by Charles Hayward, Samuel Tenney Hildreth, and Charles Stearns Wheeler. Horatio Hale, the philologist, was in the same class and belonged to the same set. He was named as one of the editors. But he was appointed to Wilkes's exploring expedition a year before he graduated—a remarkable testimony, this, to his early ability in the lines of study in which he won such distinction afterwards. It is interesting and amusing to observe that his first printed work was a vocabulary of the language of some Micmac Indians, who camped

HARVARDIANA.

VOLUME IV.

"Juvenis tentat Ulysses flectere arcum."

CAMBRIDGE

PUBLISHED BY JOHN OWEN

M DCCC XXXVIII.

TITLE-PAGE OF "HARVARDIANA"
Photographed by Mr. H. G. Smith of Boston

[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Outlook Company.

upon the college grounds in the summer of 1834. Hale learned the language from them, made a vocabulary, and then set up the type and printed the book with his own hand. Hayward, Hildreth, and Wheeler, who carried on the magazine for its third volume, all died young, before the age of thirty. Hayward had written one or more of the lives in Sparks's "American Biography," Wheeler had distinguished himself as a Greek scholar here and in Europe, and Hildreth, as a young poet, had given promise for what we all supposed was to be a remarkable future.

To this little circle somebody addressed himself who wanted to establish a chapter of Alpha Delta Phi in Cambridge in 1836. Who this somebody was, I do not know. I wish I did. But he came to Cambridge and met these leaders of the literary work of the classes of '37 and '38, and among them they agreed on the charter members for the formation of the Alpha Delta Phi chapter at Harvard. The list of the members of the Harvard classes of 1837 and 1838 shows that these youngsters knew already who their men of letters were. It consists of fourteen names: John Bacon, John Fenwick Eustis, Horatio Hale, Charles Hayward, Samuel Tenney Hildreth, Charles Stearns Wheeler, Henry Williams, James Ivers Trecothick Coolidge, Henry Lawrence Eustis, Nathan Hale, Rufus King, George Warren Lippitt, James Russell Lowell, and Charles Woodman Scates.

CHARLES WOODMAN SCATES

From a miniature made by Hinkle, of Philadelphia, when Scates was about twenty-seven years old. Scates was one of the editors of "Harvardiana" in 1837-8.

This is no place for a history of Alpha Delta Phi. At the moment when the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, the oldest of the confederated college societies, gave up its secrets, Alpha Delta Phi was formed in Hamilton College of New York. I shall violate none of her secrets if I say, what the history of literature in America shows, that, in the earlier days at least, interest in literature was considered by those who directed the society as a very important condition in the selection of ts members.

At Cambridge, when Lowell became one of its first members, there was a special charm in membership. Such societies were absolutely forbidden by a hard and fast rule. They must not be in Harvard College. The existence of the Alpha Delta chapter, therefore, was not to be known, even to the great body of the undergraduates. It had no public exercises. There was no public intimation of meetings. In truth, if its existence had been known, everybody connected with it would have been severely punished under the college code of that day.

This element of secrecy gave, of course, a special charm to membership. I ought to say that, after sixty years, it makes it more difficult to write of its history. I was myself a member in '37, '38, and '39. Yet, in a somewhat full private diary which I kept in those days, I do not find one reference to my attendance at any meeting; so great was the peril, to my boyish imagination, lest the myrmidons of the "Faculty" should seize upon my papers and examine them and should learn from them any fact regarding the history of this secret society.

But now, after sixty years, I will risk the vengeance of the authorities of the University. Perhaps they will take away all our degrees, honorary and otherwise; but we will venture. This very secret society, after it was well at work, may have counted at once twenty members—seniors, juniors, and sophomores. They clubbed their scanty means and hired a small student's room in what is now Holyoke Street, put in a table and stove and some chairs, and subscribed for the English quarterlies and Blackwood. Everybody had a pass-key. It was thus a place where you could loaf and be quiet and read, and where once a week we held our literary meetings. Of other meetings, the obligations of secrecy do not permit me to speak. One of my friends, the other day, said that his earliest recollection of Lowell was finding him alone in this modest club-room reading some article in an English review. What happened was that we all took much more interest in the

work which the Alpha Delta provided for us than we did in most of the work required of us by the College.

At that time the conventional division of classes at Cambridge made very hard and fast distinctions between students of different classes. Alpha Delta broke up all this and brought us together as gentlemen; and, naturally, the younger fellows did their very best when they were to read in the presence of their seniors. I think, though I am not certain, that I heard Lowell read there the first draft of his papers on Old English Dramatists, which he published afterwards in my brother's magazine, the "Boston Miscellany."

SAMUEL TENNEY HILDRETH

A member of the Harvard class of 1837 and an editor of "Harvardiana" in that year. From a photograph by Friend & Story, Gloucester, Mass.

From this little group of Alpha Delta men were selected the editors of "Harvardiana" for 1837–8. I suppose, indeed, that in some informal way Alpha Delta chose them. They were Rufus King, afterwards a leader of the bar in Ohio; George Warren Lippitt, so long our Secretary of Legation at Vienna; Charles Woodman Scates, who went into the practice of law in Carolina; James Russell Lowell; and my brother, Nathan Hale, Jr. All of them stood, when chosen, in what we call the first half of the class. This meant that they were within the number of twenty-four students who had had honors at the several exhibitions up to that time. In point of fact, twenty-four was not half the class. But that phrase long existed; I do not know how long. Practically, to say of a graduate that he was in "the first half of his class" meant that at these exhibitions, or at Commencement, he had received some college honor.

I rather think that the average senior of that year approved this selection of editors, and he would have said in a general way that King and Lippitt were expected to do that heavy work of long eight-page articles which is supposed by boys to make such magazines respected among the graduates; that Scates was relied upon for critical work; that my brother was supposed to have inherited a faculty for editing, and that on him and Lowell, in the general verdict of the class, was imposed the privilege of furnishing the poetry for the magazine and making it entertaining. Of course it was expected that their year's "Harvardiana" would be better than those of any before.

The five editors had the further privilege of assuming the whole pecuniary responsibility for the undertaking. How this came out I do not know; perhaps I never did. I do not think they ever printed three hundred copies. I do not think they ever had two hundred and fifty subscribers. The volume contains the earliest of Lowell's printed poems, some of which have never been reprinted, and a copy is regarded by collectors as one of the exceptionally rare nuggets in our literary history.

When this choice of editors was made, I lived with my brother in Stoughton 22. In September, at the time when the first number was published, we had moved to Massachusetts 27, where I lived for two years. Lowell had always been intimate in our room, and from this time until the next March he was there once or twice a day. Indeed, it was a good editor's room—in fact, we called it the best room in college; and all of them made it their headquarters.

Unfortunately for the readers of The Outlook, the daguerreotype and photograph had not even begun in their benevolent and beneficent career. It was in the next year that Daguerre, in Paris, first exhibited his pictures. The French Government rewarded him for his great discovery and published his process to the world. His announcements compelled Mr. Talbot, in England, to make public his processes on paper, which were the beginning of what we now call photography. I think my classmate, Samuel Longfellow, and I took from the window of this same room, Massachusetts 27, the first photograph which was taken in New England. It was made by a little camera intended for draughtsmen. The picture was of Harvard Hall, opposite. And the first portrait taken in Massachusetts was the copy in this picture of a bust of Apollo standing in the window of the college library, in Harvard Hall.

This was some months after "Harvardiana" had ceased to be. So that The Outlook

can reproduce no early group around my square table. But, if any one cares, I will have the table photographed, and it shall come into the margin.

Rufus King afterwards won for himself distinction and respect as a lawyer of eminence in Cincinnati. He was the grandson of the great Rufus King, the natural leader of the Federalists and of the North in the dark period of the reign of the House of Virginia. Our Rufus King's mother was the daughter of Governor Worthington, of Ohio. King had begun his early education at Kenyon College, but came to Cambridge to complete his undergraduate course, and remained there in the law school under Story and Greenleaf. He then returned to Cincinnati, where he lived in distinguished practice in his profession until his death in 1891. "His junior partners were many of them men in the first rank of political, judicial, and professional eminence. But he himself steadily declined all political or even judicial trusts until, in 1874, he became a member of the Constitutional Convention of Ohio. Over this body he presided. He did not shrink from any work in education. He was active in the public schools. He was the chief workman in creating the Cincinnati Public Library, and, as one of the trustees of the McMicken bequest, he nursed it into the foundation of the University of Cincinnati. In 1875 he became Dean of the Faculty of the Law School, and served in that office for five years. Until his death he continued his lectures on Constitutional Law and the Law of Real Property. No citizen of Cincinnati was more useful or more honored."

RUFUS KING

From an illustration issued by the Boston Photogravure Company, after a portrait in the "Green Bag." King was one of the editors of "Harvardiana" in 1837-8.

GEORGE WARREN LIPPITT

From a Vienna photograph. Lippitt was one of the editors of "Harvardiana" in 1837-8.

Lowell was with Mr. King in the Cambridge Law School.

Of the five editors, four became lawyers—so far, at least, as to take the degree Bachelor of Laws at Cambridge. The fifth, George Warren Lippitt, from Rhode Island, remained in Cambridge after he graduated and studied at the Divinity School.

There were other clergymen in his class, who attained, as they deserved, distinction afterwards. Lowell frequently refers in his correspondence to Coolidge, Ellis, Renouf, and Washburn. Lippitt's articles in "Harvardiana" show more maturity, perhaps, than those of any of the others. He had entered the class as a sophomore, and was the oldest, I believe, of the five. For ten years, from 1842 to 1852, he was a valuable preacher in the Unitarian Church, quite unconventional, courageous, candid, and outspoken. He was without a trace of that ecclesiasticism, which the New Testament writers would call accursed, which is the greatest enemy of Christianity to-day, and does more to hinder it than any other device of Satan. In 1852 Lippitt sought and accepted an appointment

as Secretary of Legation to Vienna. He married an Austrian lady, and represented the United States at the Imperial Court there in one and another capacity for the greater part of the rest of his life. He died there in 1891.

Charles Woodman Scates, also, like King and Lippitt, entered the class after the freshman year. There was a tender regard between him and Lowell. When they graduated, Scates went to South Carolina to study law. But for his delicate health, I think his name would be as widely known in the Southern States as Rufus King's is in the valley of the Ohio. I count it as a great misfortune that almost all of Lowell's letters to him, in an intimate and serious correspondence which covered many years, were lost when the house in Germantown was burned where he spent the last part of his life. Fortunately, however, Mr. Norton had made considerable extracts from them in the volume of Lowell's published letters. From one of these letters which has been preserved, I copy a little poem, which I believe has never been printed. Lowell writes:

I will copy you a midnight improvisation, which must be judged kindly accordingly. It is a mere direct transcript of *actual* feelings, and *so far* good:

What is there in the midnight breeze
That tells of things gone by?
Why does the murmur of the trees
Bring tears into my eye?
O Night! my heart doth pant for thee,
Thy stars are lights of memory!

What is there in the setting moon
Behind yon gloomy pine,
That bringeth back the broad high noon
Of hopes that once were mine?
Seemeth my heart like that pale flower
That opes not till the midnight hour.

The day may make the eyes run o'er
From hearts that laden be,
The sunset doth a music pour
Round rock and hill and tree;
But in the night wind's mournful blast
There cometh somewhat of the Past.

In garish day I often feel
The Present's full excess,
And o'er my outer soul doth steal
A deep life-weariness.
But the great thoughts that midnight brings
Look calmly down on earthly things.

Oh, who may know the spell that lies
In a few bygone years!
These lines may one day fill my eyes
With Memory's doubtful tears—
Tears which we know not if they be
Of happiness or agony.

Open thy melancholy eyes,
O Night! and gaze on me!
That I may feel the charm that lies
In their dim mystery.
Unveil thine eyes so gloomy bright
And look upon my soul, O Night!

Have you ever felt this? I have, many and many a time.

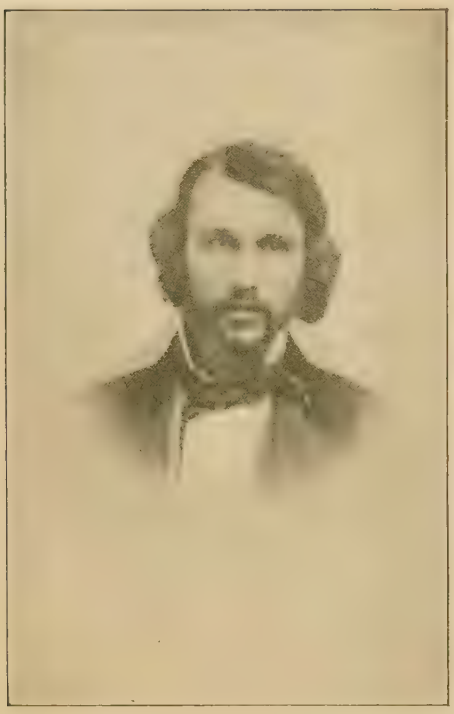
Of my dear brother, Nathan Hale, Jr., I will not permit myself to speak at any length. We shall meet him once and again as our sketch of Lowell's life goes on. It is enough for our purpose now that, though he prepared himself carefully for the bar, and, as a young man, opened a lawyer's office, the most of his life, until he died in 1872, was spent in the work of an editor. Our father had been an editor from 1809, and of all his children, boys and girls, it might be said that they were cradled in the sheets of a newspaper. My brother was the editor of the Boston "Miscellany" in 1841, where Lowell and Story of their class were his chief co-operators. From that time forward he served the Boston "Advertiser," frequently as its chief; and when he died, he was one of the editors of "Old and New," his admirable literary taste and his delicate judgment presiding over that discrimination, so terrible to magazine editors, in the accepting or rejecting of the work of contributors.

All of these five boys, or young men, were favorite pupils of Professor Edward Channing. When, in September, 1837, they undertook the publication of "Harvardiana," Lowell was eighteen, Hale was eighteen, Scates, King, and Lippitt but little older.

With such recourse the fourth volume started. It cost each subscriber two dollars a year. I suppose the whole volume contained about as much "reading matter," as a cold world calls it, as one number of "Harper's Magazine." These young fellows' reputations were not then made. But as times have gone by, the people who "do the magazines" in newspaper offices would have felt a certain wave of languid interest if a single number of "Harper" should bring them a story and a poem and a criticism by Lowell; something like this from William Story; a political paper by Rufus King; with General Loring, Dr. Washburn, Dr. Coolidge, and Dr. Ellis to make up the number.

Lowell's intimate relations with George Bailey Loring began, I think, even earlier than their meeting in college. They continued long after his college life, and I may refer to them better in another chapter of this series.

The year worked along. They had the



NATHAN HALE

From a photograph by Black, of Boston. Hale was one of the editors of "Harvardiana" and one of the members of "The Club." He was a brother of the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

dignity of seniors now, and the wider range of seniors. This means that they no longer had to construe Latin and Greek, that the college studies were of rather a broader scope than before. It meant with these young fellows that they took more liberty in long excursions from Cambridge, which would sacrifice two or three recitations for a sea-beach in the afternoon, or perhaps for an evening party twenty miles away.

Young editors always think that they have a great deal of unpublished writing in their desks or portfolios, which is of the very best type, and which, "with a little dressing over," will bring great credit to the magazine. Alas! the first and second numbers always exhaust these reserves. Yet in the case of "Harvardiana" no eager body of contributors appeared, and the table of contents shows that the five editors contributed much more than half the volume.

Lowell's connection with this volume ought to rescue it from oblivion. I think the readers of The Outlook will be glad to see a facsimile of a part of the title-page. It represents University Hall as it then was—before the convenient shelter of the corridor in front was removed. "Blackwood," and perhaps other magazines, had given popularity to the plan, which all young editors like, of an imagined conference between readers and editors, in which the editors tell what is passing in the month. Christopher North had given an appetite among youngsters for this sort of thing, and the new editors fancied that "Skillygoliana," such an imagined dialogue, would be very bright, funny, and attractive. But the fun has long since evaporated; the brightness has long since tarnished. I think they themselves found that the papers became a bore to them, and did not attract the readers.

The choice of the title "Skillygoliana" was, without doubt, Lowell's own. "Skillygolee" is defined in the Century Dictionary in words which give the point to his use of it: "A poor, thin, watery kind of broth or soup served out to prisoners in the hulks, paupers in the workhouse, and the like; a drink made of oatmeal, sugar, and water, formerly seryed out to sailors in the British navy."

Here is a scrap which must serve as a bit of mosaic carried off from this half-built temple:

SKILLYGOLIANA—III.

Since Friday morning, on each busy tongue,
"Shameful!" "Outrageous!" has incessant rung.
But what's the matter? Why should words like these
Of dreadful omen hang on every breeze?
Has our Bank failed, and shown, to cash her notes,
Not cents enough to buy three Irish votes?
Or, worse than that, and worst of human ills,
Will not the lordly Suffolk take her bills?
Sooner expect, than see her credit die,
Proud Bunker's pile to creep an inch more high.
Has want of patronage, or payments lean,
Put out the rushlight of our Magazine?
No, though Penumbra swears "the thing is flat,"
Thank Heaven, taste has not sunk so low as that!
. . . Has Texas, freed by Samuel the great,
Entered the Union as another State?
No, still she trades in slaves as free as air,
And Sam still fills the presidential chair,
Rules o'er the realm, the freeman's proudest hope,
In dread of naught but bailiffs and a rope.
. . . What *is* the matter, then? Why, Thursday night
Some chap or other strove to vent his spite
By blowing up the chapel with a shell,
But unsuccessfully—he might as well
With popgun threat the noble bird of Jove,
Or warm his fingers at a patent stove,
As try to shake old Harvard's deep foundations
With such poor, despicable machinations. . . .

Long may she live, and Harvard's morning star
Light learning's wearied pilgrims from afar!
Long may the chapel echo to the sound
Of sermon lengthy or of part profound,
And long may Dana's gowns survive to grace
Each future runner in the learned race!

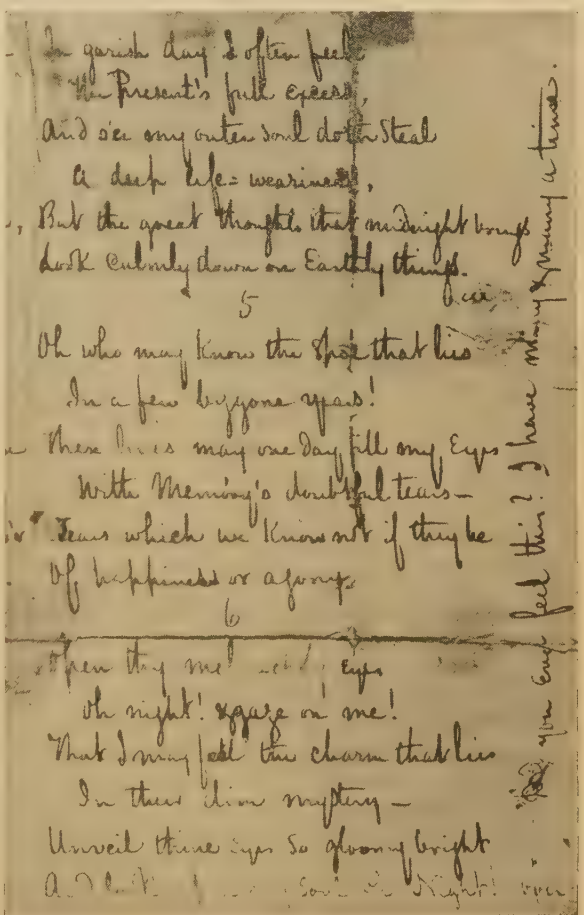
I believe Lowell afterwards printed among his collected poems one or two which first appeared in "Harvardiana." Here are a few more specimens which I believe have never been reprinted until now:

Perchance improvement, in some future time,
May soften down the rugged path of rhyme,
Build a nice railroad to the sacred mount,
And run a steamboat to the muses' fount!
. . . . . .
Fain would I more—but could my muse aspire
To praise in fitting strains our College choir?
Ah, happy band! securely hid from sight,
Ye pour your melting strains with all your might;
And as the prince, on Prosper's magic isle,
Stood spellbound, listening with a raptured smile
To Ariel's witching notes, as through the trees
They stole like angel voices on the breeze,
So when some strange divine the hymn gives out,
Pleased with the strains he casts his eyes about,
All round the chapel gives an earnest stare,
And wonders where the deuce the singers are,
Nor dreams that o'er his own bewildered pate
There hangs suspended such a tuneful weight!
—*From "A Hasty Pudding Poem."*

In the winter of the senior year the class made its selection of its permanent committees and of the orator, poet, and other officers for "Class Day," already the greatest, or one of the greatest, of the Cambridge festivals. I do not remember that there was any controversy as to the selection of either orator or poet. It seemed quite of course that James Ivers Trecothick Coolidge, now the Rev. Dr. Coolidge, should be the orator; and no opposition was possible to the choice of Lowell as poet.

Some thirty years after, in Lowell's absence from Cambridge, I had to take his place as President of a Phi Beta Kappa dinner at Cambridge. One of those young friends to whom I always give the privilege of advising me, begged me with some feeling before the dinner not to be satisfied with "trotting out the old war-horses," but to be sure to call out enough of the younger men to speak or to read verses. I said, in reply, that the old war-horses were not a bad set after all, that I had Longfellow and Holmes and Joe Choate and James Carter and President Eliot and Professor Thayer and Dr. Everett on my string, of whom I was sure. But I added, "The year Lowell graduated we were as sure as we are now that in him was first-rate poetical genius and that here was to be one of the leaders of the literature of the time." And I said, "You know this year's senior class better than I do, and if you will name to me the man who is going to fill that bill twenty years hence, you may be sure that I will call upon him tomorrow."

I like to recall this conversation here, because it describes precisely the confidence



UNPUBLISHED VERSES FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY LOWELL TO HIS CLASSMATE, SCATES
Photographed by Mr. H. G. Smith, of Boston.

ALCOTT'S HOUSE AT CONCORD

Photographed by Mr. A. E. Alden, of Boston.

which we who then knew Lowell had in his future. I think that the government of the College, that "Faculty" of which undergraduates always talk so absurdly, was to be counted among those who knew him. I think they thought of his power as highly as we did. I think they did all that they could in decency to bring Lowell through his undergraduate course without public disapprobation. President Quincy would send for him to give him what we called "privates," by which we meant private admonitions. But Lowell somehow hardened himself to these, the more so because he found them in themselves easy to bear.

The Faculty had in it such men as Quincy, Sparks and Felton, who were Quincy's successors; Pierce and Longfellow and Channing, all of them men of genius and foresight; and I think they meant to pull Lowell through, if they did it "by the hair of his head." This was the happy phrase which I heard the lamented Professor Cutler use a generation afterward, regarding a similar pupil. I said to Cutler on Class Day, "Well, I congratulate you that you have pulled Fred through." "Yes," said he, "but we had to do it by the hair of his head." In Lowell's case it was simply indifference to college regulation which they were compelled to notice. He would not go to morning prayers. We used to think he meant to go. The fellows said he would screw himself up to go on Monday morning, as if his presence there might propitiate the Faculty, who met always on Monday night. How could they be hard on him, if he had been at Chapel that very morning! But, of course, if they meant to have any discipline, if there were to be any rule for attendance at Chapel, the absence of a senior six days in seven must be noticed.

And so, to the horror of all of us, of his nearest friends most of all, Lowell was "rusticated," as the old phrase was. That meant that he was told that he must reside in Concord until Commencement, which would come in the last week in August. It meant no class poet, no good-by suppers, no vacation rambles in the six weeks preceding Commencement. It meant regular study in the house of the Rev. Barzillai Frost, of Concord, until Commencement Day! And it meant that he was not even to come to Cambridge in the interval.

I have gone into this detail because I have once or twice stumbled upon perfectly absurd stories about Lowell's suspension. And it is as well to put your thumb upon them at once. Thus, I have heard it said that there was some mysterious offense which he had committed. And, again, I have heard it said that he had become grossly intemperate; all of which is the sheerest nonsense. I think I saw him every day of his life for the first six months of his senior year, frequently half a dozen times a day, excepting in the winter vacation. He

HAWTHORNE'S HOUSE AT CONCORD, "WAYSIDE"

Photographed by Mr. A. E. Alden, of Boston.

lived out of college; our room was in college, and it was a convenient loafing-place. Now, let me say that from his birth to his death I never saw him in the least under any influence of liquor which could be detected in any way. I never, till within five years, heard any suggestion of the gossip which I have referred to above. There is in the letters boyish joking about cocktails and glasses of beer. But here there is nothing more than might ordinarily come into the foolery of anybody in college familiarly addressing a classmate. Briefly, he hated Concord when he went there, and when he came away he was quite satisfied that he had had a very agreeable visit among very agreeable people.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCORD

Concord was then and is now one of the most charming places in the world. But to poor Lowell it was exile. He must leave all the gayeties of the life of a college senior, just ready to graduate, and he must give up what he valued more—the freedom of that life as he had chosen to conduct it. He was but just nineteen years old. And even to the gravest critic or biographer, though writing after half a century, there seems something droll in the idea of directing such a boy as that, with his head full of Tennyson and Wordsworth, provoked that he had to leave Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger behind him—to set him to reciting every day ten pages of Locke on the Human Understanding in the quiet study of the Rev. Barzillai Frost.

Concord is now a place of curious interest to travelers, and the stream of intelligent visitors from all parts of the English-speaking world passes through it daily. It has been the home, first of all, of Emerson and then of the poet Channing, of Alcott, of Thoreau, of Hawthorne, known by their writings to almost every one who dabbles in literature. It has been the home of the Hoars, father and sons, honored and valued in government and in law. Two railways carry the stream of pilgrims there daily, and at each station you find two or three carriages ready to take you to the different shrines, with friendly, well-read "drivers" quite as intelligent as you are yourself, and well informed as to the interests which bring you there.

But this belongs to the last half-century. Lowell went to a quiet country village, the home of charming people, and a type of the best social order in the world; but to him it was simply the place of his exile. Dear Charles Brooks of Newport, who loved every grain of its sand and every drop of its spray, used to say that St. John hated Patmos only because it was his prison. He used to say that John wrote of heaven, "There shall be no more sea," only that he might say, There shall be no chains there; all men shall be free. Lowell looked on Concord as St. John looked on the loveliness of Patmos. His boyish

letters of the time steadily called it his prison or the place of his exile.

He was consigned, as has been said, to the oversight and tuition of the Rev. Barzillai Frost, in whose house he was to make his home. Mr. Frost was a scholar unusually well read, who had been an instructor in history in Harvard College, where he graduated in the year 1830. In our own time people are apt to say that Parson Wilbur, of the Biglow Papers, represents Mr. Frost. I do not recollect that this was said when they were published. But I dare say that the little details of Parson Wilbur's life, the constant reference to the College Triennial Catalogue and other such machinery, may have come from the simple arrangements of the Concord parsonage. Mr. Frost had no sense of congruity. He would connect in the same sentence some very lofty thoughts with some as absurd. He would say in a Thanksgiving sermon, "We have been free from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday; it is true that we have had some chicken-pox and some measles."

Imagine the boy Lowell, with his fine sense of humor, listening to Mr. Frost's sermon describing Niagara after he had made the unusual journey thither. He could rise at times into lofty eloquence, but his sense of truth was such that he would not go a hair's breadth beyond what he was sure of, for any effect of rhetoric. So in this sermon, which is still remembered, he described the cataract with real feeling and great eloquence. You had the mighty flood discharging the waters of the vast lake in a torrent so broad and grand—and then, forgetting the precise statistics, he ended the majestic sentence with the words "and several feet deep."

Lowell could not help entering into conflict with his tutor, but they were both gentlemen, and the conflicts were never quarrels. In one of the earliest letters he says: "I get along very well with Barzillai (your orthography is correct), or, rather, he gets along very well with me. He has just gone off to Boston to exchange, and left me in charge of the 'family.' The man's cardinal fault is that he delights to hear the sound of his own voice. When I recite Locke, he generally spends three-quarters of the time in endeavoring to row up that delectable writer." [To *row up*, in the slang of that time, meant to row an adversary up the Salt River. The phrase was Western.] "Sometimes I think that silence is the best plan. So I hold my tongue till he brings up such a flimsy argument that I can stand it, or sit it, no longer. So out I burst, with greater fury for having been pent up so long, like a simmering volcano. However, both he and his wife try to make me as comfortable and as much at home as

HAWTHORNE'S STUDY IN THE TOWER AT "WAYSIDE"
Photographed by Mr. A. W. Hosmer, of Concord.

they can. . . . I think it was Herder who called Hoffman's life a prolonged shriek of thirty volumes. Carlyle borrowed the idea, and calls Rousseau's life a soliloquy of—so long. Now I should call Barzillai's life one stretched syllogism. He is one of those men who walk through this world with a cursed ragged undersuit of natural capacity entirely concealed in a handsome borrowed surtout of other men's ideas, buttoned up to the chin."

This bitterness came in early in the exile. In after times Lowell could speak of Mr. Frost more fairly. In speaking at Concord, on the celebration of the 250th anniversary of the incorporation of the town, he said:

> In rising to-day I could not help being reminded of one of my adventures with my excellent tutor when I was here in Concord. I was obliged to read with him "Locke on the Human Understanding." My tutor was a great admirer of Locke, and thought that he was the greatest Englishman that ever lived, and nothing pleased him more, consequently, than now and then to cross swords with Locke in argument. I was not slow, you may imagine, to encourage him in this laudable enterprise. Whenever a question arose between my tutor and Locke, I always took Locke's side. I remember on one occasion, although I cannot now recall the exact passage in Locke—it was something about continuity of ideas—my excellent tutor told me that in that case Locke was quite mistaken in his views. My tutor said: "For instance, Locke says that the mind is never without an idea; now I am conscious frequently that my mind is without any idea at all." And I must confess that that anecdote came vividly to my mind when I got up on what Judge Hoar has justly characterized as the most important part of an orator's person.

Of Mrs. Frost, then a young mother with a baby two months old, he says: "Mrs. Frost is simply the best woman I ever set my eyes on. Always pleasant, always striving to make me happy and comfortable, and always with a sweet smile, a very sweet smile! She *is* a jewel! Then, too, I love her all the better for that she loves that husband of hers, and she does love him and cherish him. If she were not married and old enough to be my mother—no! my eldest sister—I'd marry her myself, as a reward for so much virtue. That woman has really reconciled me to Concord. Nay! made me even almost like it, could such things be."

By this time, the 15th of August, the poor boy, though robbed of his vacation, was coming round to see that there were few places in the world where one would more gladly spend the summer than the Concord of his time,

But we must not look in the boy's letters for any full appreciation of Mr. Emerson. While he was at Concord Mr. Emerson delivered an address before the Cambridge Divinity School which challenged the fury of conservative divines and was only shyly defended even by people who soon found out that Emerson is the prophet of our century. In one of these letters before me, before that address was printed, and before Lowell had heard a word of it, he says: "I think of writing a snub for it, having it all cut and dried, and then inserting the necessary extracts."

I need not say that this was mere banter. But it shows the mood of the day. Privately, and to this reader only, I will venture the statement that if the most orthodox preacher who reads the "Observer" should accidentally "convey" any passage from this forgotten address into next Sunday's sermon in the First Church of Slabville, his hearers will be greatly obliged to him and will never dream that what he says is radical. For time advances in sermons, and has its revenges.

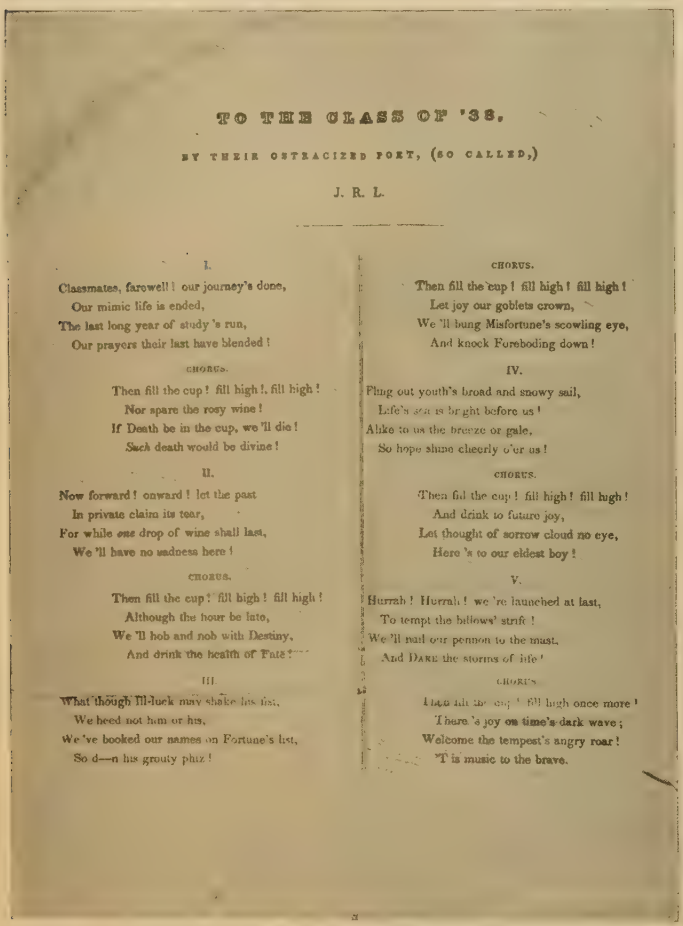
Lowell speaks of Mr. Emerson as very kind to him. He describes a visit to him in which Lowell seems to have introduced some fellow-students. These were among the earliest of that endless train of bores who in forty years never irritated our Plato. But, alas! Lowell's letter preserves no drop of the honey which fell from Plato's lips. It is only a most amusing burlesque of the homage rendered by the four or five visitors. I may say in passing that the characteristics of the five men could hardly have been seized upon more vividly after they had lived forty years than they appear in the hundred words then written by this bright boy.

In the address at Concord, delivered forty-seven years afterward, he said:

> I am not an adopted son of Concord. I cannot call myself that. But I can say, perhaps, that under the old fashion which still existed when I was young, I was "bound out" to Concord for a period of time; and I must say that she treated me very kindly. . . . I then for the first time made the acquaintance of Mr. Emerson; and I still recall, with a kind of pathos, as Dante did that of his old teacher, Brunetto Latini, "La cara e buona imagine paterna," "The dear and good paternal image," which he showed me here; and I can also finish the quotation and say, "And shows me how man makes himself eternal." I remember he was so kind to me—I, rather a flighty and exceedingly youthful boy—as to take me with him on some of his walks, particularly a walk to the cliffs, which I shall never forget. And perhaps this feeling of grati-

tude which I have to Concord gives me some sort of claim to appear here to-day.

Under Barzillai's tuition he settled down to his college work. He had the class poem to write. As he was not to be permitted to deliver it, it may be imagined that he did not write it with much enthusiasm. He put it off, and he put it off. That was the way, it must be confessed, he sometimes met such exigencies afterward.

July 8 he wrote: "Nor have I said anything about the poem. I have not written a line since my ostracism, and, in fact, doubt very much whether I can write even the half of one." It had been proposed that it should be read by some else on Class Day; but to this Lowell objected, and the faculty of the College objected also. On the 23d he writes: "As for the poem, you will see the whole of it when it is printed, as it will be as soon as Scates gets back to superintend it. Do you know, I am more than half a mind to dedicate it to Bowen." Then on the 15th of August: "I have such a headache that I will not write any more to-night, though after I go to bed I am in hopes to finish my poem. Thinking does not interfere so much with a headache as writing." Then, on the next line: "August 18. The 'poem' is in the hands of the printer. I received a proof-sheet to-day from the 'Harvardiana' press, containing the first eight pages." But in the same letter afterwards: "How under the sun, or, more appropriately, perhaps, the moon, which is, or appears to be, the muse of so many of the tuneful, I shall finish the poem I don't know. Stearns came up here last Saturday, a week ago to-day, and stirred me up about the printing of it, whereupon I began Sunday to finish it in earnest, and straightway scratched off about two hundred and fifty lines. But now I have come to a dead stand and am as badly off as ever, without so much hope. 'Nothing so difficult, etc., etc., except the end,' you know. And here I am, as it were, at the tail end of nothing, and not a pillow of consolation whereon to lay the aching head of despair."

TO THE CLASS OF '38,

BY THEIR OSTRACIZED POET, (SO CALLED,)

J. R. L.

I.

Classmates, farewell! our journey's done,
Our mimic life is ended,
The last long year of study 's run,
Our prayers their last have blended!

CHORUS.

Then fill the cup! fill high!. fill high!
Nor spare the rosy wine!
If Death be in the cup, we 'll die!
Such death would be divine!

II.

Now forward! onward! let the past
In private claim its tear,
For while *one* drop of wine shall last,
We 'll have no sadness here!

CHORUS.

Then fill the cup! fill high! fill high!
Although the hour be late,
We 'll bob and nob with Destiny,
And drink the health of Fate!

III.

What though Ill-luck may shake his fist,
We heed not him or his,
We 've booked our names on Fortune's list,
So d—n his grouty phiz!

CHORUS.

Then fill the cup! fill high! fill high!
Let joy our goblets crown,
We 'll hang Misfortune's scowling eye,
And knock Foreboding down!

IV.

Fling out youth's broad and snowy sail,
Life's sea is bright before us!
Alike to us the breeze or gale,
So hope shine cheerly o'er us!

CHORUS.

Then fill the cup! fill high! fill high!
And drink to future joy,
Let thought of sorrow cloud no eye,
Here 's to our eldest boy!

V.

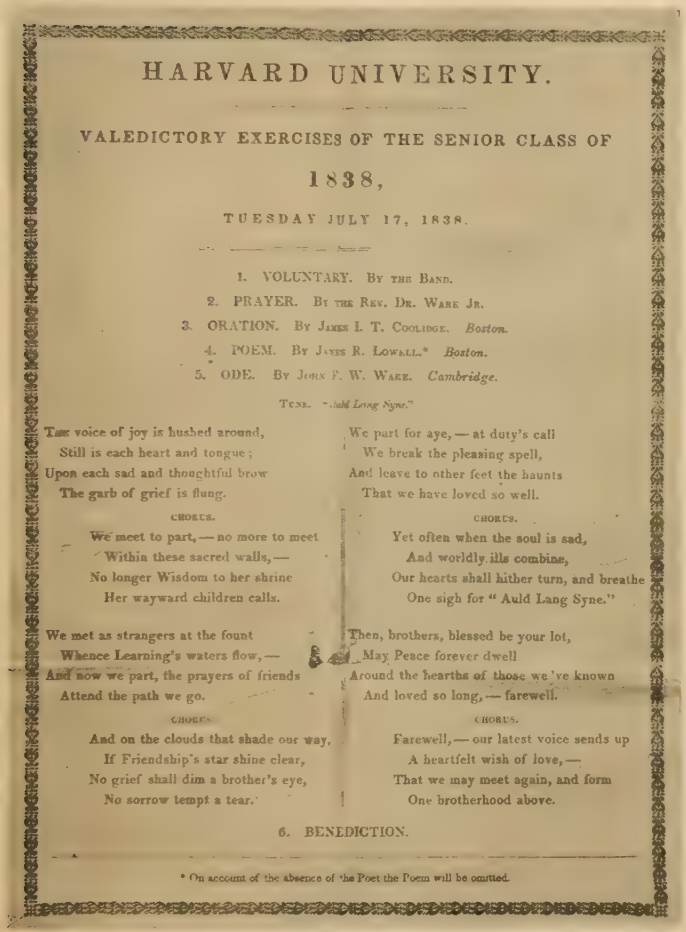
Hurrah! Hurrah! we 're launched at last,
To tempt the billows' strife!
We 'll nail our pennon to the mast,
And Dare the storms of life!

CHORUS.

Then fill the cup! fill high once more!
There 's joy on time's dark wave;
Welcome the tempest's angry roar!
'T is music to the brave.

LOWELL'S POEM TO HIS COLLEGE CLASS
Photographed by Mr. H. G. Smith, of Boston.

These words are perhaps a fair enough description of the poem. It has in it a good deal of very crude satire, particularly a bitter invective against abolitionists who talked and did nothing. But the Ode of the Cherokee warrior, bewailing the savage transfer of his nation which had been consummated under Andrew Jackson's rule, seems to be worth preserving. At the time, be it remembered, the poem was most cordially received by the Lilliput circle of Boston and Cambridge:



HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

VALEDICTORY EXERCISES OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF

1838,

TUESDAY JULY 17, 1838.

1. VOLUNTARY. By the Band.
2. PRAYER. By the Rev. Dr. Ware Jr.
3. ORATION. By James I. T. Coolidge. *Boston.*
4. POEM. By James R. Lowell.* *Boston.*
5. ODE. By John F. W. Ware. *Cambridge.*

Tune. "Auld Lang Syne."

The voice of joy is hushed around,
Still is each heart and tongue;
Upon each sad and thoughtful brow
The garb of grief is flung.

CHORUS.

We meet to part, — no more to meet
Within these sacred walls, —
No longer Wisdom to her shrine
Her wayward children calls.

We met as strangers at the fount
Whence Learning's waters flow, —
And now we part, the prayers of friends
Attend the path we go.

CHORUS.

And on the clouds that shade our way,
If Friendship's star shine clear,
No grief shall dim a brother's eye,
No sorrow tempt a tear.

We part for aye, — at duty's call
We break the pleasing spell,
And leave to other feet the haunts
That we have loved so well.

CHORUS.

Yet often when the soul is sad,
And worldly ills combine,
Our hearts shall hither turn, and breathe
One sigh for "Auld Lang Syne."

Then, brothers, blessed be your lot,
May Peace forever dwell
Around the hearths of those we've known
And loved so long, — farewell.

CHORUS.

Farewell, — our latest voice sends up
A heartfelt wish of love, —
That we may meet again, and form
One brotherhood above.

6. BENEDICTION.

* On account of the absence of the Poet the Poem will be omitted.

VALEDICTORY EXERCISES OF THE HARVARD CLASS OF 1838
Photographed by Mr. H. G. Smith, of Boston.

Oh abolitionists, both men and maids,
Who leave your desks, your parlors, and your trades,
To wander restless through the land and shout—
But few of you could tell us what about!
Can ye not hear where on the Southern breeze
Swells the last wailing of the Cherokees?
Hark! the sad Indian sighs a last adieu
To scenes which memory gilds with brighter hue,
The giant trees whose hoary branches keep
Their quiet vigil where his fathers sleep,
'Neath the green sod upon whose peaceful breast
He too had hoped to lay him down to rest—
The woods through whose dark shades, unknown to fear,
He roamed as freely as the bounding deer,
The streams so well his boyish footsteps knew,
Pleased with the tossings of the mock canoe,
And the vast mountains, round whose foreheads proud
Curled the dark grandeur of the roaming cloud,
From whose unfathomed breast he oft has heard
In thunder-tones the good Great Spirit's word.
Lo, where he stands upon yon towering peak
That echoes with the startled eagle's shriek,
His scalp-tuft floating wildly to the gale
Which howls an answer to his mournful wail,
Leaning his arm upon an unbent bow,
He thus begins in accents sad and low:

We must go! for already more near and more near
The tramp of the paleface falls thick on the ear—
Like the roar of the blast when the storm-spirit comes
In the clang of the trumps and the death-rolling drums.
Farewell to the spot where the pine-trees are sighing
O'er the flowery turf where our fathers are lying!
Farewell to the forests our young hunters love,
We shall soon chase the deer with our fathers above!

We must go! and no more shall our council-fires glance
On the senate of chiefs or the warriors' dance,
No more in its light shall youth's eagle eye gleam,
Or the glazed eye of age become young in its beam.
Wail! wail! for our nation; its glory is o'er,
These hills with our war-songs shall echo no more,
And the eyes of our bravest no more shall look bright
As they hear of the deeds of their fathers in fight!

In the home of our sires we have lingered our last,
Our death-song is swelling the moan of the blast,
Yet to each hallowed spot clings fond memory still,
Like the mist that makes lovely yon far distant hill.
The eyes of our maidens are heavy with weeping,
The fire 'neath the brow of our young men is sleeping,
And the half-broken hearts of the aged are swelling,
As the smoke curls its last round their desolate dwelling!

We must go! but the wailings ye wring from us here
Shall crowd your foul prayers from the Great Spirit's ear,
And when *ye* pray for mercy, remember that Heaven
Will forgive (so ye taught us) as *ye* have forgiven!

Ay, slay! and our souls on the pinions of prayer
Shall mount freely to Heaven and seek justice there,
For the flame of our wigwams points sadly on high
To the sole path of mercy ye've left us—to die!

God's glad sun shone as warm on our once peaceful homes
As when gilding the pomp of your proud swelling domes,
And His wind sang a pleasanter song to the trees
Than when rustling the silk in your temples of ease;
For He judges not souls by their flesh-garment's hue,
And His heart is as open for us as for you;
Though He fashioned the Redman of duskier skin,
Yet the Paleface's breast is far darker within!

We are gone! the proud Redman hath melted like snow
From the soil that is tracked by the foot of his foe;
Like a summer cloud spreading its sails to the wind,
We shall vanish and leave not a shadow behind.
The blue old Pacific roars loud for his prey,
As he taunts the tall cliffs with his glittering spray,
And the sun of our glory sinks fast to his rest,
All darkly and dim in the clouds of the west!

The cadence ends, and where the Indian stood
The rock looks calmly down on lake and wood,
Meet emblem of that lone and haughty race
Whose strength hath passed in sorrow from its place.

The exile ended with the last week in August. "I shall be coming down next week, Thursday or Friday at farthest."

Commencement fell that year on the 29th of August, and Lowell received his degree of Bachelor of Arts with the rest of his class.

I believe it is fair to tell an anecdote here of that summer, because the one person who could be offended by it is himself the only authority for it, and used to tell the story himself with great personal gusto.

This cynic was in Rome that spring, where Dr. Lowell and Mrs. Lowell had been spending the winter. Indeed, I suppose if Dr. Lowell had been in Cambridge, the episode of rustication in Concord would never have come into his son's life. The cynic was one of those men who seem to like to say disagreeable things whenever they can, and he thus described, I think in print, a visit he made on Dr. Lowell:

"Dr. Lowell had not received his letters from Boston, and I had mine; so I thought I would go and tell him the Boston news. I told him that the parts for Commencement were assigned, and that Rufus Ellis was the first scholar and was to have the oration. But I told him that his son, James Lowell, had been rusticated and would not return to Cambridge until Commencement week! And I told him that the class had chosen James their class poet. 'Oh dear!' said Dr. Lowell, 'James promised me that he would quit writing poetry and would go to work.'"

I am afraid that most fathers, even at the end of this century, would be glad to receive such a promise from a son. In this case, James Lowell certainly went to work, but, fortunately for the rest of us, he did not "quit writing poetry."

[To be continued in the Magazine Number for March.]

More Blessed to Give

By Martha Wolcott Hitchcock

For, give me the gold of the strong,
Or compassionate dole of the weak,
Give me only the beauty of living,
The patience and ruth of the meek;
Give me sweetness unasked, as the flower,
Or softness unstroked, as the dove,
We but draw from the one, indivisible Power,
For the source of our giving is Love.

Have ye feared that in giving ye lose?
Or dreamed ye that patience may wane?
Have ye looked for the beauty to fade,
Or the heart's blood be offered in vain?
But draw from the full-springing well
That is fed from high sources above,
And garner your harvest, that summer may tell
Of the multiplied riches of Love.

There is that withholdeth, and lo—
Bare ashes where roses have been;
There again is, that scattered abroad
And wide acres are smiling and green.
Creator of gifts, shall ye give,
As God gives himself from above,
For only the living eternally live,
And only the loving shall love.

Old Mis' Rich

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

"ANYBODY coming 'long the pike, Sereny?"

"No, Mis' Rich."

"Look hard, Sereny. Nobody a'tall?"

"No, Mis' Rich."

"Then he won't come to-night. Shut the door."

Serena More hesitated an instant on the darkening threshold. Her tall young figure had a wistful appearance as it strained toward the deserted road. The trees lifted in a thinned, solemn row against the fading November sky. A last cricket piped away in the front yard.

"Shut the door, Sereny," said the authoritative voice.

Old Mrs. Rich sat by the window knitting. She had a dark, alert, militant face, and under the keen hazel of her eyes lurked a light that could be fierce as well as keen. A cane with a carved animal's head for knob leaned against the arm of her chair. She knitted and watched Serena.

"I think I'll go home now, Mis' Rich."

"Well, go upstairs and light Job's lamp first, Sereny."

The girl went noiselessly about her errand. When she returned, the old woman was standing in the middle of the floor. A light burned on the little side table; the curtains were drawn

The room was part parlor, part chamber. Against one of the walls rose a high, old-fashioned bedstead, with some delicate carving about the head-board. Against another stood an oak dresser, upon which shone a good deal of blue-and-white china and a few pieces of polished brass. Some photographs in leather frames. the faces faded out and uncertain, hung over the mantelpiece.

Mrs. Rich looked at Serena, and Serena looked back at her.

"It's two months since he's gone, Sereny."

The girl waited with her hand on the knob of the door.

"I wish you didn't think Job ought to marry me, Mis' Rich."

The old woman struck her cane angrily on the floor.

"If he don't, I'll never forgive him!"

Serena opened the door softly and closed it again. Out in the dark she halted and looked up at the light shining in Job Rich's empty bedroom. She sighed a little.

A latch clicked suddenly behind her.

"Good-night, Sereny."

"Good-night, Mis' Rich."

She ran swiftly across the road and into another front yard, and so by a winding path to a wide-open kitchen door.

Broad gleams of lamplight poured out upon the little hedge of striped althea bushes. On the threshold stood a voluminous feminine figure.

"Come right in, Sereny. Come right in, daughter. I've got something to tell you."

The woman pulled the girl up the steps, and slammed the door after her.

"Set down in that chair and listen!"

Mrs. More had on the gown which she usually kept for Sundays. It was a changeable silk—now lilac, now emerald. She wore a stiffened black lace bonnet, to one side of which were attached three lemon-colored roses.

"Listen!" she said again, and plumped down into a chair opposite her daughter.

"I know what it is," said Serena, speaking quickly. "I heard it this morning. Job Rich is going to get married to Hester Lampley to-night!"

"If you don't beat all!" panted her mother. "You're the very spit of your father that's dead and gone. He could know a thing a whole year before it happened, and it wouldn't hurt him any, either."

She rocked back and forth; the lemon-colored roses did the same.

"I'm that mad I can't see," she declared. She straightened herself up and stopped rocking. "And as sure as my name's Ellen More, and as sure as I'm a widow going on nine year, and setting here in every Sunday rag I've got, I'm going down to church to-night and see that wedding through from beginning to end. I ain't giving anybody a chance to say I hung my head because Job Rich married Hester Lampley instead of Sereny More. And I only wish you had backbone enough to go along, Sereny."

Serena looked like a flower beaten about by the wind. She flushed up to the roots of her delicate little ears.

"*He* didn't tell me, and *she* didn't tell me," proclaimed Mrs. More, "but I guess I've got head enough to make a plain story out. Old Mis' Rich said, 'Job, I want you to marry

Sereny,' and she kept at him and kept at him till at last he packed up and left the house; and he ain't been nigh it for two months. I wonder what she'll think about Hester Lampley!"

"I won't tell her," said Serena.

"Sereny More, do you mean you're going to let her have that lamp lit in Joe's bedroom every night, just as if he was about ten years old, and she was expecting him to come back? I don't guess you guessed I found out about that lamp, Sereny."

"I won't tell her," repeated Serena.

Her mother began rocking again.

"O Lord!" she said, "what a mess it is! Everybody knows old Mis' Rich wanted to make that match between you, and they're all talking, and talking, and what they don't know they're making up and cackling loudest over, not to let on it's all lies. They're saying Job jilted you."

Serena sat dumb.

"I don't guess you remember when Hester Lampley lived here, Sereny. You were only a little thing, and she wasn't much bigger. She lived in that flat-roofed house just where the creek turns off in the woods. Job got acquainted with her in Haversham, and went there regular to see her; then he slacked off, and stopped going; and then she moved back here, and he began all over again."

Mrs. More stopped for breath, and glanced uneasily at her slim daughter.

"I hope you ain't worrying any, Sereny."

"He can marry anybody he wants," said Serena, steadily.

Mrs. More stood up and shook out her rustling skirts. She was a comely creature, with eyes of that keen blue which always suggests the possibility of a flash.

"Come lock the door behind me," she called.

The cat came purring from under the stove, and rubbed itself against Serena's starched calico knee. A wagon rattled down the pike. She put up her head and stared around the lighted kitchen. She kept thinking about Job Rich and the woman he was going to marry that night. She wondered how it would feel to be remembered, and forgotten, and remembered again. This had been Hester Lampley's experience. She wondered whether Hester were pretty.

Voices were heard out in the highroad. Serena went to the door and listened. More voices, and one that was rich and tremulous, and broke into a love ballad of the day, sounded across the dark. The girl hesitated a moment, a swaying figure in the light that streamed from the kitchen behind her; then, just as she was, sped out into the althea hedge, and down to the gate at the foot of the garden. A stretch of pasture-land lay beyond. She stepped out into it, and, led by that tremulous voice, hurried along through the short and withering grass. Once she slipped and fell into a hollow thick with life-everlasting. Its odor followed her for the rest of the way. Little foggy shapes rose up out of the fence corners and came floating toward her. All the pungent smells of the decaying autumn were in the moist air. Like the people in a show, the villagers moved along the indistinct pike, and, as unreal as they, Serena, in the pastures, kept pace with them. Then the unseen singer hushed his song. The lights of the church began to gleam beyond the ranks of highway trees.

Directly under the windows of the building lifted a high old tomb sentineled by four dense arbor-vitæ shrubs. Its trumpeting angel seemed, as Serena drew near, to rise up out of the mist, triumphant and solemn. A burst of music reached her. Holding on to the sheltering bushes, she mounted upon the edge of the tomb and strained her eyes through an open casement. Suddenly she had a vision of a woman, all filmy and radiant like a white cloud, floating up the church aisle, and, to another burst of music, floating down again. The people commenced to pour out among the graves. Serena sat down on the stone angel, a little blinded and trembling. She felt as if she had lost something which somehow had never been hers. The odor of the life-everlasting clinging to her hands and dress intensified this feeling. The tears gathered in her soft eyes.

Two people went brushing past the arbor-vitæ bushes.

"You see Mis' More setting up in front as big as life?"

"Yes. Sereny couldn't 've done it. Mis' More's got to have spunk enough for both of them."

The voices faded off into dim and scattered syllables. Row after row the graves appeared to separate from the fog and gather around Serena. Once more she sped across the pastures.

Her mother swept into the kitchen a half-hour later to find her sitting by the fire.

"Well, she's not much for looks, Sereny. She's big and all one color."

Mrs. More pulled off her black kid gloves and blew into them finger by finger, with a solemnity befitting a religious ceremony. Then she rolled her bonnet-strings into tight little wads, preparatory to putting the article to which they belonged into its bandbox.

"I never saw Job favor his mother like he did to-night," she said. "His jaws were that locked they looked as if they'd never open again. But Hester—well, *she* seemed happy, if Job didn't. She had on a white silk, the thick kind that stands out like a board, and the body was all trimmed with ribbons and lace. You can get all you want of that lace down at Haversham for thirty-seven and a half cents a yard. It has a spidery pattern with pointed scallops. You've got some on your last summer's hat, Sereny. Seems to me I'd have tried and evened up on that wedding-dress, and paid less for the goods and more for the trimming."

"I went," said Serena. "I went over by the fields and stood out on old Mr. Allison's tombstone, and looked in the window."

"Well!" said Mrs. More, as with the flourish of trumpets. She came and stood in front of Serena.

"I hope you'll hold your head high," she began again. "I know they're all saying Job jilted you, and they won't believe anything else if you go down on your knees in the pike and swear to it. You hold your head high, Sereny."

For a moment Serena looked like her mother.

"Job Rich never asked me to marry him, and I never expected to be asked, either," she flashed out. "They can talk all they want to!"

"Lord! what'll old Mis' Rich say to it all!" ejaculated her mother.

But old Mrs. Rich made no sign. She had the reputation, due to her unflinching will and an almost uncanny reticence, of being wiser than her generation. She stood out a clear-cut figure in the matter-of-fact atmosphere of the little country village. Whether some one had dared to acquaint her with the facts in regard to Job's marriage, or whether she was in dense ignorance concerning them, not a soul of them all ever knew. She sat at her window and knitted, or moved limpingly about her small household affairs, and her eyes met each question with a baffling gaze.

Every day at dusk Serena ran over and lit the lamp in Job's bedroom. She had done so ever since she had found his mother panting for breath half-way up the toiling stairs. The pathos of the incident had taken hold of her, and mixed with the pathos was an awe of the nature that could ignore or deny all facts. She used to feel at these times as if the night of the wedding was a dream, and the cloudlike woman a delusion. She found herself straining down the pike as expectantly as Mrs. Rich. Once in the open air, however, the spell the rigid old woman had thrown on her became as naught. She knew dimly then that life was not what it had been to her. Some sweet and petaling thing, some rose just ready to open, had vanished out of the reach of her hand.

"I want you to get me some everlasting to-morrow, Sereny," said Mrs. Rich, on one of these evenings. "I'm going to bile it down and bottle it up for Job."

"For Job?" echoed Serena, uneasily.

"Yes. He gets dreadful colds this time of the year, for all he looks so strong, and everlasting's the only thing that ever done him any good. I've been giving it to him since he was two years old." She paused. "Yes, for Job."

Mrs. Rich had a curious voice, with a certain hammering quality to it. Her last word rang out now like a blow struck upon some hard metal.

"Don't you—don't you ever hear things, Mis' Rich?"

"About Job?" she answered, directly. "Sereny, you listen to me. I haven't had my own way all my life, just to be beat down at the end of it. Sereny, *Job's coming back*."

It was late in the following day when Serena slipped down by the pasture bars and began pulling the whity-gray stalks of the herb growing there. She pulled and pulled; the little crackling noises she made seemed to her to echo across the quiet land. Presently another sound reached her ears. It was that of footsteps moving steadily her way.

A tall young woman was crossing the opposite pasture. She was of that large, fair-haired, unusual type which we unconsciously associate with an older day. She came with a certain majesty of motion, that somehow seemed to belong to the stretch of wide, open, empty country; to the trees trooping mountainward, unhampered of leaves. Serena, kneeling among the life-everlasting, awaited her.

The young woman leaned her arms on the pasture bars and nodded hesitatingly to Serena. When she spoke, it was with a little flutter.

"Are you Miss More?"

"Yes," said Serena.

"I'm Job Rich's wife, Hester Lampley that was. I don't guess you remember me; I've been away from here so long."

Serena put up her arm full of blossoms close to her face, until her eyes looked out over them as over a pale gray barrier.

"I saw you coming here, and I hurried over before you'd go. I want to ask you something."

Still Serena waited.

Young Mrs. Rich broke out into a vague little laugh.

"I want to ask you, but I don't know how to begin. I guess you'll think it's mean."

"What is it?" said Serena, with a certain distinctness of voice. She held her herbs closer.

The other woman poured out her next words as in a flood upon her.

"They're—they're all saying Job jilted you, and then came and married me. Job says it isn't true. Oh, Miss More, I know it's mean to ask, but I wish you could tell me that, too!" She was breathless when she had finished.

"Old Mis' Rich wanted Job to marry me," said Serena from behind her life-everlasting, "and Job didn't want to marry me. That's all."

"That's what Job told me all along, but sometimes men say things just to please you, and not to hurt. He used to come and see me down to Haversham, and then we had words, and then he came back again. I never cared for anybody but Job, and I couldn't bear what they all had to say. I just couldn't."

Her lip quivered like a child's. Her face was all over a soft, warm, fluttering color.

She moved away from the fence and moved back again.

"I'm real glad you didn't mind, Miss More."

Serena kept very stiff and still.

"I had to tell the truth," she said.

Hester Rich turned back once more.

"I think you're real pretty," she said, with her vague little laugh.

She went across the fields again. Serena watched her. Once more she felt as if she had lost something which somehow had never been hers.

It was months after this, and the trees along the pike were heavy with their April bourgeoning, when one day at sunset Job Rich came back to his mother's house.

Serena had run over earlier than usual that afternoon. She had brought some lilac-blossoms with her, and was putting them one by one into the vases on the front mantelpiece.

All at once Mrs. Rich called to her in a strange voice.

"Sereny, Sereny, go down and tell him to come right in."

The girl turned and saw Job standing at the garden gate.

"Go on, Sereny."

She obeyed as simply as a child.

"Job, your mother says you're to come in."

He had some little difficulty with the latch; he seemed less himself than of old.

Serena stood and watched him as one ghost might watch another.

"Come in, Job. Come in, Sereny," called Mrs. Rich.

He sat down in the chair to which she motioned him. He was a handsome man, of a dark but clear complexion; there was a good deal of his mother in his face.

"Job, are you ready to marry Sereny?"

He rose up, blushing the dull red blush of a man. He looked at the old woman; she looked back at him.

"Mother, I can't."

"Then you can keep away from here till you can."

She turned her back on him. He gave her another look, his jaw fastening into hard lines, and went without a word.

"Oh, Mis' Rich, Mis' Rich," cried Serena, in an agony, "don't you know Job's married? Everybody knows it. He's been married six months to Hester Lampley. He's married; he's married, Mis' Rich!"

"Sereny," said old Mrs. Rich, "don't forget before you go home to light the lamp in Job's bedroom."

Three more springs and three more winters passed. Rumors reached Serena at times that Job's married life was not a happy one. There were no children; and Hester had developed into a slipshod housekeeper, with a faculty for ailing and complaining that is often possessed by large, easy-looking women. On Sundays she swept into church and dominated place and people with her noble, fair-haired beauty; but the slattern in her came uppermost for the rest of the week.

Job had too much iron in his disposition to grow slack under this discipline; the look on his face grew more and more like his mother's. Then, one stormy February day, and

almost without a moment's warning, Hester Rich's vexing life drifted to an end; and Job was left to grow sterner and more silent than ever in his empty house.

Mrs. More walked soberly home through the dusk from the funeral.

"They didn't put her in the Rich lot," she said to Serena. "I guess Job was too proud to ask his mother. She's buried next to them arbor-vitæs."

"It's a prettier lot than the Riches'," said Serena.

"Most people thought poor Hester was good-looking," said Mrs. More, "but I never did until to-day. I must say the angel over old Mr. Allison's tomb don't look more like one than she did laying there stretched out in her wedding-dress. Lord! how sudden she went, after all!"

Serena went across to Mrs. Rich's. It had been a wild day; and the air was still full of little, menacing noises. The shutters flapped. She could not help thinking of young Hester lying out alone under the arbor-vitæ bushes.

The old woman stood in her doorway, supporting herself on her cane.

"Your eyes are younger than mine, Sereny. Don't you see him coming 'long the pike?"

"No. Mis' Rich."

"Go down to the gate. Look hard, Sereny."

The girl came back to the old woman.

"No, Mis' Rich."

"Well, come in, come in. You'll get your death of cold."

She limped back to her chair by the window. Serena climbed the stairs to Job's bedroom. When she returned, Mrs. Rich was standing as before in the doorway.

"Did you set the light so he could see it plain, Sereny?"

"Yes, I set it in the place I always do, Mis' Rich."

"Help me down them steps. I want to see it myself."

The two clung together in the windy front yard, and looked up at the chamber window.

"Yes, it's all right," said Mrs. Rich. "Wait here a minute, Sereny; I'm going down to the gate."

She toiled along the little flagged path, her calico skirts fluttering around her, and presently back again to Serena. She looked more solitary than before.

"He ain't coming," she said. "Help me up again, Sereny."

Something rose up in Serena's throat and choked her.

"Oh, Mis' Rich," she cried, "*do* you think Job's ever coming back?"

"Don't you fret, Sereny," said the old woman from her doorway. "Job's bound to come back to his mother. *He'll just have to.*"

But more than one twelvemonth slipped away, and Job still kept to his end of the village. Serena did not marry. Her lovers came and went, and stayed away altogether; and each year her nun-like beauty deepened. It was of that fair and serene sort which holds the secret of unchanging youth. She was often with Mrs. Rich in these days; the old woman at times showed signs of failing; her eyes searched the pike not less expectantly, but more as if they missed something. Curiously enough, Serena herself began to miss Job.

But once she found the old woman with her chair pushed out to the middle of the room, and an opened trunk at her feet. She was panting a little.

"I've just pulled this out from under the bed, and it's used me up a bit. Do you think the things are pretty?"

The trunk was piled up to the top with all sorts of delicately tinted materials, pale grays and tender lilacs and silver greens. There were yards of filmy lace, and cloudlike embroidered muslins. Serena knelt down on the floor to examine them.

"Whose are they, Mis' Rich?"

"Yours. They're all yours," said Mrs. Rich. "I've been buying them and saving them up for years. They're your wedding things, Sereny. Look at this. You're going to wear it when you marry Job."

It was a soft drab silk, with little blossoms of emerald and white worked out upon it. The sun took the shining breadths, and they glistened like running water.

Serena had been thirty years old the day before, and she remembered it.

"Mis' Rich," she said, solemnly, "I'm never going to get married."

"Yes, you are," said the old woman, "and you're going to marry my Job."

There was a subtle difference in her manner. She leaned forward on her carved cane, quietly triumphant.

"It's your wedding-dress," she repeated.

A shadow fell across the floor. Serena looked up, and saw Job standing in the doorway.

"Come right in, Job," cried old Mrs. Rich.

Stories of the Palisades

By C. De F. Hoxie

ALMOST within speaking distance of New York City, and in full view of the thousands who daily go in and out on the New York Central Railroad, there is a region that, until very recently, has been as wild and romantic as could be found within a thousand miles of the metropolis. This is the rocky beach and sloping talus at the foot of the Palisades, stretching for a dozen miles or more along the west bank of the Hudson. In spite of blasting quarrymen and the occasional rude dwelling of some fisherman, there are yet many places along the foot of the Palisades where the boatman may put into some little cove in the rocks, and, with the gigantic cliffs towering straight up five hundred feet above him, imagine himself far from civilization. Huge fragments of rock, as large almost as small dwelling-houses, that have broken away from the cliffs, lie at his feet. These are intermingled with gnarled tree-trunks and tangled undergrowth. The white gulls sail fearlessly about; and high overhead, winging his way from crag to tree-top, may occasionally be seen the bald eagle. The writer, on a sail one day last September, counted seven of these great gray eagles wheeling and playing in and out and above the forest spires of the Verdrietig Mountains, just north of Rockland, which are a continuation of the Palisades.

It was a strange America into which the Palisades of the Hudson were born. Mountains ten to twenty thousand feet high stretched east of the Champlain Valley, across what is now the Valley of the Hudson, into the far southwest. Between these mountains and a tropic Atlantic, in which sported huge saurians twenty to forty feet long, with paddles like whales, lay a narrow area of sandstone, shale, and conglomerate, covering what is now eastern New York and the Connecticut Valley. Here grew forests of palm-like cycads and ferns, intermingled with conifers. Great crocodile-like reptiles, thirty to sixty feet long, dragged their huge bulks over the sands, and giant bats, with wings spreading ten feet, and mouths full of carnivorous teeth, flitted through the darkness. West of the Appalachians stretched a vast low plain, interspersed with salt marshes, beyond the limits of the present Mississippi. Here an inland sea reached from the Mexican Gulf to the Arctic Ocean, whose warm-temperate waters were alive with reptilian life. Beyond this American Mediterranean, and separating it from the Pacific, was a chain of islands where now stand the Rocky Mountains. Under the tremendous pressure of the slowly sinking bed of the Atlantic Ocean great rents opened in the lands east of the Appalachians. Glowing, igneous rock from the earth's melted interior bubbled up and filled the great cracks between the mountains and the sea. The melted rock cooled, and the Palisades stood firmly imbedded in the sandstones and shales. Then, after ages, came the ice-cap plowing its way down from the north through the Highlands, and blasting the life of the warm reptilian age. With the ease of a child at play it scooped out the soft sandstone and shale in the valleys of the Hudson and Hackensack. When the ice melted, the mighty basaltic columns of the Palisades—stronger than the moving ice-cap—stood out in the sunlight.

The Palisades of the Hudson, the Giants' Causeway on the north coast of Ireland, the cliffs at Kawaddy in India, and Fingal's Cave in Scotland are the most striking examples of this basaltic formation left after the wearing away of the softer rocks by which they were once surrounded. Another name for this palisade-like formation is trap, from the Swedish "trap-pa," a stair, so called because these rocks, having, from their hardness, resisted the abrading influences that destroyed the softer sedimentary strata, stand out like huge steps on the faces of the hills and mountains. There is an Indian legend that the great god Manetho, wishing to hide his dwelling-place from the eyes of men, built this huge wall of rock on the west bank of the Hudson, now known as the Palisades.

When the white man first set foot in America, he found the country of the Palisades inhabited by the Minsi—a tribe of the great Lenni Lenape or Algonquin family of Indians. The Lenni Lenape, meaning literally original or unmixed men, had a tradition that their nation had in the dim past migrated

boys, and the barbarian heroes, one of whom the small boy at school finds remarking in Latin to a lady strangely met on the seashore,

I am the pious Æneas, famous beyond the sky.

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The great name of Æneas marks the art of blowing one's own trumpet as a distinctly classical accomplishment, and, as such, unimpeachable by the virtuoso, if not by the virtuous. Yet the Spectator thinks that the late Mr. Barnum might have considered himself as going "one better" than Æneas, as showing how one might get others to blow his trumpet. As a getter of gratuitous advertisements—for instance, by the wails of English children at his carrying off their favorite elephant—no one has surpassed him, though illustrious heretics in our time have to thank their prosecutors for a large item of such service unwittingly rendered. That this service may be performed by indirection ingenious minds are aware, as by the announcement that Mr. Anthony Comstock desires to suppress a certain book, thereby creating a demand for it by appeal to the constitutional principle of hunger for forbidden fruit. The proverb, "damned by faint praise," is also true in the converse form, praised by strong damns, and our recent President was loved for the enemies he made. The Spectator has noted that salaried speakers, as a class, are much more in favor of gratuitous advertisements in the form of press reports than lecturers who depend on the sale of tickets to their prelections. He has lately noticed a public growl in print, by an esteemed preacher of one of the large ecclesiastical bodies, that certain preachers of the small denominations were getting more than their share of it. No prudent preacher spares carefulness to stand well with the reporters. The Spectator noted a case not long ago, where the press of a Western city squared accounts with a preacher by adopting toward him the policy of silence, called "burking," from the name of a murderer who suffocated his victims "Say all the hard things of me you please," said Mr. Barnum, "but don't omit to mention my show."

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Self-laudation, of course, marks the advertiser as yet in the barbaric stage from the point of view of the artist spirit, which disdains to sound a trumpet before it "as the hypocrites do," and relies for praise upon its works. The Spectator is not insensible to the difficulty in which the æsthetically-minded advertiser is placed between his natural reserve and the public duty of letting his neighbors know how much he wishes to do for them. It is just this difficulty which has given birth to that new kind of art which brightens the dull street-cars with its epigrams, and makes the ugliest fence a thing of beauty with its posters. Here the most modest reference fails not of its reward, the persuasive effect being all the stronger in not proceeding from the bare word of a stranger, but from one's own conviction that the subject of such clever allusion must be itself a clever thing. This new craft the Spectator has discovered not to be, as commonly supposed, of the *fin de siècle* sort. Some sixty years ago the London proprietor of a certain pill, with a style that still gives points to tyros, attached the great name of Dante to his concoction. Nor should this seem utterly incongruous, since the noble Florentine doubtless hoped that his "Inferno" might have for some of his contemporaries the wholesome effect of a purgative pill.

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In this rise of advertising into a fine art the Spectator has found hope that other prosaic forms of work are to take on forms of grace—as has been observed in the lawns and shrubbery which beautify the houses of detention known as railway stations, and in the white angel raiment of Colonel Waring's street-sweepers. Even more desirable is it that the range of utility as well as beauty should be expanded. Much would the world gain if the $200,000 spent yearly in filling the public eye with a popular soap could be applied in bringing together many people who still are painfully fumbling after each other in a sort of blindman's buff. So comparatively modern is advertising, the earliest specimen of which appeared in England in 1648, that evolutionists can count on much further progress in pruning its excesses and supplying its defects. While the vender of a worthless panacea reaps fortune from the folly attracted by his windy puffing, 'tis pity that there is yet no better directory for the men in all professions who want work to the very work that wants them. The nobility of labor suffers for want of mobility. But for more of this and other good things the Spectator will trust the twentieth century.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

From a drawing made for The Outlook by Mr. V. Gribayédoff.

Frances E. Willard

By Lady Henry Somerset

The recent death of Miss Willard makes of peculiar interest, at this time, everything relating to her life and career. The following paragraphs are taken from an illustrated article on Miss Willard by Lady Henry Somerset, first printed in The Outlook of June 27, 1896. We have selected those passages of the original article which show the characteristics of the woman in her personal relations and traits. Last week, it will be remembered, The Outlook reviewed the events of Miss Willard's career, and gave its estimate of her work and services. —The Editors.

In October, 1891, I stood for the first time on the platform of the railway station in the "classic town" of Evanston. I had only landed in America a few weeks, but my steps were naturally bent to the Mecca of White Ribboners. . . . Like all temperance women good and true, I had placed Miss Willard's image in the inmost shrine where I pay loyal devotion to those rare spirits who lead the ranks of reform; and yet, as the train glided towards Evanston, I felt that our idols seem made but to be shattered, and this one also might possibly shortly be dashed violently to the ground. On the platform she awaited my coming—a delicate, fragile figure in a pretty blue dress, her small hand shading her eyes as she looked about attentively seeking her guest; and as she came toward me I saw a face so kind and frank that it seemed as though the peaceful simplicity of childhood had somehow remained unruffled by the chilling blasts of life.

A few minutes later I was in Rest Cottage, as it was then in its completeness; for since that day the sun has set on that great life that was the center of the home circle. Mrs. Willard stood there then in the doorway to meet me, erect and queenly still, in spite of her eighty-seven years! She greeted me with that gentle kindness that showed at once her innate refined and quiet dignity; and as we sat round the supper-table that night, amid the dainty, bright, yet simple surroundings of that charming home, and, later, gathered round the open hearth in Miss Willard's "den," or walked next day on the pretty lawn with its trees and flowers, grape arbor, and rustic dovecote, I felt that, in all my wanderings up and down the world, I had never found a more harmonious home.

Capacity for work, untiring and unremitting, is one of the great characteristics which the close friendship of these years has revealed; and, save when sleeping, I have never seen her idle. She knows no days of leisure; on the cars, out walking or driving, her hand is always busy making notes, or her brain planning, thinking, devising some new method to help forward the welfare of all the various enterprises with which she is connected. The secret of her success has perhaps lain in this, that she has set herself towards her aim, and nothing would tempt her from that goal. The most glorious mountain scenery will not deter her from accomplishing the allotted task she has in mind. She has written her annual address with her back to the White Mountains, determined to see nothing but her work. On the Hudson, one glorious day, sooner than not accomplish her task, when all were rejoicing in the radiant beauty of that most wonderful scene, Frances Willard sat below because she "had work to do" for a coming Chautauqua meeting.

During these past years this indomitable energy has been turned to pioneer work, and Miss Willard, having set herself the herculean task, or "stint," as she called it, in remembrance of the old farm days, of visiting every city of 10,000 inhabitants, and generally those that had but 5,000, accomplished in a few years a work that it would have taken many women a lifetime to build up. During those long days of travel her faithful and devoted companion, Anna Gordon, has told me of the ceaseless letters, articles, leaflets, that flew from her busy hand. Often she arrived after a weary day's journey only in time to go to the platform and face that great pitiless public which, in spite of its kindness and good nature, so little understands the vitality that is poured out when the speaker gives up himself and lays his best at its feet.

As a speaker Miss Willard is in her way unique, with a wonderful combination of eloquence, pathos, and humor; a sense of proportion and an understanding of her audience

MISS WILLARD IN HER LIBRARY

that make her utterance always harmonious with their requirements. It is probably this power of "rapport" with other souls that has been her greatest talent—the quick understanding that always seizes the perspective of every circumstance from another's angle of vision, and the intense humanness of the woman. The most difficult crises have been often averted by the gentle touch and the whispered explanation, "See here, honey!" and who could fail to feel that ill humor, bitterness, and carping must be laid aside, and that larger-souled charity reign which seemed to radiate from the heart of the President till the darkest corners lurking in the human mind were touched by its warmth and genial glow!

Among those characteristics which have often struck me I may mention her utter absence of self-assertion. I have sometimes smiled when I have listened to conversations between her and younger workers. They will tell her all they have done, their opinion on questions to the consideration of which she has given her life, and no word will ever escape her either of all she has accomplished or all she knows upon the subject. The gentle question will draw on the eager talker, who too often takes most literally the aphorism that it "is more blessed to give than to receive."

A great surrender is the price paid for all real success. Frances Willard was early called to choose between the pleasant path of culture and self-advancement and the dusty highway of the reformer. In 1871 she was elected the first President of the Women's College in Evanston. Her great capacity for leadership soon showed itself, and the extraordinary influence she obtained over the minds of her pupils was manifest in that development of individual character which has been her constant care.

Like many other speakers, her call to address large audiences came to her as by an accident rather than by design. During the years 1868 to 1870, Miss Willard had enjoyed rare opportunities for travel in Europe and in the East, and at a women's missionary meeting in Chicago she had spoken of her visions of a new chivalry—the modern crusade which the women of her country should enter upon: the chivalry of justice; the justice that gives to woman a fair chance to be all that God meant her. The next day a wealthy, well-known Methodist called on her, and entreated her to use the remarkable gift she undoubtedly possessed, and to speak out to the world all that God had put into her heart. She appealed to her mother for advice, and, with characteristic courage, that large-hearted woman answered, "My child, enter every open door." And so it came about that Miss Willard addressed a great audience in Chicago, and the next day the city papers were filled with columns about the eloquence of this young woman. In 1874 a very Pentecost of God swept over the continent, and Miss Willard caught the first sound of that new language of reform which had been given to the women who had been called to join the ranks of the crusade against the liquor traffic. In that year she resolved to resign her post as President of the College.

In 1878 Miss Willard definitely entered the temperance ranks, and was made President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Illinois. The acceptance of this offer was, however, coincident with a time of severe struggle for this ardent soul. She addressed at this period great gatherings of men in Chicago at midday, composed principally of the denizens of the saloon, the unemployed, and all the flotsam and jetsam of the great city. "I was glad often to think," said Miss Willard, "when I looked at their pinched faces, that I, too, knew what it was to be hungry."

In 1879 Miss Willard was elected President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and in 1881, accompanied by Miss Gordon, she made the tour of all the Southern States; and it is a remarkable fact that her extraordinary tact enabled her to speak along the most advanced lines without offending the conservative Southern women.

Miss Willard has since 1892 been editor-in-chief of the "Union Signal," the official organ of the World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and to her belongs the honor of having conceived the first really great international scheme that was to bind women the world over. . . . Perhaps nothing could speak more eloquently of the culmination of this work than the magnificent demonstration held in Albert Hall last year, when the fifty countries in which the Woman's Christian Temperance Union exists were represented—"a great human mosaic," as Canon Wilberforce eloquently described it. Her visit to England was the occasion of a magnificent recognition of her powers.

"The best-loved woman in the United States" is the saying that I have most often heard applied to her in her own country.

"A WORKING FIRE"

From a drawing made for The Outlook by Charles T. Hill.

The New York Fireman[1]

By James R. Sheffield

Ex-President of the Board of Fire Commissioners

IN fidelity to duty and heroism in its performance, the firemen of the city of New York are entitled to the very first rank among the public servants of this country. Few of our people have any conception of the risks and dangers that attend the life of a fireman in a great city. They are apt to think of him as simply a member of a uniformed body of paid public servants called upon to perform certain routine duties, and, perhaps, now and then, to face danger if any very large fire should occur. As a matter of fact, however, it is not the so-called "large fires" that try the souls of firemen; and for every deed of valor or heroism enacted in the sight of applauding thousands there are a hundred equally heroic acts performed at small fires, unseen by the public, known only to their comrades, and seldom, if ever, recorded.

There is scarce a single duty of the service that does not carry with it great risk and call for a high degree of nerve and skill. Within a few weeks two members of the New York Department and one of the Brooklyn Department have bravely met death while simply driving their apparatus through the streets, and in each case it is interesting to note that the fire to which they had been summoned proved but of trifling moment. In one case, which occurred on last Christmas Day, as Engine 34 was proceeding in response to an alarm of fire, the driver suddenly discovered a mother and her little daughter, who had just alighted from a passing car, standing paralyzed with fear directly in his path. The choice of saving their lives or his had to be instantly made, and, with the noblest heroism, the brave fireman chose to save them, and, exerting all his strength, he swung his horses to the curb, upsetting the apparatus, and was himself crushed to death beneath his heavy

[1] This will be followed by illustrated articles on the New York Police System by Mr. Jacob A. Riis, the Park System by ex-Superintendent Samuel Parsons, Transportation Facilities by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, the Post-Office by Mr. A. E. Palmer, and by other papers on the important municipal activities of the new New York.

ARRIVING AT A FIRE

engine. The man who mounted that driver's seat to take his place knew well that he in turn took the dangers also, as was sadly proven a few days later, when another driver was thrown from the seat of a hook and ladder truck by a collision which he was vainly trying to avoid, and was trampled to death beneath the feet of the splendid horses he had tenderly trained and loved.

During an official connection of some years with the New York Fire Department, it was my privilege to attend many actual fires, frequently riding on the apparatus with the firemen. In this way I gained an insight into the lives and the work of these men which profoundly impressed me with their fortitude as well as their zeal and unfailing fidelity. I never knew them to be called on for duty without reflecting honor upon themselves and their city. It was by arriving early at a fire with the engine or hook and ladder company first due, that I came to know the suffering, and the pluck with which it was borne, which accompany even the simplest of their duties. Such a fire, for instance, as is frequently occasioned by the burning of a collection of rags and refuse in a cellar, although it may be put out with what seems comparative ease, will often make a punishing smoke which only those trained to the work can possibly endure. On arriving at such a fire, these brave fellows, knowing that it is their duty to locate its exact seat, and apparently without thought of their own personal suffering, will fling themselves on their hands and knees and crawl through the blinding smoke with their faces close to the floor, where the half-inch of fresher air remains the longest, and in this way will finally discover, from the kind of smoke and its direction, just where the fire is, what it consists of, and what is necessary to extinguish it. A dash of water puts it out, and the matter is treated in the official reports as "trifling."

But what of the poor fellow who crawled in there and did the work, and who, when he was finally brought out by his comrades into the fresh air, was more dead than alive? If he is able to stand on his feet, you will probably find him, with bloodshot eyes and trembling knees, leaning against the wheel of his apparatus, and frequently vomiting profusely as the result of those five minutes of heroic endurance. A dash of water in his face by one of his comrades, an order from the officer in charge of his company to "Take up!" and he is again on the apparatus, possibly guiding as driver the three spirited horses which gallop their way through the crowded streets of New York back to the quarters of the company.

It was in such work as this that a brave fellow met his death a few weeks ago at a small cellar fire which had started among the coal-bins of a tenement-house. The fire had burned away the connection with the gas meter (a fact which, of course, was unknown to the firemen), and Fireman Oakley, with one of the officers of his company and several comrades, forced his way through the smoke down into the cellar to locate the fire. The atmosphere of the cellar, being charged with smoke in which was mixed the gas from the escaping meter, was a deadly poison, and before the men could realize that fact they were overcome and had sunk unconscious to the cellar floor. There they were found by their associates who had missed them, and they, at the peril of their own lives, entered the cellar and dragged them out into the open air. Four were taken unconscious in ambulances to the hospitals, but brave Oakley died on the sidewalk where he lay. The total money damage at this fire was reported as less than five hundred dollars.

When Fireman Reinhart lost his life at the cold-storage warehouse fire on Chambers Street last spring, by reason of the gases in the smoke, nearly fifty of his comrades lay at the same time on the sidewalk of the street in front of the buildings overcome with the noxious vapors. Many of these brave men, as they struggled to their feet after recovering in part their senses, and learning that Reinhart was still lying at the foot of the ladder in the cellar, begged piteously to be allowed to again face the deadly fumes in an attempt to recover his body. One of them, who had himself been overcome, and who afterwards made an unsuccessful attempt to reach poor Reinhart, was promoted a few years ago for one of the most remarkable acts of heroism ever known in the Fire Department. A fireman had been pinned under the falling floors and beams of a burning building, but was still alive, and his cries for help could be plainly heard. This man volunteered to crawl under this débris and rescue him. He was informed by the Battalion Chief in charge that it was almost certain death to do so, but he answered that he would take the risk. Seizing a saw from the hook and ladder truck, he crawled on his hands and knees under

"HITTING THE FIRE"

From a drawing made for The Outlook by Charles T. Hill.

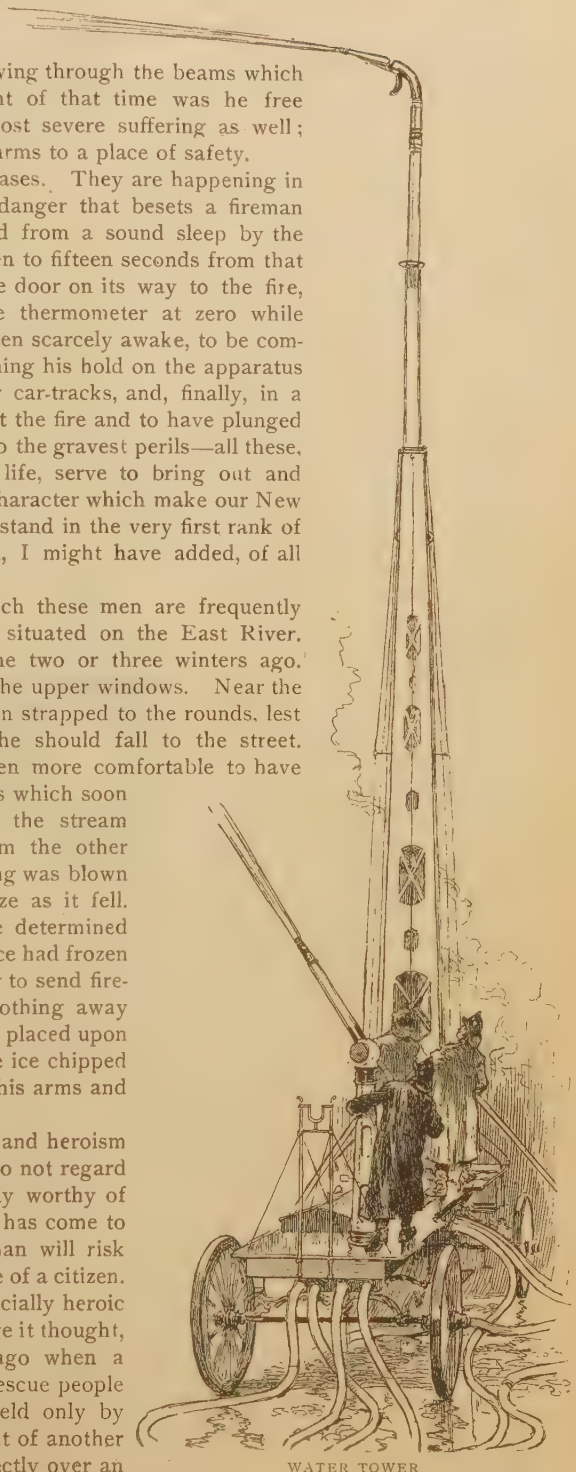
"VENTIALTING," OR MAKING AN OPENING AT A CELLAR FIRE
From a drawing made for The Outlook by Charles T. Hill.

neath those burning timbers, and, with his clothing frequently on fire, he lay on his stomach for almost two hours sawing through the beams which held his comrade, though not a moment of that time was he free from the most imminent peril and the most severe suffering as well; and finally bore him triumphantly in his arms to a place of safety.

These are by no means exceptional cases. They are happening in one form or another every day, and the danger that besets a fireman is almost continuous. To be awakened from a sound sleep by the stroke of the gong, to be allowed from ten to fifteen seconds from that first stroke until the apparatus passes the door on its way to the fire, to put on his upper garments with the thermometer at zero while proceeding through the streets, and, when scarcely awake, to be compelled to take desperate chances of retaining his hold on the apparatus as it swings round the corners and over car-tracks, and, finally, in a moment or two more to have arrived at the fire and to have plunged into the heat and smoke, and possibly into the gravest perils—all these, the ordinary experiences of a fireman's life, serve to bring out and develop those qualities of fortitude and character which make our New York firemen, as I said at the beginning, stand in the very first rank of the public servants of this country, and, I might have added, of all public servants anywhere in the world.

As an example of the exposure to which these men are frequently subjected, I recall a fire in a warehouse situated on the East River. The fire occurred on a very cold day some two or three winters ago. It was necessary to use ladders to reach the upper windows. Near the top of one of the ladders stood a fireman strapped to the rounds, lest in becoming benumbed with the cold he should fall to the street. With his bare hands, because it is often more comfortable to have the hands uncovered than to wear gloves which soon are mere coverings of ice, he directed the stream inside of the window. The spray from the other streams which were thrown on the building was blown by the wind over and about him, and froze as it fell. When, after a time, the officer in charge determined to relieve the man, it was found that the ice had frozen so solidly about him that it was necessary to send firemen with axes to his relief to chop his clothing away from the ladder; and when he was finally placed upon his feet on the ground, he had to have the ice chipped off him in order to enable him to bend his arms and his body.

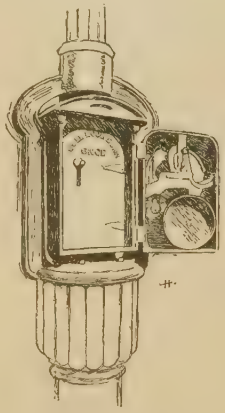
So frequent are instances of endurance and heroism among these men that they themselves do not regard the performance of such acts as especially worthy of commendation, while the public at large has come to consider it a matter of course that a fireman will risk his life whenever necessary to save the life of a citizen. It is only now and then, when some specially heroic action arrests attention, that the public give it thought, such as that which occurred not long ago when a fireman made a ladder of his body to rescue people imprisoned by fire in their home, and, held only by his leg by a comrade, sustained the weight of another man three stories above the sidewalk directly over an iron picket fence, until his company could raise a ladder and allow him to descend with the living burden in his arms. And the fireman's statement, when commended for his act, that



WATER TOWER

he thought the others would have done the same thing if they had had the chance, while modest as to the statement, was almost literally true.

It is not, however, upon such acts alone that the fireman's claim to popular favor rests. No other class of public servants renders such continuous service. With the exception of an allowance of a little over an hour for each meal each day, and three days' rest in a month, the firemen are on duty every hour, day and night. There are no relays or shifts every few hours or every other day, as in other departments. During each of these twenty-four hours, whether engaged in the care of the horses or on house watch, the fireman is ready for fire duty on the first stroke of the gong, and, whether asleep or awake, he must respond at once. Every company in the city, whether it is assigned to respond to that particular fire or not, is required to be on the apparatus floor and to assist in hitching the horses on the receipt of all second, third, fourth, fifth, and general alarms. At the first stroke of the gong indicating one of these signals, all companies throughout the city must "stand to horse," and, with every man at his post, await the remaining portion of the signal which will indicate the locality of the fire and whether that particular company is to respond.



A FIRE-ALARM BOX

The efficiency and zeal of the New York Fire Department are not simply matters of good administration, although honesty and efficiency in the Commission have always led to greatly increased efficiency in the force. There has existed from the beginning of the paid department (1865) a certain *esprit de corps* among both officers and men, which has been handed down as a splendid inheritance from the old "Volunteer days."

To have what is known as "first water" on a fire is the proper ambition of every fireman, and he is indeed a poor officer who does not strive to maintain such a degree of discipline and skill in his company as will enable it to "win out" on all the stations at which that command is first due. It may be that this sometimes leads to an excess of zeal, but on the whole I am convinced that the results are highly beneficial to the service. No greater mistake could ever be made by any administration of the Department than to attempt to curb the friendly, though spirited, rivalry which now exists between neighboring companies.

One has only, in time of need, to step to the little red fire-alarm box on a lamp-post near his house, turn the handle of the outer door, as the directions read, until the door opens, and then give one pull down to the hook which is found inside, to realize what being "ready for duty" means in the vocabulary of the firemen. Within a few seconds, day or night, will be heard the whistle of the engine in response to that signal, for it takes less than twelve seconds in the daytime and not over fifteen seconds at night, after the first stroke of the gong, for an active company to be out of quarters and on its way to the fire. I have frequently seen three horses leave their stalls and be hitched to the apparatus in less than six seconds.

In the year 1896 the New York Fire Department responded to 4,360 telegraphic alarms of fire, in addition to many alarms communicated to the companies in other ways; and of this number 3,980 were actual fires. It will thus be seen that the Department is called on for service on an average of from twelve to fifteen times each day throughout the year. With hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of perishable goods at risk in what is known as the "dry goods district" alone (it has been stated that the values stored in that district are several times greater than the combined capital of all the fire insurance companies in the world), and the ever-present menace to life in those great sections of our city filled with tenements, the tremendous possibilities that accompany each stroke of the gong can be readily understood.

No higher praise could be spoken than that our firemen of New York are not only thoroughly alive to their grave responsibilities, but also fully equipped by character and training to cope successfully with every peril by fire which may confront this great community; and New Yorkers owe it to themselves to let this brave body of men understand in every possible manner that their faithfulness and heroism are thoroughly known and appreciated.

Five Minutes with Mr. Smiles

By Mary Tracy Earle

THE only mistake which Van Schaick made in renting the little house in Grove Street was in renting the owner with it. Van Schaick, Hartley, Metcalfe, and Landon had grown tired of boarding-houses, clubs, hotels, and general vanities, and had decided to join together and live in some place where they could have elbow-room without paying too much for it, isolation without remoteness, and fellowship without formality. A man named Larpontier owned exactly the house they wanted, and though he said he would not rent it to them unless he could stay on and be one of them, Van Schaic who was at the head of the combination and had been commissioned to select the house, thought at first sight that he was a very small drawback, and so the agreement was written out.

Van Schaick described him to the others as a wiry, dapper, agreeeble young fellow, who kept a "clipping" agency somewhere on Fifth Avenue. Their faces grew a little long at thought of the agency, and they secretly wondered if Van Schaick was going to run his revolt against society into the ground; but they agreed that the clipper would be so outnumbered that he was welcome to be one of them if he could. It came out just as they feared, however; Larpontier could not be one of them, although he tried his very best. Somehow he was so aggressively dapper and agreeable that he seemed like one of his own most complimentary clippings—written in unpardonable taste. It would have been some comfort to them to have known that he was as anxious to get out of the peaceful retirement of Grove Street as they had been to get into it, and that he was hoping to use them as stepping-stones to the regions which they had left; but they did not suspect this for a long time.

One evening Van Schaick came puffing up the stairs to Landon's studio, where the others, all but Larpontier, had already gathered with their cigars. Van Schaick was short and broad, and had round, short-sighted, blue eyes—which perhaps were the reason of his accepting Larpontier's terms; in the world outside he had the reputation of being *blasé* and taciturn, but in Grove Street, unless looking at some aspect of his mistake, his blue eyes held a twinkling *diablerie* which fitted well with his round face. This was not their expression to-night. He stared at his three comrades as if they were the tiresome world.

"I've been talking to Larpontier," he said.

Nobody saw fit to answer. It often happened that he had been talking to Larpontier because the rest of them would not. They were sorry for Van Schaick, but they realized that he had brought his troubles on himself.

He walked moodily across to the window and drummed on it. The others blew rings of smoke into the air and watched them, each in his own way. They were an odd set of men to be chumming together in Grove Street, or anywhere else. Hartley was a tall, thin, red-haired man, with a decisive, discouraging manner, gained from long experience and control in newspaper offices. Metcalfe was a young lawyer, with his profession written in his eyes and his hopes and disappointments around his mouth. Landon was a well-conditioned painter, who had long ago given up most of his hopes and disappointments, but still kept the ends of his mustache turning upward in memory of Paris. Van Schaick was the idler among them, and he had been the busiest of all, keeping up his interest in life. Drumming was one way of doing it, and he drummed on the window industriously. The only happy face in the room was that of Landon's genial lay-figure, known as Mr. Smiles.

"Larpontier is a little disappointed that we live so quietly," Van Schaick said at last. "Seems to have expected introductions—or something."

Hartley knocked the ashes off the end of his cigar, and asked tersely, "Does he think of leaving us on that account?"

"No," admitted Van Schaick.

The men were heartless and said nothing. The rings of smoke spread out, and added their imperceptible blueness to the panoply of smoke above. The tattoo on the window continued. Suddenly Van Schaick turned without another word, and walked down stairs to the library, where they all knew that their landlord was sitting and reading by himself.

Landon was really compassionate. "I say,

fellows, this is too bad," he declared. "We are driving him to the Larpontier habit."

"Don't worry," said Hartley; "he won't try to talk; he'll only stand and drum on the window-pane."

Metcalfe went to the door and listened. "But he *is* talking," he said.

The idea of Van Schaick's making an effort to entertain anybody was almost past belief, but the alternation of two voices rose distinctly through the stairway from the first floor. The three men looked at one another with a mixture of reproach and amusement; then Metcalfe shut the door, and they went back to their cigars.

After a while Van Schaick broke in on them, his face beaming. "I've been talking to him again," he announced.

"So we noticed," said Hartley.

Van Schaick paid no attention. "I hit on a solution, and I thought I'd sound him about it. It's all right. I'm going to marry him off."

"Yes," said Metcalfe, astutely, "and have him turn us out of house and home, or else insist that we take his wife in, and make her one of us. I think I see you marrying him off."

Van Schaick looked at him with the superiority of one who has surveyed a case on all its sides. "The gentleman is too ambitious," he explained. "He wants nothing less than a large apartment overlooking the Park, and a wife who is pretty, of good family, and knows how to entertain. He says he can afford them all, and has only been waiting to meet the proper 'party.' He feels that he has sufficient manly beauty to win her when he's picked her out."

Landon twisted up the ends of his mustache. "It can't be done," he said, gloomily. "No woman of any intelligence would marry his patent-leather manners."

A cynical look wrinkled across Hartley's face. "Ask Van Schaick if there are not plenty of *un*intelligent pretty women of good families who are ready to get married," he said.

Van Schaick's round countenance grew a shade more rubicund. "I never noticed that they knew how to entertain," he said.

"We are losing sight of the point," said Metcalfe. "As I understand it, we can rid ourselves of Larpontier by marrying him: then the question is, What is the best way to *chercher la femme?*"

"The question is, what kind of a femme to chercher," said Landon. "I maintain that no living woman could get along with Larpontier."

"Pshaw!" scoffed Hartley, "there are plenty of living women who could get along with Larpontier—or with Mr. Smiles."

They all turned and looked at Mr. Smiles as if he were a member of the council whom they had neglected to consult. He stood among them suave and propitiatory in his faded toga, and his eyes gazed mildly past them. He appeared to have nothing on his mind, and as if butter would not melt in his mouth.

"He has one advantage over Larpontier," said Metcalfe; "he can't talk."

"Larpontier adds nothing to conversation," said Hartley. "I think it might save trouble to gather in all the available young women and let them practice on Smiles—try them on the dog, as it were."

"What I'm thinking of," said Van Schaick, seriously, "is launching Larpontier by a series of bachelor teas—studio teas."

"In my studio?" asked Landon.

"That won't do, Van," said Metcalfe. "You may expiate all you want to, but you needn't ask us to help. We're not sinners; we're victims."

Van Schaick looked slightly ruffled. "And I suppose you want to keep on being victims," he suggested.

"My plan is the only one," said the editor, with authority. "It will take only one afternoon, and Landon will have to lend you His Smiles and his studio for that length of time. Then invite in all your candidates and start them in a sort of competitive game—to see which can talk most entertainingly for five minutes to His Smiles."

The idea was original, but as the bachelors thought of it, it gained ground with them. It would certainly be a lark.

"Games are fashionable this winter, I've heard, where there is no dancing," said Van Schaick.

Hartley smiled in his peculiar way. "Talking to dummies is always fashionable in the proper circles," he said, "and that is where Larpontier wants to be."

Metcalfe had been studying the matter keenly. "The trouble," he said, "is that anything in the nature of a competition would add zest to the conversation. We don't any of us have any grudge against Larpontier, and if we marry him off we want him to be pleased, so he'll stay married. We must find

him a wife who will not only be entertaining in company, but will play the agreeable when they're alone together—even if he's in his dressing-gown, like Smiles."

"It would be much more awkward inviting them to come one at a time," said Landon—"much less conventional."

"Chaperons," interrupted Van Schaick. "Each one may bring her mother, if she wants; I don't think that will make it any easier to talk."

"And by way of excuse, you could say it was to settle a bet," said Hartley.

Van Schaick permitted himself to smile. "By way of excuse," he remarked, "I shall simply ask them to come at certain hours and talk to Mr. Smiles. I know plenty of eligible young ladies who will do what I say without asking for an excuse."

"They won't understand it, but it will spread," said Landon, "and all winter long we'll be refusing invitations for five-minute conversations with Mr. Smiles."

The day of the trial, as Metcalfe called it, was inauspicious. In the morning the sky lowered over the little house in Grove Street with a threat of snow, and the passers looked as if they felt thinly clothed against the raw east wind. It was weather that tried the temper of every one excepting Smiles. Toward noon the snow began to fall in big sploshy flakes that melted on the sidewalk; and by the time for afternoon callers the world was a gray whirl of storm, with a very soft and slippery footing underneath. The men sat in the studio expectant and curious. Van Schaick had assured the others that he knew the people he was dealing with, and that they would not be turned aside by a little snow. An early dusk closed in, and the Grove Street lamps shed their rays through it feebly, but promptly at the first hour and minute agreed upon a carriage materialized in one of the small circles of light, and a moment later there was a peal of the door-bell that brought all the men in the studio to their feet. Silently they drew the heavy curtains which they had arranged to cut the studio in two. On one side, rather in negligé, but very bland, stood Mr. Smiles. On the other were the bachelors and a dainty tea service which Landon had been persuaded to allow within his precincts for the single day.

"Have you got your watch out, Van?" whispered Metcalfe.

Van Schaick nodded.

"You're sure they understand who is to receive them?"

"Yes, they understand everything but our object—hush!"

A sound of footsteps and a swish of petticoats approached the door, and the men tried to make out whether it was one set of feet and petticoats, or two. The steps entered the studio, and some one said, cordially:

"This is Mr. Smiles?"

There was silence for a moment, and then the speaker evidently saw from the face before her that she had found her host. There was a little gurgle of mirth, which made the men nudge one another, but it was immediately repressed, and the voice went on with a slight jerkiness, "Mamma, let me present Mr. Van Schaick's friend, Mr. Smiles."

"Charmed," began an older voice, which seemed to be snuffed out suddenly, as if its owner remembered that she did not have to play.

The gurgling sound recurred again with more persistence. Hartley looked significantly at Van Schaick and whispered: "She's out of the running; you might as well cut it short."

Van Schaick parted the curtains. "If Mr. Smiles will excuse you, there are some more of us here," he said.

"How did you ever come to think of such a terrible ordeal?" the girl cried. "I couldn't have spoken another word to that object!"

The men trooped out from behind the curtains, and for a little while general laughter circled around the guileless hospitality of Mr. Smiles. Then the bell rang again, and the first comers were drawn hastily into retirement, with many exhortations to silence.

There was a business-like click of heels. "Hullo!" said a boyish voice. Then came a little creak that suggested the motion of artificial joints.

Landon looked nervous. "What do you suppose she's doing to him?" he breathed.

"Bet you a sofa pillow to a pound of Huyler's I'm the only girl that's shaken hands with you," the voice went on.

The men exchanged glances, feeling at once that this rough-and-ready camaraderie would not be pleasing to Larpontier. They were all acquainted with the young lady, for she was a familiar figure in society, and even in newspaper offices. Hartley, Metcalfe, and Landon wondered that Van Schaick had selected any one so independent as a candidate; but there was no questioning Van Schaick's

decision in such matters; he undoubtedly knew what he was about, and meant to cover the ground thoroughly, and if her resources lasted and she made no tangible mistake, they must give her the full five minutes, to be fair.

There was a sound of somebody dropping on to the divan which had been drawn conveniently near to the place of honor. "Do you know," the voice went on, "when I got Mr. Van Schaick's note, I began trying to build you up from the name, the way they do other fossils from their footprints, but I must say my wildest imagination didn't build up such a smile."

Van Schaick interrupted the tête-à-tête. "Our friend is a trifle proud of his manly beauty, and it is never well to let one of us know what you think of him," he remarked, with a touch of malice in his tone, which gave the other men an inkling of why he had included this young lady.

She laughed. She and Van Schaick had crossed swords before. "What an ingenious method you have found of shining by contrast," she said. "You seem quite talkative beside Mr. Smiles."

"And you seem very penetrating beside him," answered Van Schaick.

Landon had no taste for amenities of this sort. He was stepping forward to put an end to them, when the door-bell saved him the trouble, and the little lady with the clicking heels was hustled behind the curtains and suppressed.

The next candidate and quite a succession after her were ignominious failures. Some of them giggled, some of them gasped, but none of them managed to get out even an intelligible greeting to Mr. Smiles. They were all rescued at the end of the first minute, and consoled with ices, macaroons, and such other alleviations as they were accustomed to expect. Time slipped away, and many of the guests went with it, declaring that they had never spent so delightfully original an hour. But to Van Schaick it began to seem rather too farcical. He privately showed his list to Hartley. There were only three more names on it, and none of those he had crossed out had been a success; but Hartley still had good courage, declaring that although the gift might be rarer than he had thought, they would surely find the truly gifted woman before the trial was done.

Once more the bell rang, and merriment was banished behind the curtains and hushed to silence.

"Ah, Mr. Smiles, I think I've had the pleasure before," a clear voice began—"now don't tell me that you have forgotten that pleasant half-hour we spent together in somebody's conservatory sometime last winter—I don't remember just when and where, and perhaps it may have been two or three times. It was so restful to slip away from all those laughing, chattering people in the reception-rooms and—and talk to myself a little while. And then I'm sure we danced together several times. Please don't tell me that your dancing days are past; I really don't know what society would do with you—I mean without you—Mr. Smiles, if you didn't dance."

There was something decidedly like a snicker on the wrong side of the curtain. It was Hartley's fault, but the voice was not abashed. Perhaps it had been waiting a long time to say just what it thought. "Another thing I must beg you not to do, is to neglect your dress in this way," it went on "We are all so fond of you in your evening suit, it quite unbalances our ideas of life to see you in a toga—at least without a chrysanthemum"—the brittle stem of a flower snapped softly—"I brought this on purpose for you, for old times' sake. Did you ever think—"

Van Schaick stepped out of concealment.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you are making one mistake. Mr. Smiles never thinks."

"But don't you think that he likes to think that he thinks?" asked the young lady with the clear voice.

"No," said Van Schaick, "or—yes, perhaps so, but he doesn't like to have you talk above his head. He has dim intuitions, you see. He knows when he is an object of scorn."

"I don't believe it, and I've known him for years," the young lady declared.

Some latent human interest stirred in Van Schaick. He lowered his tone a little as he led the young lady into the consolation end of the studio, where a whir of conversation had begun. "Do you give *me* credit for knowing when I'm an object of scorn?" he asked.

"Why, you never are," she said, frankly.

The next girl began to laugh when she entered the studio, and it did not seem as if she tried to stop. The people hidden by the curtain could hear her stepping slowly around Mr. Smiles, and a fresh peal rippled out at each new point of vision. Finally she collapsed on the divan, and simply laughed and laughed and laughed. It was impossible to

keep from joining in, and the curtains flew apart before a regular gale of mirth.

"I think—it was the—chrysanthemum," she explained, pointing at it helplessly; and then she buried her face in her hands and laughed on, motioning away all the men as they came, one after another, offering things to eat and drink.

Her hysterical amusement seemed to be the culmination of the entertainment, and as soon as she grew calm there was a general saying of good-bys.

"There is only one thing we don't understand, and that is the conditions on which you decide that the contestants have failed," said a spokeswoman among the chaperons, as they were starting away with their charges.

"Any one who gets up the game must decide on the conditions for himself," Van Schaick explained. "You see, no two would think alike about them."

"That may be so," said the spokeswoman, "and yet I wish you would tell me your conditions, or else come and take charge of the game at my house, for I want to copy you—this has been such a perfect success."

Van Schaick gave a smiling negative to her requests and her assertion. He had no desire to help forward or take charge of any more games of this sort, and he did not think it had been a success. In fact, when the last retreating footstep had died away in the lower hall, he went disconsolately to the window and began drumming on the pane.

Metcalfe settled himself on one chair and put his feet on to another. "Lost case," he said.

"But there's another witness to call," declared Hartley. "Van has one more name on his list."

"Too late for her," growled Van Schaick from the window.

"Didn't I tell you that no living woman—" Landon began.

There was a peal at the door-bell. The bachelors looked at one another with reviving hope, heard feminine voices in the hall below, and fled behind the curtain, leaving the field to Mr. Smiles.

"I saved the best for the last on purpose," murmured Van Schaick.

"Sh-h-h-h!" warned Hartley, putting his finger to his lips.

Landon did what no one had done before. He found a hole in the curtain and peeped through.

Two absolutely stylish ladies entered, and the young and pretty one came forward with a little bounding motion from the soles of her feet.

"*Good*-day," she said; "nasty weather isn't it? Such a storm we're having! Do you know, I really didn't know whether to come out in it or not. One dreads so to go out into a storm, and then when one gets out it's so much better than one thought. It's rather exhilarating, don't you know. But I really expected our coachman to lose his way, the snow was so blinding—quite a blizzard—indeed, I don't think I've seen such a storm in years. Mamma didn't think it best to come out in it.

Landon drew back from the peep-hole and twisted up his mustache, uncertain whether to be crestfallen or elated. Metcalfe went over and took a look himself, to be sure that his ears did not deceive him. Hartley's deep-set eyes sparkled, and Van Schaick beamed. The conversation continued without a pause or an inapt allusion, and they listened to it so entranced that when Van Schaick thought to look at the time, it had actually overrun.

"Why, really," she said, as they pounced upon her in delight, "you know I was afraid I was doing just what the others had. I couldn't think of anything specially neat, so I just said everything that came into my mind.

For one of the few times in his life Van Schaick was carried away with enthusiasm. He wrung her hand a second time. "There isn't another woman in the world," he cried, "who could have talked to Mr. Smiles eight minutes by the watch."

Hartley was the only one who kept his head—persisting in the inner conviction that there were others. It was he who noticed the opening and shutting of the street door downstairs, and called Larpontier up. It was very late, and the ladies only stayed for introductions and farewells, but Larpontier saw them to their carriage. The other men followed to the stairway, and, as the three figures descended, they saw the girl turn and look up over her shoulder at Larpontier, her well-bred face shining out fair and ethereal in the subdued light.

"Nasty weather, isn't it?" she began, innocently; "such a storm we're having—"

Landon and Hartley jerked Van Schaick and Metcalfe back into the studio and shut the door. Van Schaick flung himself on to the divan with the complacency of one who knows that his work is good.

"Boys," he said, impressively, "you may all depend upon it—that is a happy match."

RYDAL MOUNT

The Background of Wordsworth's Poetry

By Hamilton W. Mabie

He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth,
On the cool flowery lap of earth;
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth return'd; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world.

SO wrote Matthew Arnold in 1850, when the long life of Wordsworth ended and he was laid at rest in the churchyard at Grasmere, the Rotha sweeping past his grave with the freshness and purity of the mountains in its bosom. Nearly half a century has passed since the bells in the old square tower tolled on that memorable day, but the peace with which the poet touched the fevered life of the century has not lost its healing, nor has his message lost its power. There are still differences of opinion concerning minor points in his work, but his genius is no longer questioned, and his art, in its best moments, has won complete recognition. Some foreign critics, it is true, have doubted and even sneered; but one of the most valuable of recent contributions to the large literature which has grown up about Wordsworth comes from the hand of a very intelligent and sympathetic French critic. It is safe to say that, in the settled opinion of this country and of England, Wordsworth gave the world between 1798 and 1815 work that has enriched English poetry for all time both in substance and in form. For this poetry had not only a new music for the ear which made men think suddenly of mountain brooks; it had also a new view of nature and a new conception of life.

A poet so freighted with spiritual insight, with meditative habit, and with moral fervor, is always in danger of straining his art and dissipating its magic in the endeavor to produce ethical results; and a touch of didacticism banishes the bloom and dissolves the spell. There was in Wordsworth a natural stiffness of mind which showed itself more distinctly as time impaired the vivacity of his moods and the freshness of his imagination. He was, by instinct and the habit of a lifetime, a moralist; and there were times when he came perilously near being a preacher in verse. He was, as often happens, radically unlike the popular impression of him; he and Keats have been widely and astonishingly misunderstood. One constantly comes upon expressions of the feeling that Wordsworth had the calmness of the philosophic temper, and that he was by nature self-poised and cold; and this in the face of the fact that one of the great qualities of his verse is its passion! Wordsworth was, by nature, headstrong, ardent, passionate, with great capacity for emotion and suffering; the sorrows of his life shook him as an oak is shaken by a tempest, and years afterward, when he referred to the deaths of his children or of his brother, his emotion was painful to look upon. He bore himself with a noble fortitude through the trials and disappointments of his long career; but that fortitude was won through struggle. He had a stubborn will, which became inflexible where a principle was involved; he passed through a great spiritual crisis when the French Revolution first liberated and then blasted the hopes of ardent and generous spirits in Europe; he sought seclusion and maintained it to the end; he was rejected and derided by the great majority of those who made literary opinion during his youth and maturity; and his verse brought him no returns, although he had both the need and the wholesome desire for adequate payment for honorable work.

All these and other conditions told against the free development of the pure poetic quality in Wordsworth's nature, and against that spontaneity which is the source of natural magic in poetry. It is not surprising that he wrote so much didactic verse; it is surprising that he wrote so much poetry of surpassing charm and beauty. When all deductions are made from his work, there remains a body of poetry large enough and beautiful enough to place the poet among the greatest of English singers. At his best no one has more of that magic which lends to thought the enchantment of a melody which seems to flow out of its heart as the brook runs shining and singing out of the heart of the hills. No English poet has command of a purer music, and

DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE

none has more to say to the spirit; he speaks to the ear, to the imagination, to the intellect, and to the soul of his fellows. He was always high-minded, devoted to his work, stainless in all his relations; during fifteen golden years he was so in tune with Nature that she breathed through him as the wind breathes through the harp, and the deep silence of the hills became a haunting music in his verse, and the inarticulate murmur of the mountain streams a reconciling and restful melody to tired spirits and sorrow-smitten hearts. Such a life is a spiritual achievement; add to it a noble body of poetry, and the measure of Wordsworth's greatness and service becomes more clear, although that measure has not yet been finally taken.

In this poetry Nature is not only presented in every aspect, but is interpreted in a way which was in effect a revelation. It is true, poets as far back as Lucretius had conceived of Nature as a whole, and had felt and expressed the inspiration which flowed from this great conception; but Wordsworth was the first poet in whose imagination this view of the world was completely mastered and assimilated; the first poet who adequately presented Nature, not only as a vast unity of form and life, but as a sublime symbol; the first poet who succeeded in blending the life of man with Nature with such spiritual insight that the deeper correspondences between the two were brought into clear view, and their subtle and secret relations indicated. He is constantly spoken of as pre eminently the poet of Nature, because in no other English verse does Nature fill so vast a place as in his poetry; but he was even more distinctly the poet of the spirit of man, discerning everywhere in Nature those spiritual forces and verities which came to consciousness in his own soul, and those hints and suggestions of spiritual truth which found in his own spirit an interpreter.

It was inevitable that a poetry of Nature which was, at bottom, a poetry of life, with Nature as a background, a symbol, a spiritual energy, a living environment, should have its roots deep in the soil and should reflect, not general impressions of a universe, but aspects, glimpses, views of a world close at hand. In art great conceptions are successfully presented only when they find forms so beautiful and inevitable that the thought seems born in the form as the soul is lodged in the body; not conditioned by it, but so much a part of it that it cannot be localized, and so pervasive that it irradiates and spiritualizes every part. In like manner, in his best moments, Wordsworth fills our vision with

GARDEN OF DOVE COTTAGE

the beauty of some actual scene or place before he opens the imagination by natural and inevitable dilation to some great poetic idea. In the noble "Lines written above Tintern Abbey," in which his imagination rises to a great height and his diction rises with it on even wing, we are first made to see with marvelous distinctness the steep and lonely clifts, the dark sycamore, the orchard-tufts, the hedge-rows—"little lines of sportive wood run wild"—the pastoral farms and wreaths of smoke, before we are brought under the spell of

> That serene and blessed mood,
> In which the affections lead us on,

and we become living souls and see into the heart of things. In like manner the great Ode rises from familiar things—the rose, the moon, the birds, the lamb, the sweet, homely sights and sounds—to that sublime height from which the whole sweep and range of life become visible. And the lover of Wordsworth who recalls the Highland girl, the dancing daffodils, and a hundred other imperishable figures and scenes, knows with what unerring instinct the poet fastens upon the familiar and near when he purposes to flash into the imagination the highest truths.

Wordsworth's poetry has a singular unity and consistency; from beginning to end it is bound together not only by great ideas, which continually reappear, but it is harmonized by a background which remains unchanged from stage to stage. This double unity was made possible by the good fortune of a lifelong residence in the Lake Country. With the exception of the years at Cambridge, when he was a student in St. John's College, and later in London and Dorsetshire, and of occasional visits to the Continent, the poet spent his whole life almost within sight of Skiddaw and Helvellyn. In childhood, youth, maturity, and age he saw the same noble masses of mountain, the same sleeping or moving surfaces of water; he heard the same music of running streams and the same deep harmonies of tempests among the hills. The sources of his poetry were in his own nature, but its scenery, its incidents, its occasions, are, with few exceptions, to be found in the Lake Country. No one can catch all the tones of his verse who has not heard the rush of wind and the notes of hidden streams in that beautiful region; no one can fully possess the rich and splendid atmosphere which gathers about his greater passages who has not seen the unsearchable glory of the sunset when the upper Vales are filled with a mist which is transformed into such glory of light as

never yet came "within the empire of any earthly pencil." In a word, the poetry of Wordsworth is rooted in the Lake Country as truly as the other flora of that region; and the spirit and quality of the landscape not only come to the surface in separate poems and in detached lines, but penetrate and irradiate the whole body of his verse.

The poet was born at Cockermouth, on the 7th of April, 1770, the second son of John Wordsworth, law agent of the Earl of Lonsdale. The town is in the northeastern part of the Lake region, not many miles from the English Channel, and within sound of the water of the Derwent. On the main street of the old market town stands the plain, substantial, two-storied house, spacious and comfortable, in which William and Dorothy were born; for the two names ought never to be separated, the sister's passionate devotion and genius contributing not only to the brother's growth and comfort, but to his work. To the south rises the castle, half in ruins; about are soft, grassy hills. The garden at the back of the house, with its hedges and the river murmuring near, was the playground of the children. There flowers bloomed and birds built safely, and the days went by in a deep and beautiful calm:

> Stay near me; do not take thy flight!
> A little longer stay in sight!
> Much converse do I find in thee,
> Historian of my infancy!
> Float near me; do not yet depart.
> Dead times revive in thee:
> Thou bringest, gay creature as thou art!
> A solemn image to my heart,
> My brother's family!
>
> Oh! pleasant, pleasant were the days,
> The time, when, in our childish plays,
> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together chased the butterfly!
> A very hunter did I rush
> Upon the prey; with leaps and springs
> I followed on from brook to bush;
> But she, God love her! feared to brush
> The dust from off its wings.

In "The Prelude" Wordsworth has left to the world a unique autobiography; a human document of the highest interest. In this story of his poetic life the landscape of his physical life is reflected in almost numberless glimpses, from his childhood to those rich years at Grasmere. In this meditative, descriptive poem, as in a quiet stream, his childhood and youth are preserved, and we are enabled to note the scenes and incidents which left their permanent impress on his memory. Under the northwest tower of the Castle at Cockermouth the Derwent runs swift and deep, and sweeps tumultuously over the blue-gray gravel of the shallows which spread out from the bank opposite. The boy never forgot this striking effect, and years after he wrote of

> . . . the shadow of those towers
> That yet survive, a shattered monument
> Of feudal sway, the bright blue river passed
> Along the margin of our terrace walk.

Standing in the garden at the back of the house, he saw constantly the footpath that led from the ford over the rocky brow of a neighboring hill; and that worn line of human travel became a highway to his imagination:

> . . . a disappearing line,
> One daily present to my eyes, that crossed
> The naked summit of a far-off hill
> Beyond the limits that my feet had trod,
> . . . . . .
> Was like an invitation into space
> Boundless, or guide into eternity.

In 1778 the boy was sent to the Grammar School at Hawkshead, founded by Archbishop Sandys in 1585, at that memorable time when William Shakespeare, escaping from the tasks of the Stratford Grammar School and the quiet which broods along the banks of the slow-moving Avon, had gone up to London to seek and find the greatest fortune of literary opportunity and fame which has yet come in the way of mortal man. The school is still largely unchanged; there is a large room on the ground floor where the ancient hum of industrious boys is still heard; there is a small library made up of gifts from the students, each pupil presenting a volume when he leaves the school. The names of the Masters are preserved on a tablet in this room, and in an oaken chest the original charter of the school is kept. The old oak benches in the lower room bear witness to the traditional activity of the jackknife, and "W. Wordsworth" is cut deeply in the wood. Here the boy worked at his books for eight happy years; boarding, as was the custom of the place, with a village dame—Anne Tyson—for whom he came to have a deep and lasting affection. The house in which she lived, like its fellows in the village, is small and unpretentious. The village lies in the beautiful country between Windermere and Coniston Water, with Esthwaite Water close at hand. It is a quaint old market town, with narrow streets, low

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

DERWENTWATER

ULLSWATER

archways, houses with many-paned windows; the old church dominating the place:

> The snow-white church upon the hill
> Sits like a thronèd lady, sending out
> A gracious look all over her domain.

The "Prelude" lingers long over the scenes, incidents, and experiences of the eight years at Hawkshead; and it would be quite impossible to find a locality more nobly planned for the unfolding and enrichment of a poet's imagination. The lover of Wordsworth can still feel something of the spell which was laid upon the boy in those golden days of fresh and aspiring youth. The teaching which the school gave was, for its time, admirable; but the deepest education was gained out of school hours, and, largely, out of doors. The memory of those years was always fresh and grateful:

> Well do I call to mind the very week
> When I was first intrusted to the care
> Of that sweet Valley.

The "Prelude" makes us aware of the spiritual richness and growth of these school days; of the joy of reading and the deeper joy of seeing; of long walks of exploration; of silent hours upon Esthwaite, or, in vacation, upon Windermere, when the deep and solemn beauty of mountain and star sank into his heart:

> Dear native Regions, wheresoe'er shall close
> My mortal course, there will I think on you;
> Dying, will cast on you a backward look;
> Even as this setting sun (albeit the Vale
> Is nowhere touched by one memorial gleam)
> Doth with the fond remains of his last power
> Still linger, and a farewell luster sheds,
> On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

Within easy walking distance one comes upon some of the most impressive or enchanting scenery of the Lake Country. Windermere, with its group of mountains; the striking lines of the Langdale Pikes, and scores of other peaks, crowd the horizon in all directions. To the west, over the hill, through lovely stretches of meadow or across the moorland, lies Coniston Water, with the massive front of Coniston Old Man rising across the quiet lake. One cannot look down on that exquisite Valley without thinking of Brantwood, and of the last of the group of great writers who were contemporaneous with Wordsworth's later years.

The leisure hours of that happy time were not, however, wholly given over to wandering and solitude; there was companionship with books as well:

"Of my earliest days at school," writes the poet, "I have little to say, but that they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty there, and in the vacations, to read whatever books I liked. For example, I read all Fielding's works, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and any part of Swift that I liked, Gulliver's Travels and The Tale of a Tub being both much to my taste. It may be, perhaps, as well to mention that the first verses which I wrote were a task imposed by my master—the subject, The Summer Vacation; and of my own accord I added others upon Return to School. There was nothing remarkable in either poem; but I was called upon, among other scholars, to write verses upon the completion of the second centenary from the foundation of the school in 1585 by Archbishop Sandys. These verses were much admired—far more than they deserved, for they were but a tame imitation of Pope's versification, and a little in his style."

The real education of the boy—the liberation of his imagination and the unfolding of his spiritual nature—was gained, however, in the woods and fields and upon the quiet lakes. Esthwaite, Windermere, and Wiander, and the mountains which encircled them and made them a world by themselves, were his most potent teachers. Here, in boyhood, he began to reveal that union of exact observation with imaginative insight which was to give his poetry such vividness of pictorial effect and such depth of spiritual suggestion. He learned both to see the object upon which his eye rested, and also, by a sudden extension of vision, to discern its significance in that invisible order of which all things seen are but types and symbols. And out of this clarity and range of vision there came the double beauty of his verse: the beauty of the flower or tree or landscape suddenly and vividly presented to the imagination, and the beauty of the great world of earth and sky which enfolds flower and tree and landscape; the beauty of the daffodil dancing along the margin of the bay, and that other beauty which flashes upon

> . . . that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

In October, 1787, Wordsworth left the Lake Country for the first time and took up his residence in the southwestern corner of the first quadrangle of St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he found another kind of beauty; the beauty of low-lying fields, of streams that run through marshes to the sea, of low, veiled skies. Here, too, was the ripe loveliness of an ancient seat of learning; and here, above all, were the richest traditions and associations of English poetry. Those glorious windows and noble roofs which Milton loved so well he loved also, and from those dark carven seats where one sits to-day under

the spell of choral singing of almost angelic sweetness he doubtless searched, with reverent gaze,

> That branching roof
> Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells
> Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
> Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die—
> Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality.

Having taken his Bachelor's degree in January, 1791, Wordsworth went up to London, uncertain as to his future vocation. Every reader of his poetry knows how vividly he saw certain things in London—the thrush that sang on Wood Street, and by the magic of its notes made Poor Susan suddenly aware of trees and mountains, of rolling vapor and running streams, and that noble vision from Westminster Bridge—but the great city touched him mainly as it reminded him of things remote from its turmoil and alien to its mighty rush and war of strife and toil. In November of the same year he landed in France, at the very moment when the hopes of humanity were still full winged on their sublimest flight; hopes so soon to fall, maimed and bruised, to the earth whence they had risen with such exultant joy. The spiritual crisis through which the ardent young poet passed lies outside the scope of this article; it may be said in passing, however, that those who are tempted to make the usual commonplace comments on his subsequent change of attitude will do well to study first the temper and temperament of one whose nature had a kind of ocean-like capacity for depth of emotion, and whose convictions were born in absolute integrity of thought. The world would not willingly lose Browning's striking lines on "The Lost Leader;" but the world is glad to remember that the younger poet, with characteristic candor, in later and wiser years disclaimed his interpretation of the older poet's course.

In 1795 Wordsworth made his first home at Racedown, in Dorsetshire. His sister joined him, and that beautiful companionship, which was to be one of the prime sources of his inspiration, brought him calmness and hope after months of darkness and discouragement. Here began that long poetic career which was not only to develop poetic genius of a high order, but to illustrate a devotion to the things of the spirit so nobly sustained that the long history of literature hardly affords its parallel. The beginnings were not very promising; the poet seemed to need the touch of some quicker mind than his own. The impulse came two years later when Coleridge became the guest of the quiet household, and in one of the long walks in which the two poets and Dorothy Wordsworth found such delight, the "Ancient Mariner" was planned. In the autumn of the following year a new date was made in English literature by the appearance of the "Lyrical Ballads." To that slender volume Wordsworth contributed both his weakness and his strength; it contained "Goody Blake" and "The Idiot Boy," but it also contained "Expostulation and Reply," and "The Tables Turned." Above all, it gave the world the "Lines written above Tintern Abbey," in which the genius of the poet touched its highest reach of insight and power.

The poet was now on the threshold of his great career; there were before him fifteen years in which the breath of inspiration touched him again and again, and he sang with the magical ease of the bird; after this productive decade and a half the glow slowly faded, the spell was broken, the magic lost. At the very beginning of this epoch in his spiritual and artistic growth, Wordsworth, with his sister, returned to the Lake Country, from which he never again departed save for brief journeys or visits. In the very heart of that lonely region he found the home of his genius and of his affections. "To be at Grasmere," wrote Dorothy, "is like being at a natural church. To spend one's holiday there is like having a week of Sundays." And now, nearly a century later, the Vale still keeps its ancient silence despite the tide of travel which follows the highways. One may stand to-day in the ancient churchyard and feel the peace of the landscape enfolding him as it enfolded Wordsworth. The latest poet to celebrate the sacred associations of the place has not missed the repose which the older poet loved so well:

> Afar though nation be on nation hurled,
> And life with toil and ancient pain depressed,
> Here one may scarce believe the whole wide world
> Is not at peace; and all men's hearts at rest.

In December, 1799, when the Wordsworths took possession of Dove Cottage, the tiny, blue-gray stone cottage was almost without neighbors, and the lake lay before it like a mirror; to-day it is part of a small but compactly built village. It faces the lake, which is but a short distance from its door; there is a small orchard and garden at the back, so

rich in foliage that it is like a fragrant bower; the spring still overflows in its little bowl; the rocks, overhung with vines, rise abruptly from the natural seat which Coleridge cut for Wordsworth; and the outlines of the house are almost invisible, so rich are the masses of vine and foliage which have overgrown and enriched it. Nature has taken the Cottage into her own keeping and made it part of the landscape. The elder-tree which once hung its blossoms near the little porch has gone, but a profusion of wild flowers obliterates all traces of its loss. Through a tiny vestibule the visitor enters the largest room in the house, and is amazed to find it so small; for the greatness of the poetry with which the Cottage is associated somehow affects the image one has unconsciously made of it. Sixteen feet long and twelve broad, with dark oak wainscoting from floor to ceiling, a large fireplace, lighted by a cottage window embowered in jasmine—this was the place where Wordsworth received his friends, and where, far into the night, Coleridge's magical voice went sounding the deeps of thought. Climbing the narrow stairs, one comes to a tiny room where the poet kept his books and where he often wrote; his study was, however, out-of-doors. In the little guest-rooms Coleridge, Scott, De Quincey slept. In one of these rooms Coleridge first read "Christabel" to Wordsworth; there Dorothy and Coleridge often talked until the stars began to fade. "Every sight and sound reminds me of Coleridge," wrote Dorothy in later years; "dear, dear fellow—of his many talks to us, by day and night—of all dear things." In the house, or about it, gather some of the richest traditions of English literature. That marvelous boy, Hartley Coleridge, played in the garden; the small figure of the "Opium Eater," with his dark, expressive face, was often seen in the same garden which, years later, was to be the silent witness of his own strange struggles; within the shelter of this orchard-garden, too, Southey read aloud "Thalaba;" here Sir Humphry Davy brought not only his fame but his unfailing charm of gracious manners and gayety of spirits; and here the Magician of the North wove those ancient spells which none who came near enough to understand his noble nature ever escaped. On a memorable day in 1805, Davy, Scott, and Wordsworth climbed the long and rugged ascent of Helvellyn—

> Old Helvellyn's brow,
> Where once together, in his days of strength,
> We stood rejoicing as if earth were free
> From sorrow, like the sky above our heads.

No presence, however great, lends such

WORDSWORTH'S BIRTHPLACE, COCKERMOUTH

COTTAGE AT HAWKSHEAD

beauty and dignity to Dove Cottage as Dorothy Wordsworth gave it out of the richness and nobility of her rare nature. Here she showed, as in a parable, the imperishable sweetness of self-forgetful love; here, in lifelong devotion, she poured out the treasures of her mind and heart for the enrichment of one who, without the warmth of affection, the quick sympathy, the fruitful suggestiveness she gave him, would have been poor indeed, with all his later fame:

> The blessing of my later years
> Was with me when I was a boy;
> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
> And humble cares, and delicate fears,
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and joy, and thought.

To this cottage came, later, the wife who was to widen without impairing the circle of comprehension and devotion which wove about the poet a magical barrier against the coldness of the world. No man of genius ever owed more to women than Wordsworth, and none has more richly repaid their devotion; for none has interpreted the finest qualities of womanhood with greater purity of insight. The most magnificent compliment ever paid to a woman was penned by Shakespeare, whose genius is never more searching in its insight or felicitous in phrase than when it deals with ideal women; but Wordsworth's tributes to the highest qualities of womanhood are unsurpassed in delicacy and dignity. Who has ever spoken of woman with a finer instinct than the poet who wrote:

> And she hath smiles to earth unknown;
> Smiles, that with motion of their own
> Do spread, and sink, and rise;
> That come and go with endless play,
> And ever, as they pass away,
> Are hidden in her eyes.

But Dove Cottage was but a personal shelter in a country which, in its entirety, was the home of Wordsworth's genius. "This is the place where he keeps his books," said the servant to the visitor at Rydal Mount; "his study is out-of-doors." From 1798 to the hour of his death in 1850 the poet lived in the larger world which spread from his door to the horizon. He knew every path, summit, glen, ravine, outlook in that country; he was on intimate terms with every flower, tree, bird; he saw the most delicate and elusive play of expression on the face of that world, the shy motions of its most fugitive life; he heard every sound which issued from it. One has to walk but a little way from the cottage to see, spread before him, the majesty and loveliness of that landscape. The old road from Grasmere to Ambleside, which Wordsworth haunted not only with his presence but with the murmured tones of his

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE

verse, climbs the near hill, and there lies the vaster world!—the little blue-gray village of Grasmere, at the head of the lake on the right, with the great mass of Helvellyn towering behind it; stretches of green meadows fringing green waters; the solitary island with its pines; Silverhorn and Helmcrag; the ridge of Loughrigg, where the poet loved to walk; and, on the left, Rydal Water set like a jewel among the hills.

Between December, 1799, and May, 1808, while the Wordsworths were living in Dove Cottage, the poet composed "Michael," "The Cuckoo," "The Wanderer," "The Leech-gatherer," "The Butterfly"—which describes the orchard-garden—"The Daisy," "Alice Fell," "The Beggars," the "Ode to Duty," "The Waggoner," "The Character of the Happy Warrior," "The White Doe of Rylestone." Here the great Ode on Immortality was begun, and here "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" were largely written. In the seclusion of this tiny garden Wordsworth's poetic prime was reached, and here his genius touched its highest mark of expression.

In 1808 the cottage became too small for the growing family, and the Wordsworths removed to Allan Bank, a larger house at the north end of Grasmere. From thence, in 1811, another move was made to the Rectory, a very charming place opposite the church and within sound of the swiftly running Rotha. Here sorrow lived with the Wordsworths and became their familiar companion. Of their five children two died under this roof: Catherine, whom De Quincey loved with such intensity of ardor that he was terribly shaken by her sudden death—"never, from the foundation of these mighty hills," he wrote, "was there so fierce a convulsion of grief as mastered my faculties on receiving that heart-shattering news;" and Thomas, who followed his sister after a brief interval. Wordsworth's grief was, after the manner of the man, deep and passionate; forty years later he could not speak of these sorrows of his early life without agitation and suffering. The children sleep in the churchyard across the narrow road from the Rectory, and the associations of the place so weighed upon the poet's spirit that another and final removal was made in the spring of 1813 to Rydal Mount.

Few houses have been described so often, and none more perfectly matches the picture of a poet's home as the imagination instinctively conceives it. Standing on the rocky side of Nab Scar, above Rydal Lake, almost concealed by the vines which have grown apparently into its very structure, its terraces rich in hedges and foliage, Rydal Mount is a type of English repose, maturity, and natural

loveliness. As one walks up the quiet road past the little church the stir and turmoil of life are so distant and alien that one wonders if they be not the dreams of a disordered mind. Here are silence, seclusion, fathomless depths of greenness, enchanting beauty of glancing water and wandering mountain line.

At Rydal Mount "The Excursion" was finished, and "Laodamia," the "Evening Ode," "Yarrow Revisited," and the series of Ecclesiastical Sonnets written. The magical quality, the inimitable charm, of the "Daffodils," the "Solitary Reaper," the "Cuckoo," had vanished, the didactic note had become more distinct; but in his happiest hours the poet still had command of a noble style. Mr. Myers has noted the striking and beautiful close of Wordsworth's poetic life. It was in 1818 when Nature seemed to take solemn farewell of the genius which she had inspired, and which had, in turn, been her interpreter. There came one of those sunsets sometimes seen among the Cambrian hills, the splendors of which not only pass quite beyond speech, but impress even the unimaginative as almost apart from the ordinary processes of Nature. The earth and the sky, in the radiance of shifting cloud and folding mist, seem to blend together into a new and unspeakably wonderful world of light and color and spiritual splendor. Under the spell of that vision the poet's imagination rose once more to its earlier level in the "Evening Ode, composed on an evening of extraordinary splendor and beauty:"

> No sound is uttered, but a deep
> And solemn harmony pervades
> The hollow vale from steep to steep,
> And penetrates the glades.
> Far distant images draw nigh,
> Called forth by wondrous potency
> Of beamy radiance, that imbues
> Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues!
> In vision exquisitely clear
> Herds range along the mountain side;
> And glistening antlers are descried,
> And gilded flocks appear.

The poet seemed to recognize the decline of his poetic power, the hardening of his faculties; for he adds, with pathetic clearness of insight:

> Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;
> Which at this moment, on my waking sight,
> Appears to shine, by miracle restored!
> My soul, though yet confined to earth,
> Rejoices in a second birth;
> —'Tis past, the visionary splendor fades;
> And night approaches with her shades.

In 1843, on the death of Southey, Wordsworth was persuaded to accept the position of Poet Laureate, and nobly wore the honor through seven years of unbroken silence. And in this vine-embosomed house, in April, 1850, the end came. As he had lived, so he died, in simple but sublime repose. The stream of visitors who pour through the Grasmere churchyard cannot destroy the spell of solemn silence which enfolds the poets' corner in that beautiful place of death and life. The old church, the steep hill, the shining thread of waterfall, the silent curve and sweep of the Rotha, the tombs of the poets—for William, his wife, Dorothy, and Hartley Coleridge lie together in that sacred place—who is not the better for the sight and the memory of them!

The Lake Country is not only the natural but the spiritual background of Wordsworth's poetry. That poetry was, with few important exceptions, written there; in very many instances it grew out of localities which have been accurately determined, or was suggested by incidents which are still remembered; so intimate, indeed, is the connection between the great mass of the shorter poems and the landscape and life of the region that the verse seems but the description and interpretation of landscape and life. In the longer poems passage after passage can be assigned to definite places or connected with persons and incidents. But in a still deeper and more spiritual sense was Wordsworth's imagination affected by the little world of mountain, lake, and cloud in which he lived. That country suggests and illustrates, in a marvelous way, the two distinctive characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry: clear, accurate sight of the fact, and the sudden expansion of the vision to take in its largest relations and its most far-reaching spiritual symbolism. Wordsworth's genius was notable for its twofold recognition of the familiar and the sublime in Nature, its closeness of observation and its clearness of imaginative insight, its scientific exactness and its poetic vision; if the phrase may be permitted, Wordsworth habitually saw both the human and the divine sides of Nature—the fragrant orchard at his door, and the last sublime reach of mountain as it fades into sky.

Now, the Lake Country presents both these aspects of Nature. The mountains are not high, and yet they are touched with sublimity; the cattle browse on their grassy slopes, and yet infinity and eternity seem somehow embodied in them. They are both familiar and mysterious. More than this they

suggest in the most subtle way the play of the imagination. Through the upper Vales the mists continually roll in from the sea, and the whole country is enfolded in an atmosphere which brings with it all the magic of light and shade, all the mystery of shadow and distance and the commingling of sky and earth. Miracles of light and color are daily wrought among those hills; enchantments and spells are woven there which the imagination cannot escape. The real and the visionary continually intermingle. The atmosphere works such marvels that it becomes a visible type of the play and processes of the imagination. In that country, as in the poetry of its interpreter, there are always the solid mass, the definite outline, the substantial form; and there is also the finer and visionary world into which the ideal world seems to rise, and with which it seems to blend in a whole which is both perishable and imperishable, both material and spiritual: the unity of the seen and the unseen. No one understood this subtle quality of the Lake Country landscape better than Wordsworth, and no one has so clearly defined and described it as he has in the following passage:

The rain here comes down heartily, and is frequently succeeded by clear, bright weather, when every brook is vocal and every torrent sonorous; brooks and torrents which are never muddy even in the heaviest floods. Days of unsettled weather, with partial showers, are very frequent; but the showers darkening or brightening as they fly from hill to hill are not less grateful to the eye than finely interwoven passages of gay and sad music are touching to the ear. Vapors exhaling from the lakes and meadows after sunrise in a hot season, or in moist weather brooding upon the heights, or descending towards the valleys with inaudible motion, give a visionary character to everything around them; and are in themselves so beautiful as to dispose us to enter into the feelings of those simple nations (such as the Laplanders of this day) by whom they are taken for guardian deities of the mountains; or to sympathize with others who have fancied these delicate apparitions to be the spirits of their departed ancestors. Akin to these are fleecy clouds resting upon the hill-tops; they are not easily managed in picture, with their accompaniments of blue sky, but how glorious are they in nature! how pregnant with imagination for the poet!

To the Skylark

By William Wordsworth

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
  Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
  Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
  Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain,
'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond,
  Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
  A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
  Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

it. If he does desire spiritual life, he is free to select that time and that method which are best adapted to promote it. The Christian Church has not frankly accepted this philosophy, but has unconsciously acted upon it. The first day has taken the place of the seventh, and the method of observance has changed quite as radically as the time observed.

To sum all up in a single sentence. In Christ there is neither priest nor sacrifice. The priest is a mediator between man and God. In Christ the way of access to God is open to the humblest, the poorest, and the most sinful. The veil of the Temple is rent. Every man may enter the Holy of Holies. But there are still prophets, who. knowing God, interpret him to his children. Whoever knows the Father may do this work of interpretation. Whoever entereth in by the door is a shepherd of the sheep.[1] Whoever heareth may say, Come.[2] There is no special symbol of consecration which is essential to divine sonship. Neither is immersion anything, nor sprinkling anything, but a new creation. Life is itself the test of all instruments of life. There are Pedo-Baptists as consecrated to Christ as Baptists; and there are Friends, who have received no water baptism of any kind, as consecrated as either. No day is of the essence of religion. The Church has done wisely to make of Christ's resurrection day a festal occasion. It has done wisely to celebrate that resurrection every week. It has done wisely to keep this festal day free from the cares and the toils of secular life, and to use it for the culture of the spirit and for the public and united expression of devotion. But the obligation of the Lord's Day lies not in an ancient code, given through Moses to an ancient people, but in this, that the observance of such a day helps to conserve and promote the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control.

[1] John x., 2.
[2] Revelation xxii., 17.

Morning and Evening

By Walter Malone

IN vanished years it seemed an easy task
To win the hearts of others on our way;
To gain affection only meant to ask,
To love meant only to be young and gay.

But like a rich convolvulus in bloom
Amid the summer, under morning skies,
Young Love before the noontide meets his doom,
And in his splendor and his glory dies.

Or like an oriole from tropic lands
That blazes by us on a brilliant wing,
He flies afar to unknown foreign strands
When autumn gales their withered leaflets fling.

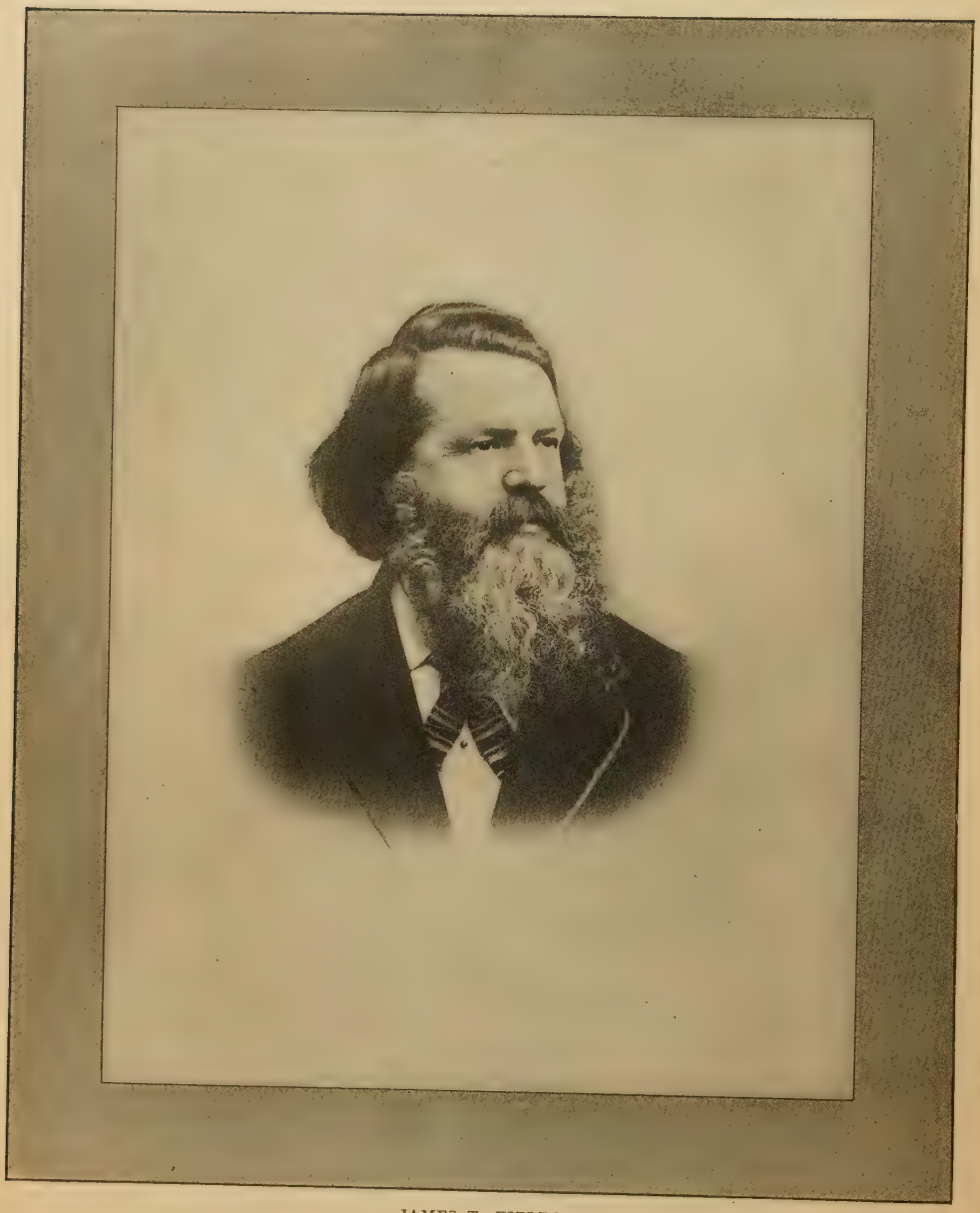
Like blackened torches in the heart's dark vaults
Are all the arts and wiles we used of yore;
For those who love us learn to find our faults,
And, having found them, never love us more.

So, then, mine own, I cling more close to you,
Though gray threads sprinkle through your locks of brown,
Your eyes no longer dewy, bright, and blue,
Your cheeks no longer like a peach's down.

And you are like a faithful mocking-bird
Amid the gloam of life's fast-fading light,
Whose strange and sweet love-lyrics still are heard
In brown boughs of the dim October night.

Or like a holly in the Christmas snows,
Still green when summer verdure all is shed,
Or like an autumn violet that blows
Beneath brown leaves, when other blooms are dead.

When we were young and gay, and you were fair,
We thought that love with youth would all be o'er;
But as I kiss your face, grown rough with care.
We find, dear heart, we never loved before.



JAMES T. FIELDS

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

CHAPTER V.—BOSTON IN THE FORTIES

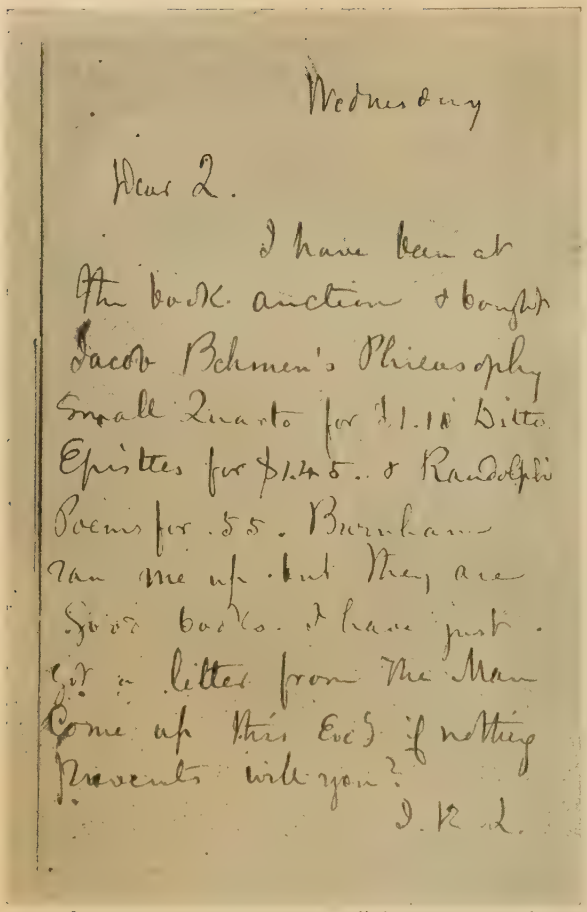
I DESPAIR of making any person appreciate the ferment in which any young person moved who came into the daily life of Boston in the days when Lowell left college. I have tried more than once, and without the slightest success. But this reader must believe me that nobody was "indifferent" then, even if he do not understand why.

Here was a little community, even quaint in some of its customs, sure of itself, and confident in its future. Generally speaking, the men and women who lived in it were of the old Puritan stock. This means that they lived to the glory of God, with the definite public spirit which belongs to such life. They had, therefore, absolute confidence that God's kingdom was to come, and they saw no reason why it should not come soon. There were still some people, and one or two teachers in the pulpit and in what is technically called the religious press, who believed, or said they believed, that all men are born in sin and are incapable of good. But practically the people of Boston believed in the infinite capacity of human nature, and they knew "salvation's free," and "free for you and me."

As a direct result of this belief, and of the cosmopolitan habit which comes to people who send their ships all over the world, the leaders of this little community attempted everything on a generous scale. If they made a school for the blind, they made it for all the blind people in Massachusetts. They expected to succeed. They always had succeeded. Why should they not succeed? If, then, they opened a "House of Reformation," they really supposed that they should reform the boys and girls who were sent to it. Observe that here was a man who had bought skins in Nootka Sound and sold them in China, and brought home silks and teas where he carried away tin pans and jackknives. There was a man who

[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Outlook Company.

OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE
Photographed by Mr. W H. Halliday, of Boston.



Wednesday

Dear 2.

I have been at the book auction & bought Jacob Behmen's Philosophy Small 2mo for $1.10 Dilts Epistles for $1.45 & Randolph's Poems for .55. Burnham can me up but they are good books. I have just got a letter from the Man Come up this Eve'g if nothing prevents with you?

J. R. L.

A NOTE FROM LOWELL TO "Q" (NATHAN HALE)

had fastened his schooner to an iceberg off Labrador, and had sold the ice he cut in Calcutta or Havana. Now, that sort of men look at life in its possibilities with a different habit from that of the man who reads in the newspaper that stocks have fallen, who buys them promptly, and sells them the next week because the newspaper tells him that they have risen.

With this sense that all things are possible to him who believes, the little town became the headquarters for New England, and in a measure for the country, of every sort of enthusiasm, not to say of every sort of fanaticism. Thus, Boston, as Boston, hated abolitionism. The stevedores and longshoremen on the wharves hated a "nigger" as much as their ancestors in 1770 hated a "lobster." But, all the same, Garrison came to Boston to publish the "Liberator." There was not an "ism" but had its shrine, nor a cause but had its prophet. And, as in the rest of the world at that time, the madness was at its height which forms a "society" to do the work of an individual. People really supposed that if you could make a hundred men give each the hundredth part of his life to do something, the loose combination would do more work than one stalwart man would do who was ready to give one whole life in devotion to the "cause."

The town was so small that practically everybody knew everybody. "A town," as a bright man used to say, "where you could go anywhere in ten minutes."

Cambridge was within forty-five minutes' walk of this little self-poised metropolis, and was really a part of it, in all "its busy life, its fluctuations and its vast concerns"—and in its pettiest concerns as well.

Lowell could talk with Wendell Phillips, or applaud him when he spoke. He could go into Garrison's printing-office with a communication. He could discuss metaphysics or ethics with Brownson. He could hear a Latter-Day Church preacher on Sunday. He could listen while Miller, the prophet of the day, explained from Rollin's history and the Book of Daniel that the world would come to an end on the twenty-first of March, 1842. He could lounge into the "Corner Book-store," where James T. Fields would show him the new Tennyson, or where the Mutual Admiration Society would leave an epigram or two behind. Or he could hear Everett or Holmes or Parsons or Webster or Silliman or Walker read poem or lecture at the "Odeon." He could discuss with a partner in a dance the moral significance of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven in comparison with the lessons of the Second or the Seventh. Another partner in the next quadrille would reconcile for him the conflict of free will and foreknowledge. At Miss Peabody's foreign book-store he could take out for a week Strauss's "Leben Jesu," if he had not the shekels for its purchase, as probably he had not. Or, under the same hospitable roof, he could in the evening hear Hawthorne tell the story of Parson Moody's veil, or discuss the origin of the Myth of

Ceres with Margaret Fuller.[1] Or, when he danced "the pastorale" at Judge Jackson's, was he renewing the memories of an Aryan tradition, or did the figure suggest, more likely, the social arrangements of the followers of Hermann? Mr. Emerson lectured for him; Allston's pictures were hung in galleries for him; Mr. Tudor imported ice for him; Fanny Elssler danced for him, and Braham sang for him. The world worked for him—or labored for him. And he entered into the labors of all sorts and conditions of men.

In one of his letters to his friend Loring, written in October, 1838, he expresses a doubt whether he would continue his studies of law. "I have been thinking seriously of the ministry," he writes; "I have also thought of medicine—but there—still worse!" But on the 9th of November "I went into town to look out for a place"—this means to see some of his friends "in business," and to try mercantile life—"and was induced *en passant* to step into the United States District Court, where there was a case pending, in which Webster was one of the counsel retained. I had not been there an hour before I determined to continue in my profession and study as well as I could." Observe that he is now nineteen years old, going on to twenty.

I will not include Mr. Webster among the company of Mr. Lowell's early friends, though the hour spent in the United States Court seems to have been a very important hour in his life. Who shall say what would have come had he "found a place," and begun on life by rising early, "sweeping out the store," filling and trimming the oil lamps, and then running the errands for some treasurer of a woolen factory or dealer in teas or spices? Such was the precise experience of many of his young companions in college, who "elected," on graduation, to "go into business."

Of the literary circles into which he was naturally introduced I will say something. First, of some of the men who, in practice, wrote the "North American Review" in those days—say for the ten years after he left college. Dr. John Gorham Palfrey was the editor, and Lowell would have called the men themselves the "Mutual Admiration Society." Most of them, I think, have recognized this name in their own correspondence. It was a club of five men, who liked to call themselves "The Five of Clubs." But they very soon earned this name of the Mutual Admiration Society, which I think was invented for them.

Dr. Palfrey was living at Cambridge all through the period of Lowell's college and law-school life. He had been a member of the Divinity faculty until 1839, and he assumed the charge of the Review in 1835. He had written for it as early as the fifth volume. A gentleman through and through, of very wide information, hospitable and courteous, he and the ladies of his family made his house in Divinity Avenue one of the few places where students of whatever school of the College liked to visit. I remember that one of my own classmates said, after making a Sunday evening call there, "Palfrey makes you think that you are the best fellow in the world—and, by Jove, he makes you think that he is the next best!" He resigned his professorship about the time when he made the romantic voyage by which he emancipated more than forty slaves whom he had "inherited." Like most men with whom he lived, he had opposed the "abolitionists" with all his might, with pen and with voice. But he knew how to do the duty next his hand better than some men who had talked more about theirs.

THOMAS STARR KING
From a daguerreotype by Whipple.

[1] Margaret Fuller was nine years older than Lowell. A good deal of her early life was spent in Cambridge; and his banter in the "Fable for Critics," which was really too sharp, belongs, not to his manhood's serious views, but to a boy's humor.

He was most kind to me, boy and man. and gave me instance on instance which showed that his unflinching firmness in politics was accompanied with entire readiness to recognize the truth wherever he found it. All of us youngsters were enthusiastic about Carlyle. All of the "oldsters" turned up their noses—"such affectation of style," "Germanisms picked up cheaply," and so on. But he said he knew that the editor of the "North American" must read the "French Revolution," and he said that if you had to read a book a good way was to take it as your only reading when you had a long journey. Mark that you could not then write books on the way, as I am writing this one.

So he took his two volumes with him on this voyage of emancipation. And, before he came to Cincinnati, he had forgotten the eccentricities and was as eager as the youngest of us to praise the historian. I remember as well how, as he explained to my father his plans for the "North American Review," he said he had secured Emerson to write, and that Emerson would let him have some of his lectures. He had taken care to provide, however, that these were to be from the historical lectures and not the speculative ones. If he had been pressed, I am afraid he would have been found to be of the large circle of those who in those days thought Emerson "a little crazy."

CHARLES SUMNER

From a crayon by Eastman Johnson, made about 1846 and now hanging in Craigie House (Longfellow's), Cambridge.

Under this chief worked the Mutual Admiration Society—all older than Lowell. But with all of them, sooner or later, he became intimate. Most of them are still remembered: Charles Sumner; George Stillman Hillard, Sumner's law partner and, in earlier days, intimate friend; H. W. Longfellow; Cornelius Conway Felton, Greek Professor at Cambridge, and afterwards President of the College; and Henry Russell Cleveland, an accomplished friend who had been round the world once and again as a sea-captain, and had interesting remembrances of travel. Cleveland and Longfellow knew that there were worlds outside of London and Edinburgh, Boston and Cambridge, and their environs. We youngsters, from the proud advantage of the age of twenty or less, would have said that the rest of the Mutual Admiration Society, in the year 1840, did not suspect this.

The "North American" had been founded after the "Monthly Anthology" had led the way, twelve years before. It was confessedly in imitation of the Edinburgh and London quarterlies, as the London Quarterly had confessedly imitated the Edinburgh. The original plan was a good one, and any youngsters of to-day who will revive the old quarterly may find that it meets a "felt want" again. Look at an old "Edinburgh" of Brougham's time and you will find an intelligent account of some forty books, which you will never read yourself, but which you want to know about. To tell the whole abject and bottom truth, you do not find exactly this thing even in The Outlook, where you can find everything else.

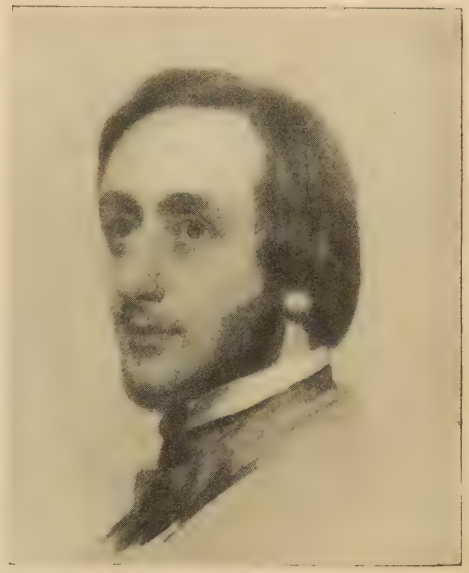
The "North American" had been under the charge of both Everetts—Edward and Alexander. Alexander Everett assumed the editorial direction on his return from Europe in 1830, and from him it passed into Dr. Palfrey's hands. I may say in passing that if I had at my bank the money which the Everetts and their family connections paid for

establishing this national journal, with compound interest on the same, I could be living to-day in my palace at Newport, and entertaining the Duke of Edinburgh, the Bishop of London, and the Vicar-General of North America. Probably I am better off as I write in the somewhat dingy Albany station of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad. This is a parenthesis, with the indulgence of my readers.

We all read the "North American" regularly. We who were ten years younger than the Mutual Admiration Society made fun of it. We said that they could not review a book of poems without a prefatory essay on poetry. We said that Horace Walpole made their fortune; that they would not publish a number without an article on Walpole. But I cannot now find more than three or four articles on Walpole or even his times in those years.

The truth was that literature was not yet a profession. The men who wrote for the "North American" were earning their bread and butter, their sheets, blankets, fuel, broadcloth, shingles, and slates, in other enterprises. Emerson was an exception; and perhaps the impression as to his being crazy was helped by the observation that these "things which perish in the using" came to him in the uncanny and unusual channel of literary workmanship. Even Emerson printed in the "North American Review" lectures which had been delivered elsewhere. He told me in 1849, after he had returned from England, that he had then never received a dollar from the sale of any of his own published works. He said he owned a great many copies of his own books, but that these were all which he had ever received from his publishers. And Mr. Phillips told me that when, after "English Traits," published by him, had in the first six months' sales paid for its plates and earned a balance besides in Emerson's favor, Emerson could not believe this. He came to the office to explain to Mr. Phillips that he wanted and meant to hold the property in his own stereotype plates. And Mr. Phillips had difficulty in persuading him that he had already paid for them and did own them. Emerson was then so unused to the methods of business that Mr. Phillips had also to explain to him how to indorse this virgin check, so that he could place it at his own bank account.

Mr. Phillips, then of the firm of Phillips & Sampson, was Emerson's near connection by marriage; Mrs. Phillips, a charming and accomplished lady, being Emerson's cousin on the Haskins side.



JOHN GALLISON KING
From a crayon by Eastman Johnson.

To return to the "North American Review." The five young gentlemen whom I have named were all favorites in the best circles of the charming social life of that little Boston. I cannot see that their fondness for each other can have much affected their work for the "North American," for whatever they published appeared long after they had won their name.

They were in the habit of looking in at what began to be called "The Old Corner Bookstore," which is still, as it was then, an excellent shop, where you find all the last books, the foreign magazines, and are sure of intelligent attention. The memory of modern man does not run back to the time when there was not a "book-store" in this old building, which bears on its rough-cast wall the date of 1713. The antiquarians would tell us that on the same spot as early as 1634 there was the first "Ordinary" in Boston. And it was just above here, under the sign of Cromwell's Head, that Colonel George Washington and his elegant little troop made their home when that young Virginian visited Governor Shirley in 1756.

The Corner Book-store in that generation was the shop of Allen & Ticknor, and not long before there had appeared in the shop, as the youngest boy, James T. Fields, from

Portsmouth, who was destined to be the friend of so many men of letters, and who has left behind him such charming memorials of his own literary life. It must be to Fields, I think, that we owe the preservation of the epigram which the Club made upon "In Memoriam." I will not say that the story did not improve as it grew older, but here it is in the last edition :

The firm, then Ticknor & Fields, were Tennyson's American publishers. They had just brought out "In Memoriam." One of the five gentlemen looked in as he went down town, took up the book, and said, "Tennyson has done for friendship what Petrarch did for love, Mr. Fields," to which Mr. Fields assented; and his friend—say Mr. Hillard—went his way. Not displeased with his own remark, when he came to his office—if it were Hillard—he repeated it to Sumner, who in turn repeated it to Cleveland, perhaps, when he looked in. Going home to lunch, Sumner goes in at the shop, takes up the new book, and says, "Your Tennyson is out, Mr. Fields. What Petrarch did for love, Tennyson has done for friendship." Mr. Fields again assents, and it is half an hour before Mr. Cleveland enters. He also is led to say that Tennyson has done for friendship what Petrarch has done for love; and before the sun sets Mr. Fields receives the same suggestion from Longfellow, and then from Felton, who have fallen in with their accustomed friends, and look in to see the new books on their way out to Cambridge.

This story belongs, of course, to the year 1850. In 1841, when Lowell begins to be counted as a Bostonian, the Corner Bookstore was already the center of a younger group of men who were earning for themselves an honorable place in American letters. I believe they were first brought together in the government of the Mercantile Library Association. This Association started in a modest way to provide books and a reading-room for merchants' clerks. To a beginning so simple this group of young fellows, when hardly of age, gave dignity and importance. Under their lead the Association established a large and valuable lending library, it set on foot what were the most popular lectures in Boston, and kept up a well-arranged reading-room. It was virtually a large literary club, which occupied a building the whole of which was devoted to books or to education. With the passage of two generations much of the work which the Association thus took in hand has devolved upon the Public Library and its branches and upon the Lowell Institute. The Mercantile Library has been transferred to the city and is administered as its South End Branch. The winter courses under the Lowell foundation take the place of the Mercantile courses, so that this Association now shows its existence in a comfortable club-house in Tremont Street.

In the ten years between 1840 and 1850 it was an important factor in Boston life. The initiative in its work was given by James T. Fields, Edwin Percy Whipple, Daniel N. Haskell, Warren Sawyer, Thomas J. Allen, George O. Carpenter, Edward Stearns, and George Warren, who had at command the loyal service of younger fellows among their companions, loyal to the interests of the Club, and keeping up the best interests of society better than they knew. The Club engaged Webster, Everett, Choate, Sumner, Channing, Emerson, Holmes, and Winthrop to lecture to them, arranging for "honorariums" such as had never been heard of before.

The group of officers whom I have named was in itself a little coterie of young fellows who were reading and talking with each other on the best lines of English literature. Fields and Whipple soon became known to the public by their own printed work. All the group were well read in the best English books of the time, and I think I am right in saying that the existence of such a group around him strengthened Fields's hands, as he compelled the firm to which he belonged to introduce in America some of the lesser-known English authors. In 1845 Thomas Starr King removed to Boston. His rare genius, insight, and marvelous power of expression gave him a welcome everywhere. In this little circle of the Mercantile Library managers he was the intimate friend of all.

Older than either of these groups of men, there was a set of careful scholars in Boston whom I may distinguish as the historians. Dr. Palfrey once said to me that it was a sort of accident, as he thought, which turned the young literary men of Boston so much in the direction of history. The accident was that the two principal public libraries before 1850 were the Library of the Historical Society, and that of the Boston Athenæum, which was much larger. It so happened that in its earlier years the Athenæum collection was much strongest on the side of history. It also happened that in 1818 Mr. Israel Thorndike bought for Harvard College in one

THE FIELD BETWEEN THE CHARLES RIVER AND ELMWOOD

MARIA LOWELL

purchase the collection of early American authorities which had been made by Ebeling, a German collector in the first quarter of the century. This collection is still unrivaled. There was thus, so Dr. Palfrey said, a sort of temptation to young Bostonians to read and study American history. And it is almost fair to speak of the Boston "school of history" which was thus formed.

I was a boy of eleven, reading to my mother on a summer afternoon, when my father brought into the room a black-haired, olive-complexioned, handsome young man and said: "Here is Mr. Bancroft, my dear! The first volume of the History is finished, and he has come in to talk about printing and publishers." This was the beginning of my acquaintance, I believe I may say friendship, with Mr. Bancroft, which lasted until he died in 1891.[1] Prescott was already at work on "Ferdinand and Isabella." Sparks had edited the "Diplomatic Correspondence," and was collecting the materials for his "Washington." Richard Hildreth, who edited the Boston "Atlas," was preparing for his history of the United States. Palfrey in 1839 gave up his professorship at Cambridge that he might devote himself to the history of New England. Lothrop Motley is younger, but he published "Merrymount" as early as 1848. I may add that the patriotic anniversary orations of both the Everetts are historical studies. Edward Everett, in particular, had the historic sense and tact very delicately developed. Mr. Emerson once said of him that "for a man who threw out so many facts he was seldom convicted of a blunder." To which remark I will add that Mr. Emerson also is always accurate in his frequent references to American history.

It seems best to attempt this sketch of the literary surroundings of the life on which the young law student is now to enter. With every person who has been named, and, indeed, with almost everybody who had anything to do with letters in Boston, Lowell was personally acquainted; with many of them he was intimately acquainted.

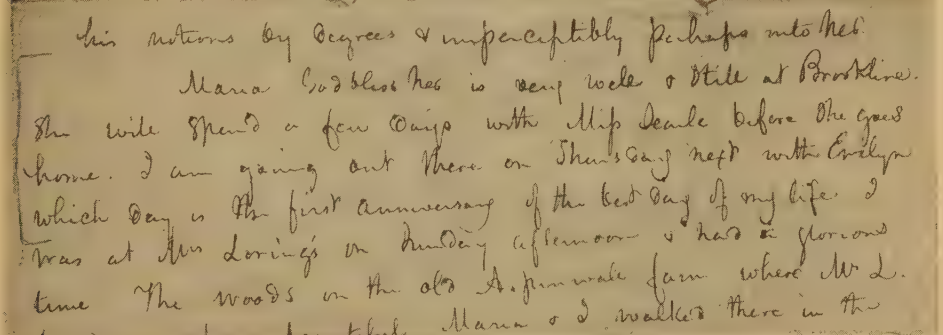
CHAPTER VI.—A MAN OF LETTERS

There was an inner circle of companionship, in which Lowell enjoyed the entire love of all the others, some record of which is necessary if we would begin to understand even the outside of his life at that time. I find it hard to determine how far I shall put on paper the memories of this circle. I know very well that it is easy to say too little and easy to say too much.

In college life, especially in their senior year, five of the young men in this company had lived at Cambridge in the closest intimacy. These were Lowell, William Wetmore Story, John Gallison King, William Abijah White, and my brother Nathan. There is no need of saying how this intimacy grew up. White and King were cousins. Story and Lowell were both Cambridge boys, and had been at Wells's school together. Lowell and Hale were together in Alpha Delta and in "Harvardiana." So far I need not try to distinguish this company from companies of college seniors such as many of my readers have known.

But there was a distinction, unique so far as I have seen, in the fact that four of these young men had sisters of nearly their own age, all charming young women, whose

[1] In the preface Bancroft says that he has formed the design of writing our history "to the present time." "The work will extend to four, perhaps five, volumes." In fact, four volumes carried him to 1776. When he died he had published twelve, which brought him to 1789.



PORTION OF A NOTE, CONTAINING A REFERENCE TO MARIA LOWELL, WRITTEN BY LOWELL TO WILLIAM ABIJAH WHITE

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD
From an old print.

tastes, interests, and studies were precisely the same as their brothers', and whose complete intimacy and tender, personal, self-sacrificing love for each other was absolute. I am asked by a friend whom I consult with regard to this narrative to say, what I had not said at first but what is true, that they were of remarkable personal beauty. No girls ever lived with one heart and one soul in more complete union and harmony than these five. They were Anna Maria White, who married Lowell; Mary Story, who married George Ticknor Curtis; Augusta Gilman King and Caroline Howard King, and Sarah Everett Hale. In their personal talk, in their constant letters, they spoke of themselves as "The Band." But I need not say that where there was such an intimacy as theirs, or where there was such an intimacy as their brothers', the brothers and the sisters were equally intimate. The home of each was the home of all. These homes were in Boston, Watertown, Cambridge, and Salem. Lowell was made as intimate in each of these homes as he was in his own father's house. Among all these ten there was the simplest and most absolute personal friendship.

While the girls called this association "The Band," the boys were more apt to call it "The Club." Not that it ever had any place of meeting, any rules, any duties, or any other conditions of any club that was ever heard of; but that, generally speaking, where one of them was, there was another. If one had money, all had it. If one had a book, all had it. If one went to Salem to a dance, the probability was that all five went; what was certain was that two or three went. If, at the party, one of the young men was bored by a German *savant* or by a partner he could not leave, he made a secret signal, and one of the others came to the rescue. And so of their sisters.

I am able to speak of the ladies of this group with the more freedom because four of them died in early life. Maria White married Lowell. Mary Story, afterwards Mary Curtis, died in May, 1848. Augusta King and my sister died unmarried.

Whenever they met at Salem, they were sure to meet also Dr. John Francis Tuckerman, and his sister, Jane Frances Tuckerman. I suppose any full catalogue of the Band, if one attempted such a thing, would include these two names. But Tuckerman was not a classmate of Lowell's; he was studying medicine while the others were studying law, and Lowell was not thrown into such personal intimacy with him as with the others.

I am favored, by the person best competent to write, with a few reminiscences:

Dear E——:

You have asked me to write for you what I can remember of James Lowell's connection with the Band of Brothers and Sisters. I will gladly try to do so, though it would be as impossible to produce on paper the charm of that brilliant circle as to catch a falling star and imprison it for future examination!

But perhaps I can make a picture for you of one of the Band meetings at my father's house, at which James Lowell was present, which may give some faint idea of that gay group of friends.

It is in April, 1842, and for weeks sounds of preparation have been echoing through the old house. Two beds are placed in each of the spacious bedrooms, the larder is supplied with dainties, a feeling of expectation pervades the air, and a sense of general festivity is diffused through the house, which has put on its holiday dress to greet the coming guests. As they were all friends of James Lowell's at that time, perhaps a slight sketch of some of them may interest your readers.

First, James himself, slight and small, with rosy cheeks and starry eyes and waving hair parted in the middle, very like Page's picture. He was very reserved in manner, much absorbed in his lady-love, and although his wit was always brilliant, it had not then ripened into the delightful humor of after days. He and his friend William Page, the artist, were at this time possessed with a divine fury for Shakespeare's Sonnets. The little book was forever in their hands, and happy were they when they could catch a stray brother or sister to listen to "just this one beauty," which usually was followed by twenty more; and happy, too, was the brother or sister,

for although James did not then read well, his voice being thin and without resonance, his youthful, loving enthusiasm cast a spell over his crooning, the charm of which nobody could resist.[1]

N. H., tall and graceful, perhaps the most highly gifted of that bright circle, dropping the diamonds of his polished wit in a languid, nonchalant manner, but capable of a rare awakening when the right moment came.

W. W. S., versatile and vivacious, a capital mimic, an adept at bright nonsense and gay repartee.

W. A. W. A good head and kind heart, always ready to cap a good story with a better, which invariably began with, "I knew a man in Watertown," so that the man in Watertown came to be counted a regular member of the Band.

J. G. K., the leader in the revels, lighting up every meeting with his peculiar racy vein of humor, and J. F. T., the beauty of the Band and the sweetest singer of his time.

And now, with the charming group of sisters, they have all arrived at "The King's Arms" (as they liked to call the cheerful old house) for a week's visit, and I will try to bring back one evening of that happy time.

We were all in a peculiarly gay frame of mind, for a little plan, devised by the sisters to surprise and please James, had proved entirely successful. The "Year's Life" was just published, but had not been as warmly received by the public as we, with our *esprit de corps*, thought it deserved; so it was arranged that when, on this evening, James, as usual, asked for music, one of the number (our prima donna) should sing one of his own songs, "From the closed window gleams no spark,"[2] adapted to a lovely old air. The song was a great favorite with both James and Maria, for whom it was written, and as the well-known words rang through the room, it was delightful to watch James's face. Surprise, pleasure, tremulous feeling, and finally a look of delight as he turned to Maria, flashed over it. He had been a member of the Band for only a short time (through his engagement to M. W.), and this friendly appreciation was doubly valued by both of them.

In those days we always had a fourth meal at about ten o'clock, and after an evening of music and dancing, and a good time generally, we adjourned to the dining-room, where, seated at the large round table, the great festivity began, and an unfailing flow of wit, sentiment, fun, and scintillation was kept up into the small hours of the night. Sometimes James Lowell would be called upon for one of his two songs, "The Battle of the Nile," "Baxter's Boys They Built a Mill." If "The Battle of the Nile" were chosen, we prepared for fun. The words were only,

> The battle of the Nile,
> I was there all the while,[1]

in endless repetition, sung to a slow, droning tune. James had no voice and little ear, though he loved music. He would begin in a lifeless, indifferent manner, hardly raising his head, while we all sat quietly round him. Presently W. S. would join with his deep bass, then a clear soprano or a tenor would be heard, and so on, one after another dropping in until in the end the whole circle would be on their feet, singing at the top of their voices, James leading them with all the airs and graces of a finished conductor. Then James would call upon my father for his favorite song,

> In a moldering cave where
> The wretched retreat,
> Britannia sat wasted with care.
> She wept for her Wolfe—

and at this point the whole party were expected to break out into dolorous weeping. Then came songs and glees, in the choruses of which we all heartily joined. Or M. W. would repeat "Binnorie, oh Binnorie," or W. S. sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave," or some of the party sing and act for us the oratorio of the "Skeptic," with one

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[1] I have that little volume now, enriched with James's marks and annotations, and full of pleasant memories.—E. E. H.

[2] "The Serenade."

[1] The oldest form of this song is—

> "The siege of Belle Isle,
> I was there all the while."

This carries it back as far as 1761.—E. E. H.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

GEORGE BANCROFT

From the crayon portrait done in 1852 by Lawrence, now owned by Mr. John C. Bancroft, of Boston.

awful chorus, "Tremble Whipstick," in which we were all expected to show violent signs of trembling fear. It was all nonsense, but delightful nonsense, the bubbling over of these gay young spirits.

But this is only a sketch of the lighter hours of the Band. We had our serious times, when everything in heaven or on earth was discussed with the airy audacity that belongs to youth, when all the questions of the day—art, politics, poetry, ethics, religion, philosophy—were bowled down by our light balls, with easy certainty that we were quite able to settle the affairs of the world. There was great variety of character and opinion among us, so that our discussions did not lack spice and vigor; but for the short time he was with us, when wit met wit in the bright mêlée, there was no keener lance in rest among the "Knights of the Round Table" than James Lowell's.

[To be continued in the April Magazine Number.]

MADDONINA

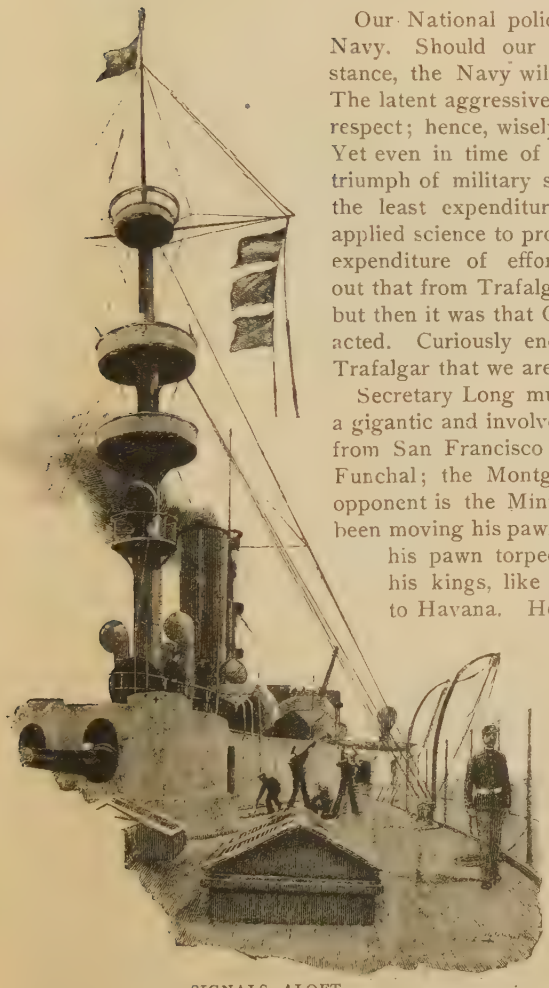
The painting with the above title is by Roberto Ferruzzi, a Venetian artist. The picture was exhibited in the International Art Exposition of 1907 at Venice, and received very high praise. Our reproduction is from a photograph by the Rev. Wallace Nutting, of Providence, R. I.

A BATTLE-SHIP IN ACTION

Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum. Reproduced from "All Hands." Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

The Naval Defenses of the Nation

By Elbert F. Baldwin



SIGNALS ALOFT

Drawn by Mr. R. F. Zogbaum. Reproduced from "All Hands." Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

Our National police force consists of the Army and the Navy. Should our peace be disturbed from Spain, for instance, the Navy will have the brunt of the policing to do. The latent aggressive strength of our Navy wins for it a real respect; hence, wisely directed, it makes for peace, not war. Yet even in time of war, as Captain Mahan says, the greatest triumph of military science is to win with the least fighting, the least expenditure of life—just as it is the triumph of applied science to produce the greatest results with the least expenditure of effort. This distinguished authority points out that from Trafalgar to 1815 there was no great naval battle, but then it was that Great Britain's sea power most decisively acted. Curiously enough, it is against the power possessing Trafalgar that we are now arming ourselves.

Secretary Long must feel nowadays as if he were playing a gigantic and involved game of chess. He moves the Oregon from San Francisco to Callao; the Helena from Lisbon to Funchal; the Montgomery from Key West to Havana. His opponent is the Minister of Marine at Madrid. He, too, has been moving his pawns and kings about. He has been sending his pawn torpedo-boats from Cadiz to the Canaries, and his kings, like the Vizcaya, to New York, and thence to Havana. He has some splendid pieces in reserve—the Cristobal Colon, the Maria Teresa, and others. So has Secretary Long in the battle-ships Massachusetts, Indiana, Iowa; in the cruisers Columbia, Minneapolis, New York, Brooklyn.

Strange to say, in this international game of chess it is the pawns that just now seem to count for the most. Of course the mighty battle-ships—the kings—make the greatest impression. They are magnificent floating forts; they cost three or four million dollars apiece; they spout forth fire and destruction with terrible effect. But they also do other things. In three minutes' time they may turn tail and dive to the bottom of the sea, there to remain, as in the case of the British Victoria, rammed by the Camperdown in the Mediterranean a few years ago. Or, as we have had recent and sad cause to know, there may be an explosion, whether from without or within, and in an instant hundreds of men and millions of money are lost.

Men are slow to believe that the idea of bigness as connected with fighting boats should be abandoned, and hence we have battle-ship after battle-ship constructed at enormous cost. Yet there has been no proof that these huge vessels may not be as dangerous to the home government as to the enemy's. At best they are smoldering volcanoes. The only naval contest of recent date in which battle-ships were engaged was that of the Yalu in the Chino-Japanese War, when the Japanese showed that their lighter cruisers were more to be relied on than were the heavy Chinese craft. Despite this, it has been said in defense of the great war-ships that the Japanese owed their victory the

ENTRANCE TO BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD

rather to their better manning and discipline. Of course it is true that the navy must depend not so much on the gun as on the man behind it.

We have four three-million-dollar battleships afloat—the Oregon, Indiana, Massachusetts, and Iowa; five of even greater cost are in process of construction. We had two of less displacement, armament, and cost than any of the above; one of these lies at the bottom of Havana Harbor.

Our armored cruisers are the three-million-dollar Brooklyn and New York. Our protected cruisers are the nearly three-million-dollar Minneapolis and Columbia, the nearly two-million-dollar Olympia, the million-dollar Newark, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Baltimore, Charleston, Cincinnati, Raleigh, and the less-cost Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, Detroit, Marblehead, and Montgomery. Our cruiser list is thus an imposing one. It is now reinforced by the recent emergency purchase of two good ships, the Amazonas and the Almirante Abrouall, which had just been built in England for the Brazilian navy. They are protected cruisers, like our Raleigh and Cincinnati; that is to say, they are not heavily armored. They have no barbettes or gun-carriages which can be raised and lowered, permitting discharges from bulwarks instead of from portholes. They will be a welcome addition to our fleet, but there was not so much need of increasing it in this respect as of preventing Spain from increasing hers.

In gunboats we have the Concord, Yorktown, Bennington, Annapolis, Newport, Petrel, Princeton, Vicksburg, Marietta, Wheeling, Nashville, Bancroft, Castine, Machias, Helena, Wilmington. Perhaps there is no better-known fighting craft than the ordinary gunboat.

Ever since our Civil War other engines of destruction, the monitors, have kept a marked and increasingly important place in our naval armament. No occurrence of that war has been more vividly in the minds of Americans than the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor. Bravery was as surely displayed by Paul Jones and his men in the Revolution, by Perry and his men in the War of 1812; but here was equal bravery united with a contest of machines, which thrilled the world. From the date of that battle naval defense has been revolutionized. The frigate departed; the turret came. There is, nevertheless, a difference of opinion regarding monitors. Some contend that they are too slow, and cannot make quick movements from one port to another. On the other hand, it is claimed, in the first place, that the monitor presents greater invulnerability with less proportional weight than any other kind of boat, for most of it is below the water-line; secondly, that it can fire its guns in rough weather more accurately than can any other type of ship, for its gun platform is steadiest; lastly, that the loss of a monitor would be a slight thing compared to the loss of a battle-ship. The work of monitors is to guard the entrances to harbors and to act as battle-ship helpers. In the present juncture the modern boats of this class—the Puritan, Amphitrite, Miantonomoh, Monadnock, Terror—will have the assistance of thirteen old-

fashioned, single-turreted monitors. Thirty years and more have passed since the famous trial of Ericsson's invention. No naval notion has since so astonished the world, but our Yankee ingenuity still finds play, and our Yankee persistence induces the Government to experiment with dynamite cruisers like the Vesuvius and with submarine diving-boats like the Holland and the Plunger.

The Ericsson and Cushing, with their twenty-four and twenty-two knot speed, are torpedo-boats of which any nation might be proud, but it must be acknowledged with chagrin that our navy is weakest in torpedo-boats and in torpedo-boat destroyers. Our number of battle-ships is out of all proportion, or rather our total of torpedo craft is under all proportion. Mr. Herreshoff, the blind torpedo-boat and yacht builder, proposes to duplicate the Gwin and the Talbot in three months' time, though it took nearly four times as long to build the first two. Their patterns being at hand, new boats could more quickly be put together.

To make up for a still more glaring deficiency in our torpedo flotilla, the Navy Department has been taking account of swift and well-built private yachts. The first one to be converted into a torpedo-boat destroyer may be the yacht Mayflower, built by the late Ogden Goelet. The Mayflower may be fitted with torpedo-tubes, and in addition to her small battery already on board there will be placed in position some rapid-firing rifles. This is only the beginning, however. The Mayflower is not a fast boat, that is, as speed is considered nowadays in torpedo vessels, and our Government is endeavoring to obtain some swifter craft abroad. Up to the present we have not had one torpedo-boat destroyer—let alone a flotilla of them. Several destroyers are now in process of construction at the Thornycroft works in England, and the company has offered to sell the complete detailed working drawings of the ships, but our Government would prefer to buy the ships themselves. It is, indeed, reported that some have already been secured elsewhere.

To sum up, in terms of tonnage, our naval force consists of eleven ships of the first rank—that is to say, of five thousand tons and over. Of the second rank (between three thousand and five thousand tons), we have seventeen. Of ships of the third rank (between one thousand and three thousand tons), we have no less than forty-two. Of ships of the fourth rank (between five hundred and one thousand tons), we have only seven. The

BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD: MAIN STREET, SHOWING COMMANDANT'S OFFICE

THE ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN:" A RECEPTION

total number of our ships is seventy-seven, about one-third of this number being armored. Above fifty ships are now in commission and ready for service.

The disposition of our fleet has been in Atlantic and Pacific, European and Asiatic squadrons. The last-named squadron will probably remain at Hong-Kong, ready to move on the Philippines in case of trouble with Spain. We have no longer a European squadron; it has lately consisted of three boats in Lisbon Harbor. To order them home was a wise thing, for in case of war, Spain might easily have bottled them up there. Two of the boats, the Helena and the Bancroft, were not heavily armed; the other—the San Francisco—is a cruiser of considerable importance. She is at present transferring her crew in England to the new Brazilian cruiser Amazonas, now ours. The Oregon's departure leaves the defense of the Pacific coast in the care of the Charleston, Philadelphia, Monterey, and Monadnock. This seems sufficient, as in any conflict with Spain not a ship in her navy could be spared for service on the Pacific. The fact that the Oregon must needs be moved around from San Francisco to the West Indies is certainly reason enough why the Nicaragua Canal should be built. It is a military as well as a commercial necessity. Two months spent in doing what two weeks would accomplish is galling in the extreme to a high-spirited, businesslike, and rather "up-to-date" people.

Most important of all at any time, but especially now, is our Atlantic coast defense, and of that defense the large fleet of ships now at Key West is truly "the observed of all observers." Even with its lack of torpedo craft the assemblage is a formidable one. At all events, Admiral Sicard commands an unprecedented gathering of American ships. They consist, first, of the so-called coast-line and ocean-going battle-ships Indiana and Iowa, built so as to allow access to as large a number of harbors as possible, yet also built for distant service, since each vessel's bunkers hold many hundred tons of coal, thus giving opportunity for an extraordinarily long cruise without recoaling. These boats are provided with variously sized guns, including the largest made, and are equipped with the thickest nickel-steel armor. Such guns and armor are remarkable not alone from a naval standpoint; we are reminded by them also of our country's prodigious manufacturing development. A decade ago we were producing nothing in armor exceed-

DECK OF BATTLE-SHIP "MASSACHUSETTS"

ing five inches, or in guns above eight inches. Still, as we are reminded, a battle is won by the weight of metal landed, not by the weight thrown. Next come the cruisers New York, Montgomery, and Detroit. Then there are the gunboats Annapolis and Nashville, while four more are cruising about the Caribbean Sea. After these the ram Katahdin should be mentioned. As the name indicates, the use of this boat is to launch herself against the hull of her foe. Then come the representatives of our monitor, torpedo, and dispatch boat service.

In the more northern fleets the ships which first interest one are the armored cruiser Brooklyn, and the protected cruisers, the twenty-three-knot Minneapolis and the twenty-two-knot Columbia. The latter mount eleven guns each. Then there is the slower Cincinnati, also of eleven guns. Following these comes the Marblehead cruiser class, then follow gunboats like the Machias, and then the monitors: the Puritan, mounting twelve-inch guns; the Miantonomoh, Terror, and Amphitrite, with ten-inch guns; lastly, the torpedo-boats. In case of war the Brooklyn, Minneapolis, and Columbia would probably form the nucleus of a flying squadron.

It is a satisfaction to add that the House Committee on Naval Affairs has authorized the building of three new battle-ships At the same time it has agreed on a maximum price of four hundred dollars a ton for armor-plate. Three new torpedo-boats and three torpedo-boat destroyers are also authorized, and an appropriation set aside for the establishment of a Government smokeless powder factory. Five new dry-docks have been authorized. A greater dry-dock is about being built at Newport News. This mammoth dock will be capable of receiving two of our largest war-ships at one time. It will cost over a million dollars. The present dock at Newport News is now the largest in American waters, but lacks a few feet of being able to receive our present first-class battle-ships.

For the auxiliary fleet about two hundred vessels are now actually available, although it is said that the original list offered included nearly one thousand names. These range from the American Line steamers of eleven thousand tonnage down to steam yachts and ocean-going scout-tugs. On the St. Louis and St. Paul of the American Line there would be placed eight six-inch guns each; on the other boats, taken from the Southern Pacific Company, the Ward, Plant, and Old Dominion Lines and other companies, the

guns would be fewer in number and smaller in size. An important addition to the auxiliary fleet is an ambulance ship. It will fly the Red Cross flag as a guarantee of neutrality. A cause for National congratulation is found in the fact that our Naval Ordnance Bureau declares its readiness to arm with the most modern rifles and ammunition twelve auxiliary cruisers as speedily as they can be secured.

THE TORPEDO-BOAT "STILETTO"

The United States Navy must be first in point of efficiency. Comparing it with Spain's, we find ourselves stronger in battle-ships, protected cruisers, and monitors, Spain being apparently stronger in armored cruisers and torpedo-craft.

The coaling problem has been greatly simplified by the establishment at the Dry Tortugas (islands sixty-odd miles west of Key West) of a fortress and coaling station as a base of naval operations. Not only is the Tortugas station of strategic value in land defense, but its anchorage is well sheltered and ample for a fleet. The navy needs coal there to the amount of twenty-five thousand tons. Five hundred thousand dollars out of the emergency fund of fifty millions unanimously voted by Congress was set aside for enlarging the storage facilities of the Tortugas and of Key West. In case of war with Spain the whole crux of the situation might lie in our ability to coal quickly off the Florida coast, and in Spain's ability or non-ability to coal in the West Indies. It has even been said that if our navy can prevent an opponent from coaling, the army will never be called into action for defense.

The Spanish scare will have had one good effect if it forces us to reorganize the personnel of our navy. As has just been seen, we have ships and machines, armaments and guns. Have we men? For the rank and file the requirements are such that even an emergency enlistment has gone forward only slowly. Yet we must have at least two thousand men immediately available, of this number one-fifth being urgently needed to fill out crews of vessels already in commission.

Turning to the higher grades, we find a seemingly unreasonable length in the course of the Naval Academy—four years at Annapolis and two at sea. The Roosevelt Bill is so called from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who presided over the Board which framed it, the naval members being seven line officers and four engineers. By the provisions of this bill, now before Congress, the two years' sea service following graduation is dispensed with. It is also provided that cadet engineers now on cruises, and also those belonging to this year's class, shall receive commissions at once and be assigned to duty as junior engineers. Thus about eighty commissioned officers would be immediately added to the present Engineer Corps. Our Congressmen are therefore likely to have a greater rush of applicants than before; it will be remembered that one naval cadet is allowed for each member of the House of Representatives, one for the

THE SIGNAL BRIDGE: FOLLOWING MOVEMENTS OF THE FLAGSHIP

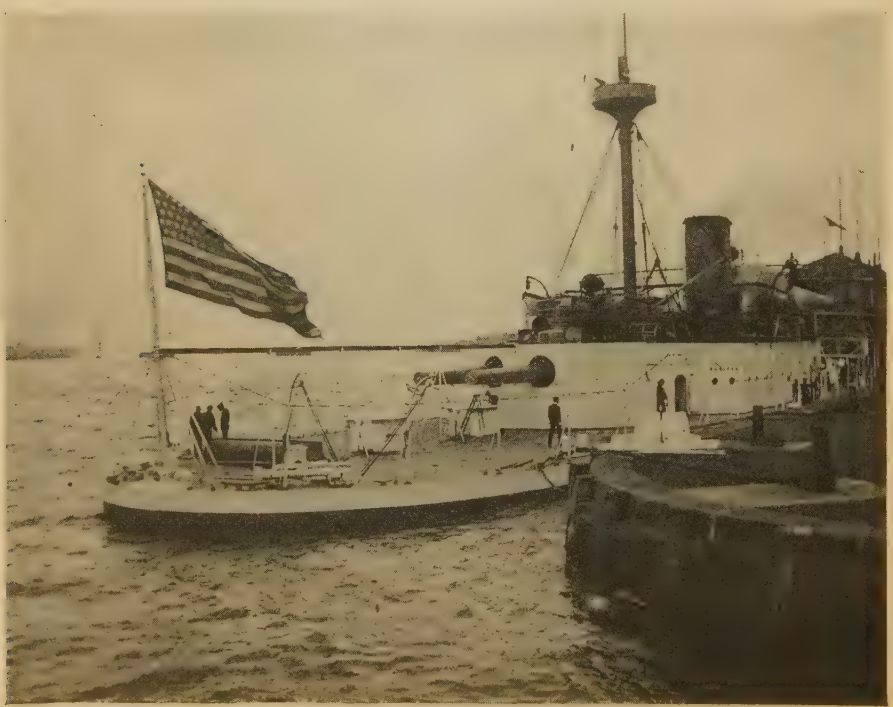
Drawn by Mr. R. F. Zogbaum. Reproduced from "All Hands." Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

District of Columbia, and ten at large. When the cadet returns to the Academy for final graduation, the district then becomes vacant.

Another untoward feature of the navy has been that the chances of promotion have been dependent upon seniority. This has worked evil in two ways: sometimes officers are too old when their turn at promotion comes, or, on the other hand, have only just had sufficient ripeness of experience to fit them for perfect executive action, when, lo! the age-limit is reached. If the Roosevelt Bill becomes law, there will be a more rapid securing of promotion by the annual compulsory making of vacancies in each class (if they do not occur through natural causes), by a Board of Admirals who shall be empowered to retire such officers as it may choose. This may seem harsh, but the facts remain that the proportion of subordinate officers is too great to permit them all to attain command-rank in time to be of the greatest good.

The Roosevelt Bill will also amalgamate engineers with the line. In consequence of the inadequately manned and hence overworked engineering department, there has long been ill feeling between engineers and line officers. The older engineers should receive line titles, and will, under the new bill. If they so elect, engineers of an intermediate age may pass examinations to be assigned to line work; if they do not so elect, they are put with the first group. The younger among the engineers, however, must in any event qualify for line duties. On the other hand, the line officers must learn how to manage machinery. The provision of the Roosevelt Bill adding to the navy, with warrant rank, one hundred machinists for the engine-room watches is regarded as of signal importance. These machinists will do much work now performed by the engineers. Attention has also been called to the insufficiency of our electrical service as far as men are concerned. If electricity is to decide naval combats, as has been prophesied, our ships surely ought to have skilled service a-plenty from a country which has led the way in electrical inventions and appliances.

These lacks will be made good, and pride will be more than ever justified in that arm of our National defense much in evidence during these days and nights of agitation if not of war. Nevertheless, as Captain Mahan says, if our navy bore any due proportion to the population and wealth of the Nation, there need be no agitation and no war.



AFTER-DECK OF THE MONITOR "PURITAN"

Easters and Easters

By the Countess Alida von Krockow

THE notion that Americans do not understand how to be merry is accepted so commonly nowadays that we have almost ceased discussing it. Yet the charge must have been met with a good deal of resentment, I fancy, when it was started first. I know that we took our holidays in New York when I was young, as they came round, celebrated them more or less, and thought no more about them. We were content with them and with ourselves. It did not occur to anybody to inquire whether there were better kinds of observances. We were sure in advance that there were not. If we had a creed on the subject, it was made up of two articles, the first of which ran to the effect that we were better than the Roman Catholics, who solemnized Church festivals; while the second embodied the idea that the thriftlessness of foreigners was shown by their indulgence in useless fête-days.

What occurred when poets began to disturb this complacent state of mind—I think it must have been poets, at any rate—by ridiculing as poverty of sentiment what had been assumed as virtuous superiority, I imagine somewhat as follows: The first instinct of good citizens was to ask what the whole matter was about, anyway.

Then they declared, with tempers a good deal ruffled, that if a more glorious holiday existed than the American Fourth of July, they would like to know it; *they* had never heard of it.

The National attitude of mind, in short, was indignant and incredulous.

However, too many Americans had traveled in other lands, with observant senses, not to have been struck by the truth of the novel charge. They had become aware of a great difference between the home manner of marking a festival by a speech and a town procession, or by a sermon and a family dinner, and the whole-souled abandonment of the populations of the Old World to festive periods for days together. And they had to admit the fact.

The difference was, indeed, prodigious. But they also resorted to apology. Americans, they said, are not the only people who have lost the art of being merry. The English likewise took their pleasures staidly.

The whole truth is, the time for folk festivals is past. Men cannot be expected to deliver themselves up to deliriums of ecstasy in the nineteenth century as they did in the Middle Ages. They have not the mediæval superstitions, thriftlessness, and lax morality which make animal jubilation of the old sort possible. Protestantism has sobered mobs. Where festivals are carried on still in a bacchic spirit, civilization is behind the times; and this was the conclusion that sound, matter-of-fact Americans accepted generally.

But as all minds are not matter-of-fact, some individuals remain who nourish an ideal wish to take a part in these Old World festivals. They would give a good deal to feel their pulses beating in harmony with a great joy, and their souls infused by the magic of a jubilant delight that left no room for contemplation. These are the unhappy people who since childhood have not been able "to get out of themselves."

You see their wistful faces in the Carnival crowds at Nice, staring at the kneeling multitudes of a Roman Easter Benediction, and watching the Bairam procession at Constantinople and Beirut. In vain; the spirit of rejoicing passes them by and leaves them unpossessed, do what they may.

They end by reasoning discouragingly that young animal spirits must be the requisite which is needed for the transports of imagination; or, since old men and women, who cannot possess much vitality, seem as pleased as anybody, why, childlike ignorance of mind may be the thing; or a faculty of living in the present moment; or a something—it is hard to define exactly what.

Very few are led behind the scenes where the drama of great folk festivals prepares itself. I never should have been, I am sure, save for the accident of having married, and having lived in the province of North Silesia, so noted for its fêtes.

There my eyes were opened, with the result that, as I had been before one of those same seekers after gayety and joy, I say now, the people is happiest that has no festivals.

Take Easter, for example. We know what

it means to us. A day of rejoicing by the Christian Church indeed, but practically, in so far as popular celebration is concerned, limited to the decoration of the church altars with floral offerings, and attendance at church service; by many it signifies scarcely more than the flaunting of new spring clothes.

In Silesia Easter is not a term for any one day, but a period of two weeks or more, without any fixed date of commencement.

All you know is that some day, on driving through your village, you observe more life than usual along the highway, and see lads dispersed over the fields cutting twigs of willow; into the old town market-square, and behold its weather-blackened booths and massive archways alive, as it were, with brightest color.

The smart coloring, you see, comes from small twigs painted red and adorned with paper flowers. Every market-woman on the square has bunches of them for sale; they hang among the festoons of sausages in the meat-booths, blossom over the cabbages of the vegetable stands, and peep out of the legs of the boots in the shoe-shops—dozens, hundreds of them.

One woman who has nothing else for sale waves them at the passers-by, crying: "Buy a May-tree! Ho! Wake up! Heigho staves! Heigho staves! A Lattery switch, sir? Here's for you!" Everybody buys one. On the road home you pass families of peasants trapseing along with the gay things. And the gallant-looking branches greet you again at your threshold, this time in the hands of a group of little children, singing. Your cook dispenses cake to them; and later, with all her fellow-servants, sallies forth with the greening boughs.

By Palm Sunday every living soul seems to have got hold of a green twig or two, or to be holding his penny ready in his pocket to purchase one, or his jackknife to cut one for himself.

"Lattery," of course, is a corruption of Latore, the second Sunday before Palm Sunday, the day when the May-trees, I suppose, were originally carried about.

One sees how tattered and faded, almost past recognition, is the garment become that once, no doubt, was a stately robe of ceremony; a symbolism that covered and expressed the high sense of natural human joy in light and color, and that anticipated by procession and rapt parade the coming pageantry of the unfolding year across the earth from the early South to the distant North.

Yet discovery even of these ragged remnants is exhilarating here in the East, where life looks poor enough. The pristine meaning of the May-tree procession remains clear to the people's hearts, one thinks, however it may be to their heads, by the sheer means of a primitive, continued want of heat, and by glad inward stirrings at the prospect of a change. Their low, cold huts are not so different, in truth, from those of their forefathers, who created the first out-of-door rites. And then the fact that this heritage of a childlike and poetic past should have been caught at, when relinquished by their elders, and held by the hands of little children, gives one an insight into the graceful recompense of Nature and life.

By Palm Sunday the sky is lofty, bright, full of scudding white cloudlets in place of the heavy, immovable mist that intrenches itself there all the winter. Underfoot are small puddles and sinks of mud; but the pedestrians who tripped round them carefully yesterday, plash through them in reckless good spirits to-day. It is not always that your countryman goes into the church, even if he comes into the town. But on Palm Sunday he omits his visit to the "Golden Tree Tavern" and comes along to mass with his women folks. The willow sprigs that serve for "palms" are sticking in his and his youngsters' hats. The women hold theirs in the same hand with their prayer-book, which is wrapped up for protection in a linen handkerchief. With the other hand they lift their multitudinous skirts. The damp exhalations of human crowds seem somehow, when mingled with the strong balsam of the smoke of incense, to belong peculiarly to the church, and form the cathedral atmosphere that makes up an insensible part of the sacred impressions which the memory preserves of holidays and mass.

The people, who have scarce standing room, shove closer together as the procession of the priests begins, and sink upon their knees. The countryman, pulling the twig from off his cap, holds it out to be sprinkled with holy water, then makes the sign of the cross over it and his own bosom.

In his thoughts move remembrances, at this moment, of the scene two thousand years ago that took place in the holy city of Jerusalem. But, as he sticks the palm in his hat again, he thinks, too, of all his grandfather

used to tell him of Miller Hansen's grandfather, of Devil Hansen's buck, and of his own loss of his barns in the summer of '71, when he had drank at the "Golden Tree" on Palm Sunday instead of coming to church to mass; if the fire was not exactly lightning, yet it might have been, he reflects sagely, and therefore he carefully preserves his palms, this time, for they protect against lightning and flood. Meanwhile the procession is disappearing again, in the choir behind the altar—the Archbishop in a purple gown, the priests in red, and the altar-boys in white long surplices.

The Archbishop and priests carry real, tropic palm-leaves, but not always with dignity or solemnity; some of the elder priests shoulder theirs like soldiers with guns off drill.

A curious custom exists in some villages in the mountains, of the sacristan shutting the door before the face of the bishop and beginning a confab with him. But this rough detail, that embodied one of the difficulties made to Christ's entrance into Jerusalem, is expunged from the ceremony of town and city churches.

The countryman, meanwhile, leaves the church with the reflection that it will be well to walk over his fields on Green Thursday afternoon while the holy water is fresh upon him; it makes the meadows green, and protects the crops.

At this same time the children expect the Easter hare in the fields and outlying woods. He has sat in effigy for a long time in the show window of the grocer in the town, and on Green Thursday afternoon they make their first hunt for him and his red-egg nests in his real resorts out-of-doors. There is no end to the wonder of seeing how each and every class of the population, in fact, has found its own way for expressing its satisfaction, its new hopefulness and gladness.

The farmer whose heart is in his fields and cattle turns his thoughts to these, as we have seen. The goodwife, in both country and town, turns hers to baking. The advent of Easter would alone be recognizable in Silesia by the sight of the multitudes of maids and houseboys who hurry along to and from the bakers' with yard-square trays of Streuzel Kuchen—the Easter cake.

Towards evening on the day before Easter Sunday the rustic youths leave off their chore work in court and stable, and, from a custom sanctioned by hoary age, gather dry brushwood in the fields or upon the hill-tops, and set it burning.

A row of fresh aprons on buxom figures turns up before the eyes of the mistress of the manor-house, and the ancient "Please, your Grace, may we now go out to Calvary?" is intoned, and her ladyship answers, "Yes." They mean a neighboring familiar hill by "Calvary," which is either natural or has been thrown up artificially and given this name. Every town possesses one. In old Catholic times it was surmounted by a crucifix, and the devout population of the place crept, with rosary in hand, past the seven "stations" of our Lord's passion, one by one, mumbling countless *aves*, to the awful top. But now the mount is occupied generally by a restaurant, placed in the midst of white birch-trees, with wooden tables and benches around in the open. Hitherwards the maids repair, and hither come lads from field and workshop. They stroll about together, drink coffee, chat, and make the night air ring with laughter.

The townsman sees the moving figures in the white grave on the hill, and the flag once more on the long-closed restaurant, and cries to himself, "'Tis Easter." And by morning all the small world of those parts, the humble, the well-to-do, and the fashionable, are exclaiming the same, and every bell in every steeple, far and near, is ringing in the Easter dawn, and every heart going wild at the sound from joy.

Do you ask me why? The explanation, I think, has been hinted at. It is because all these people have suffered intensely from the gloom and the length of their winter, and Easter signifies release.

You see it is not the possession of anything, but *privation*, which accounts for wild holidays. Great festivals are like works of great art, the product of painful experience. Just as the sadness of poets seeks an outlet in song, so does the misery of peoples in holiday-making.

Out of the depths, O Lord, out of the depths!

This is the essence of festival rejoicing, the cry that vibrates down the years, and, knocking against the breasts of men, moves them to jubilation. Political holidays—the old English Guy Fawkes Day, Sedan Tag in Germany, the September fête of the Italians, and the American Fourth—are they not all alike commemorations of tragic events *which at the same time were deliverances?*

EAST RIVER AND THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Getting About New York[1]

By Ernest Ingersoll

THE most active of all New York's "activities" is certainly the way we go to and fro upon her streets and up and down therein. Nothing could be found better illustrating the word quoted above than the ceaseless rapid march along Broadway, the morning and evening racing to ferries, the scramble up and down "L" stairways, the athletic scrimmaging at the big bridge, the clever dodging of trolley-cars in Brooklyn, the frantic grip with fingers and toes as you are swung around corners and kicked to goal along a cable-car route by a rib-loosening series of impulses and checks. If these are not activities, what are they?

New York had not always the benefit of these daily gymnastics. Look back three-quarters of a century and you will see pictures of the city in which here and there a great covered vehicle stands drawn up conveniently by the curbstone, a wide door hangs open at the side, and elegant ladies and gentlemen are bowing one another in. Those were leisurely days; but then the newspapers did not contain an almost daily account of persons maimed or killed by public conveyances. When these roomy, low-hung old carriages disappeared, into their place came the rumbling white omnibuses which many of us remember, and all the advantages of the change seem to have been on the side of the owners. They would hold more persons, but they encumbered the roadways, were awkward to climb into and out of, were jolting, noisy, and discomfortable to such a degree that it is marvelous they held their place so long. But regard to comfort in travel, either on the part of traffic agents or by passengers, is a modern idea; at any rate, the lumbering old Broadway stages did not vanish until 1886, when they and the Boodle Aldermen went into limbo together, and the street-car company came in—heir of all the stages.

Meanwhile John Stephenson had caught an idea from his namesake, and laid along the Bowery and Fourth Avenue, in 1831, a line of flat iron straps bolted upon timber to form the first street railway. He placed upon it "an omnibus car, with flanged wheels, and built in three compartments, entered from the side and each holding ten persons, and with seats on the roof for thirty more passengers." This was drawn by horses—how many I do not know—but it proved a failure financially, and nothing more was heard of a tramway until 1845, when the same road was revived with cars of the present form, entered at the ends and having no classified compartments. This succeeded, yet ten years elapsed before the Third Avenue, Sixth Avenue, and other prominent old-time lines were put into operation. The growth of the demand for local transportation was not then at the rate of twenty million fares a year, as it is said to be at present, only half a century later.

The Harlem people in those days had a pleasanter means of going and coming between the city and their suburban homes than this, however, in the steamboats which used to skurry up and down East River—dashing little craft which had amazing power of wriggling through a maze of vessels and avoiding the tidal whirlpools of that vexed waterway. None ever ran on North River, because the population at the upper end of the island on that side has always been too scanty to make it pay; but some day we shall enjoy a line of boats from Staten Island and South Brooklyn to Yonkers, stopping at the various fine landings which will then exist along the North River front, and it will be a delight to travelers.

The building of the elevated roads, however, put an end to the Harlem steamboats, and struck a spur into the hitherto impenetrable hides of the horse-car managers—who needed it! Why is it that working long with horses tends to brutalize a person, making cabmen and truckmen and car-drivers the greatest bullies humanity can show? And why is it that of all enterprises depending upon general public patronage, that of managing street-cars is likely to be the most niggardly and reckless in return for the patron's money? Think of the jolting track, roughly

[1] This article forms one of the series relating to the municipal activities of the new City of New York, which began with ex-Commissioner Sheffield's article on "The New York Fireman" in our March Magazine Number. Articles will follow on the New York Post-Office System, by Mr. A. E. Palmer, on the Police System, by Mr. J. A. Riis, and on the Park System, by ex-Superintendent Samuel Parsons, Jr.

AT THE THIRTY-
Drawn for The

OURTH STREET FERRY
utlook by Dan Beard

built cars, with hard, ill-shaped seats, barbarous decorations, and dirty, ununiformed, and impatient conductors, that used to constitute the street-car service of this and other cities a few years ago! No proper light in the cars at night, so that one could not read, and was in constant danger of thievery—a crime now almost unheard of there; no stoves in winter, notwithstanding that many passengers must ride four or five miles, and the only effort to mitigate the cold a mass of filthy, germ-breeding straw under foot; no open cars in summer; no attempt or care of any kind to give more than the least possible return to an all-suffering public!

The public, accustomed from the start to be subjected to waste of time, discomfort, and maltreatment, never supposed any better way was possible, and rarely "kicked" until the "bobtail" was put on by the Bleecker Street and some other lines. This was a straw too much. There was no conductor to collect fares, assist passengers, or keep order. Patrons were required to go to the trouble (and an immense trouble it often was) to make their own change and put the exact fare in a box, or else be assaulted by the driver—and some of the drivers were absolute ruffians. Nothing could exceed the horror of the one-horse "bobtail" as a civilized conveyance, yet it required years and years of struggle to get rid of it.

It was this callous, robber-like disregard of all the rights, not to say privileges, of the traveling public, whose thoroughfares were being freely appropriated, that did more than anything else to build up Brooklyn and the suburban villages as places of residence; and the withdrawal across the rivers of a large part of the most influential population left the street-car traffic in New York more and more to the uncomplaining poor.

Nevertheless the city grew northward, and in the '70's the cry of "rapid transit" began to arise. Two elevated roads were built, but they soon combined to prevent any danger of expensive competition, and arranged their service on the same old idea of "the public be damned." To all pleas for improvement the only answer was, Give us more parks and streets!

Cable roads were soon proved a success in the West, but the local companies agreed to resist their introduction here. "We control the only spaces in which tracks can be laid," they said. "We are making a broader margin of profit by our slow horses, and ramshackle, unhealthy (but crowded) old cars, than it is probable we could make by faster and cleaner ones with even more business—why change? Discomfort? Retarding the city's development? What of it? We get good dividends!"

In a despairing sort of way, the people still held on to one great street—Broadway. It was wrested from them, but the effort ruined a large circle of politicians, led to a party upheaval, and cost the principal manipulator his life. Ultimately, however, the establishment of the Broadway road, conceived and delivered in corruption as it was, led to improvement. It introduced new capital, new brains, and strong competition. The public was regarded no more philanthropically than before, but actually it was served better. The combination necessary to competition, which has now divided the surface transportation of the city into two opposing coalitions, one headed by the Broadway Company and the other by the Third Avenue Company, has forced the adoption on all the principal routes of rapid movement, commodious, handsome, clean, well-lighted, and smoothly running cars, and has introduced a system of transfer tickets by which a person may now ride almost anywhere in each borough for a single fare—something impossible before. No doubt it is true that in political influence and the power to aggrandize themselves at the public expense these coalitions are capable of greater offense and harm than the indifferent old single companies who robbed the patrons individually instead of the city as a whole; but unquestionably the traveling public has vastly benefited by the change, as often happens in the case of other monopolies whose most insidious self-justification is found in just such a fact.

In only one thing have the people distinctly triumphed in their contest with the soulless indifference and greed of the local transportation companies in this city. They have kept off of the island the overhead trolley wires with which Brooklyn and all the city above the Harlem have been cursed; and this has at last resulted in the introduction, now so generally going on, of the underground electric system of propulsion, which (at least from the passenger's point of view) is now the most thoroughly satisfactory method. All Manhattan seems to have been torn up during the past autumn for the installation of this new motive machinery which will soon be in complete operation from the

City Hall to the northern limit of the island on Second, Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, and Ninth Avenues; upon the Belt Line, which skirts the city below Fifty-ninth Street, where it crosses and connects the longitudinal lines; and upon two or three cross-town routes. All this is the work of the Metropolitan combination, which proposes later to substitute electric wires for cables in the conduits on Broadway and Columbus and Lexington Avenues. It will not be many years, doubtless, before the completion of tunnels and bridges, and the logical outcome of the tendency toward consolidation and alliance will do away with the changing of cars at the river, so that continuous routes of electric cars will

FERRYBOATS IN THE ICE

run from, say, Yonkers to the ocean-side resorts, or from White Plains to Jamaica or Fort Hamilton. Nearly 1,000 miles of trolley lines are already operated within the continuous suburban network to be reached by the various ferries and bridges.

This leads to a remark which may be succinctly expressed by the Scotch proverb, "He who goes softly goes safely."

It will seem a truism to every one who considers it for a moment, that in travel, as elsewhere, disadvantage follows advantage as the shadow its object. The natural and primitive method of travel was by walking. When all men trusted only to their legs, none went very fast, but nobody got far ahead of his fellows, and all were as sure as possible of arrival in safety. A man on his own horse gained time, but paid for it by the need of caring for his steed, and subjected himself to the accident of a fall. In his own carriage he gained both speed and comfort at similar risks, which, however, were less than when he intrusted himself, to save expense, to a public coach driven by a stranger. To obtain advantages which seemed profitable, he invented steam railways and placed himself in the hands not only of an unknown "driver," but behind a power as much greater for possible disaster than the four horses of a mail-coach as it was superior to them in energy and rapidity of progress. The old coach was very poorly warmed, but its hot-water cans did not set fire to it when it upset, as did the stoves of railroad cars; and the slow, jiggety old trains of forty years ago did not encoffin their victims in unescapable caskets of plate-glass and mahogany, or shake the very track from under them by their weight and force when an accident happened, as do the palatial but meteoric expresses of to-day. It is possible that statistics—where figures do their most effective lying—may show that the percentage of accidents in travel is decreasing rather than increasing (though a man seems to be killed much deader in a railroad or steamboat accident now than formerly), and yet it remains true that every

so-called improvement is accompanied by some new and more deadly peril.

Again and again have I heard strangers entering New York jeer at the horse-cars plodding along our streets; but after a while they begin to understand that New York is not Oshkosh, nor even Cleveland or St. Louis, and to comprehend our compensations. The crowds upon our streets are incomparable. Broadway or Fulton Street may have its equal in a few business thoroughfares elsewhere, but no other city has anything like the ubiquitous moving throngs that characterize the greater part of Manhattan and Brooklyn from morning to midnight. The experiments in the latter borough, in which more than two hundred and fifty fatal accidents are already charged to the trolley-cars, showed that that system could not be tolerated on Manhattan Island. The public streets are the only playgrounds for the city's children. The youngsters, rich and poor alike, must run and romp there or nowhere. Twice each day more than 450,000 children in this city alone are hastening in careless-hearted droves to or from the school-houses, crossing perhaps three or four double railway tracks *en route*, or using the cars themselves with youth's impetuous incaution. Half a million babies and little ones are playing their games every evening as though the street belonged to them, yet it is comparatively rare that one is hurt by a wagon or horse-car. They not only acquire the most marvelous skill in dodging, but the horses themselves avoid the youngsters even when underfoot, and usually a car can be stopped before a person knocked down by its horses is reached by the wheels. The city recoiled from turning upon these crowds the rushing "juggernauts" of the cable and trolley—especially as the latter held an ever-present danger in its electric power. A broken trolley-wire, melting with a sputtering blue flame, coiling, writhing, and lashing about it like a wounded dragon, liable to kill like a bullet any man or beast it touches, is by no means a pleasant thing in a city street; yet the other day a break in Brooklyn caused no less than two and a half miles of live wire to fall into a busy avenue, threatening everybody with death along its whole extent.

And yet one of the greatest difficulties ever met by the American public has been to induce the owners of trolley and cable cars to provide ordinary safeguards against the dangers they present, or to get courts and juries to punish them properly for damages to life and limb. Little is gained by fining or imprisoning an occasional motorman. If it were understood that for every accident where culpability on the part of the company was proven, the General Manager would be held personally responsible, and the limit of pecuniary liability for death were raised from $5,000 to $25,000, with "settlement out of court" forbidden, "accidents" would drop to the minimum of human fallibility inside of a fortnight.

It has been almost impossible to force companies (except on Manhattan Island) to put any—not to say adequate—guards upon the front or over the wheels of their cars, or to moderate their speed at dangerous points. There was no basis in truth, or economy, or good sense in the persistence with which the Broadway Company hurled its heavy cars at full speed around that "dead man's curve" at Fourteenth Street, until it was forced to yield to perhaps the hardest pressure ever brought to bear upon such a matter. Similar battles must probably be fought over the operation of the new sub-electric lines that are fast replacing horse-cars on the principal routes, and which, in attempting to compete with the elevated roads—whose business is already much diminished—will, no doubt, be run at reckless rates of speed.

The arrogance of these local transportation corporations, making their encroachments so prevalent and serious, is due, of course, in the last analysis, to the forbearance of the populace, which, formerly at any rate, would stand anything. Such submissiveness arises partly from the good-natured American indisposition to make trouble for any one; partly from hopelessness of doing anything against the power of corporations intrenched in political strongholds; but mainly from democracy's failing—"What's everybody's business is nobody's."

It is characteristic of the cosmopolitan greatness of this community that it is ever in movement. The daylight does not bring it to an end—indeed, each day's activities begin before those of the previous day have been concluded. There are persons enough whose business or pleasure it is to be awake during all or most of the night to fill another large city. Between Fourteenth Street and Central Park, and again in central Harlem, the streets are thronged and every transportation line is busy till after midnight. The cars of all lines and the boats of nearly all

MADISON SQUARE: A MOTOR CAB

ferries in this and adjoining cities run all night at short intervals, and are rarely without passengers.

As the theaters close. the streets refill with pedestrians and echo with hurrying carriages, while the cars drift by full of fine clothes and laughing faces. By two o'clock most of the merrymakers have gone, or have been helped, to their beds, and the cars have carried home the thousands of waiters and employees of eating-houses, saloons, drug-stores, candy and cigar stands, and other businesses which keep their doors open till midnight, besides a large contingent of printers. Then comes a lull—the only two hours of the day when the surf-like pulsating roar of the great city is stilled. Sometimes one lying awake at this time will hear clocks strike that he never suspected, or be surprised at the loud whirring of the cable in its slot, or the distinctness of the ferryboat whistles, or the apparent nearness of an elevated train rumbling across his street a couple of squares away. There are always sounds enough, but you can select and recognize them then as it is impossible to do by day.

Perhaps the only stated class of travelers at these, the true midnight hours, from two to four, are the editorial night-men of the newspapers, who are conspicuous upon the elevated trains about 3 A.M., and never lounge down asleep as do most of the other passengers.

As four o'clock approaches travel increases downtownwards. Employees of the mailing departments of the morning newspapers, bakers, marketmen, stable-tenders, drivers of ice-carts, news-wagons, buyers for hotels and restaurants, and many other unfortunates, must up and away to their work at this unholy hour, followed somewhat later by greengrocers, newsdealers, and many more "early birds."

Every few moments the night superintendent at headquarters has been sending out new cars, until by six o'clock the day's average are in commission, and for half an hour before seven o'clock they are loaded with the city's laborers, the pick and shovel men—Italians, Irishmen, and negroes mostly—in rough overalls and massive brogans, spending ten per cent. of their "dollar a day" to get to and from their work. How would their employer feel if it cost him $1,000 a year to travel between his home and his office? Perhaps the experience would suggest to him some means of making it cheaper for his men as well as himself. No mitigation of this hardship has ever been undertaken, either by

issuing to such men (and a co-ordinate class of women) cheap tickets, or by separate plain cars at a less rate of fare. The latter course would benefit the whole community, especially in the evening, when the ordinary cars on certain lines are apt to be crowded by brawny navvies, their clothes filled with soil and reeking with stale tobacco and perspiration, if with nothing worse. No amount of admiration for a "workingman" makes it pleasant to be crowded against him before he has had an opportunity to wash himself. On the other hand, it would be next to impossible to reserve workmen's cars to those for whom they were intended.

Now every car is in service and every employee is bracing his temper for the morning rush of the tens of thousands hastening to work in two great divisions—the factory people, who must report at seven o'clock, and the clerks, who begin at eight. It is sad enough on a chilly, gray, sloppy, autumn day, and pitiful on a freezing midwinter one (for few are really wisely and sufficiently clothed), but on a bright summer morning it is inspiring and grand to watch this diurnal migration of New York's host of industry. Calculating to a minute the time necessary to make their run, they are surging in compact bands from the ferry-houses and railway stations, pouring out of tenements, hundreds from a single block, tripping down the steps of brownstone boarding-houses and pretentious "flats," turning in streams from the side streets into the main thoroughfares, and there, like a river fed by a freshet from a hundred sources, pouring in a steady, swelling current towards the center of town. They are bright and gay, marching in groups of half a dozen maybe, chattering and swinging their luncheon-baskets, laughing at last night's jollity, planning for to-morrow's fun—a happy crowd, but always hurrying forward, till, one by one, group after group, they disappear into a thousand big doorways, and by the time Broadway is reached the army has melted away.

This host is scarcely out of sight when the ferry-approaches, the central avenues and car-lines, and the elevated trains, begin to be filled with well-fed, well-groomed, prosperous-looking men and natty young business women, very quiet and demure. These are the managers of business and their office aids, bound far down town, where the wholesale houses, institutions, and offices will wait for these aristocrats of wage-earners until nine o'clock.

The same pleasant companions form the first of the "regulars" to begin the homeward tide of travel in the afternoon, when, say at four o'clock, the ladies are all out on shopping or social errands, the beautiful faces of school-girls enliven us, and the citizens as well as the town show themselves to the best advantage. Watching a Madison Avenue or Fifty-eighth Street elevated or Columbus Avenue car at such an hour is often as near being present at a fashionable "afternoon tea" as one outside a parlor well can be.

Five o'clock sets thousands of office-workers free, five-thirty other thousands, and at six the streets are suddenly submerged again by the hordes that advanced upon them in the morning, eagerly hastening homeward. Every sidewalk is full, every elevated platform dangerously crowded, the bridge entrances a seething mass of hungry and tired Brooklynites—25,000 sometimes passing in an hour—all the street-cars jammed with men, women, and children, even to a row standing on the buffer heads outside the rear rail, and every ferryboat is black with "commuters."

Now, the pressure of such a concentrated demand, twice a day, for almost simultaneous carriage is a serious fact. Let a heavy storm or some other mishap impede travel temporarily, and the result shows how narrow a margin is left for exigencies; yet every day enlarges the demand. On Broadway the cars now form an almost unbroken procession from Bowling Green to Madison Square, moving at a snail's pace, seriously impeding all other traffic, and almost preventing crossing the street, though there is a policeman at every street-crossing, and special agents of the company at many points. Elevated trains are packed until not another person can be crowded in, and half the weary travelers must stand, swaying precariously and squeezed and jostled by similar unfortunates, often rude and ill-tempered. Half an hour of this is a poor prelude and a worse ending to a day's labor, yet it seems impossible to avoid it until an underground road is built, for certainly no more cars can be run on the main routes than are now provided during the "rush hours."

Such conditions do not cultivate altruism nor tend to the promotion of courtesy. How foolish, in view of it, is the occasional contention that car companies must provide seats for everybody! With what scorn and indifference would New Yorkers treat the Parisian custom of hanging out a sign "full" and the conductor's polite regret that he

could not permit Monsieur to enter the car! "Rats!" would be the brief and comprehensive rejoinder as the free American swung himself aboard the moving machine.

Though there is little room in "rush" times for courtesy, good-nature remains, and often substantial kindness, to a wonderful degree; no one adds more than he can help to the general misery, but all help make a joke of the common discomfort.

This decay of courtesy in public, especially toward ladies, so often deplored, is the inevitable effect partly of such rushing, partly of the miscellaneous, unclassified nature of our modern traveling public, with whom dress is no longer any sure index to character, and friendliness toward a stranger may lead to unpleasant sequences. Unquestionably the modern assertion of themselves by women has lost to them the sort of deference their grandmothers received. The thanklessness and thoughtlessness of many others have turned the busy and weary as well as selfish men against doing them gratuitous favors. A recent instance in the line of my study may illustrate this growing feeling that consideration ought to be mutual.

IN FRONT OF THE ASTOR HOUSE

Tobacco-smoking is not permitted on street-cars in New York, except in the rear seats of open summer cars. A few years ago the Second Avenue line, which has largely a German patronage, started a few regular closed smoking-cars; and when the Broadway line put on open cars, smoking was permitted anywhere in them. But the smokers got little comfort out of either concession. Women chose these very cars; and since, in a further attempt for the relief of the men who enjoyed their cigars during a long ride, the rear half of the long Broadway car was assigned especially to them, the women have crowded into those seats too, so that it constantly happens that a man cannot find a seat where he may smoke, because of the women there, while plenty of room remains forward, where the dear creatures belong. A man thus crowded out of his privileges comes to believe that courtesy in travel is a rule that ought to work both ways; and the next time some fluffy matinée girl trips smilingly into a crowded car, where he is going home exhausted with a day's anxiety and toil, he hardens his heart and keeps his seat.

Street-cars are not the only means of getting about the city, but they are vastly the most common and useful. Everybody rides in them. It is noted as a sign of the spread of democracy in Great Britain that you may now meet there persons of high degree riding second or even third class on the railways, and even outside a London 'bus. In New York everybody uses street-cars, of course. Mr. J. A. Mitchell wrote a most amusing magazine story not long ago, of a swell dame of Murray Hill, who once, when her carriage broke down, tried the experiment of going home in a cable-car. It was a very funny story, but no such women exist, or so few as to be of no significance, and even this one preferred the car to a cab.

Public carriages and cabs (hacks) have

always been visible in New York, but never popular. In the old days, nearly every one either had his own carriage or needed none. By the time the stages had been outgrown, tramways furnished a service used from the start by rich and poor alike, and soon ran in all directions. They make nearly as good time as can a carriage in our crowded streets, and at a twentieth of the cost. The fares in public carriages have always been high, because of the expense of living for both man and beast, and because of the large annual bill for repairs due to the execrable pavements that have disgraced the city in the past. Moreover, the police regulation of public carriages has always been lax, and the result is that, as a class, the drivers are so extortionate and ruffianly that most citizens prefer almost any alternative to dealing with them. The result is that their "fares" are mainly persons invited to the ostentatious funerals so dear to our Irish and Italian fellow-citizens of the humbler sort; persons going to occasional social affairs; and to strangers picked up at the steamer-landings and railway stations. Worst of all the hackmen are those highwaymen in all senses of the word, the "night-hawks," who prowl about for reckless revelers and other victims between evening and morning, in violation of all ordinances as to "stands." The extension of asphalt pavements, the introduction of hansom cabs, and the adoption of rubber tires, are mitigating the evils and bringing out a better class of vehicles and drivers, with regularity of tariff, so that now one may be decently carried a fair distance for fifty or even twenty-five cents, plus the always expected tip; and as the railroad companies are starting well-controlled cab-services in connection with their terminals, these facilities will increase. As for the auto-mobile cabs, a few of which are gliding about, no one can say whether they will become popular or not.

Bicycling has small place in New York as a regular mode of business travel, not only because of the prevalent stone paving and dangerously crowded condition of the down-town streets, but because the city nowhere, except on the narrow north, opens easily into pleasant suburbs. For the same reason large numbers of men who own private carriages rarely if ever use them in going to and from their offices on Manhattan Island.

After all, "getting about New York" is practically restricted to walking or else going in elevated or surface cars. The fare is always five cents, and for this, on the island, you may ride on the elevated roads from One Hundred and Seventieth Street and Third Avenue clear around the city to Eighth Avenue and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street—nearly twenty miles; or continuously in the surface cars from the Post-Office to Fort George (Amsterdam Avenue and Two Hundred and Twelfth Street). By a skillful use of transfer privileges a person might perhaps spend a whole day in tracing interchanging car-routes for one fare up and another back.

This seems a liberal return for the money, and it is as compared with former privileges; but as it has been cut in two by the doubling of distance for a single fare through transfer privileges, and still enables the stocks of the leading surface companies to be held at twice their nominal value, so it might be divided again and yield a fair profit to railway owners on all their actual investment—perhaps even on the large percentage of moisture absorbed by their remarkably hygroscopic stock. No street-car tickets are seen in this city. Cash fares are paid by everybody, including policemen, firemen, and postmen. The gross receipts of the elevated roads for the last fiscal year (1896–7) exceeded $9,000,000, from about 183,000,000 passengers. Those of the Metropolitan Traction Company, owning the Broadway and affiliated lines, were $7,298,263, from 174,416,247 passengers; and those of the Third Avenue combination, $2,628,628, from 62,500,000 fares. About 23,000,000 fares were reported by two companies still maintaining their independence. These figures are for the reporting year 1896, and their totals, nearly 450,000,000, represent the number of persons who paid five cents apiece that year to ride somewhere on Manhattan Island alone. The statistics of local traffic north of the Harlem and on Long and Staten Islands aggregate enough to equal and probably to exceed these amounts, so that it may be safely said that a year's "getting about New York" by street-cars alone and ferries means the expenditure of a thousand million of fares, or $50,000,000.

After all, the best way, when you can, to go about this great and interesting city is to walk. The sidewalks are everywhere good, clean, and broad, and the citizens have learned what they do not know anywhere else in America, to keep to the right. Follow this rule and you move with a stream and avoid collisions—no more annoying to you

than to the other man. People walk much faster here than elsewhere, and strangers soon catch the quicker step. They also walk more—far more than do countrymen and villagers. What lady thinks anything of a walk from Madison Square over to Sixth Avenue, down to Fourteenth Street, east to Broadway, and up to Twenty-third Street again?—yet that is a long mile and a quarter. The feeblest "chappie" will walk up the Avenue from Delmonico's to his club, perhaps above Forty-second Street, and never think of it—yet north and south only twenty blocks (or squares) make a mile, and east and west only eight. Brooklyn citizens are noted as pedestrians. Hundreds of business men, even when advanced in years, make a practice of walking home from far down-town after business—many of them doing their five miles every day that weather permits. Broadway and Fifth Avenue, Fulton Street and Clinton Avenue, offer processions of notables to the curious onlooker every pleasant afternoon as the dinner-hour approaches; and the walk home from the theater through the brilliant streets, when weather and distance permit, is a regular part of the evening's enjoyment. On the other hand, the poor are compelled to take many miles of weary tramping, at the expense of hardly afforded time, in order to save carfare. The long and narrow shape of Manhattan Island, where the homes of the wage-earning population form belts along each side, mitigates this hardship in the central borough, but it is a hardship in a great number of cases all the same.

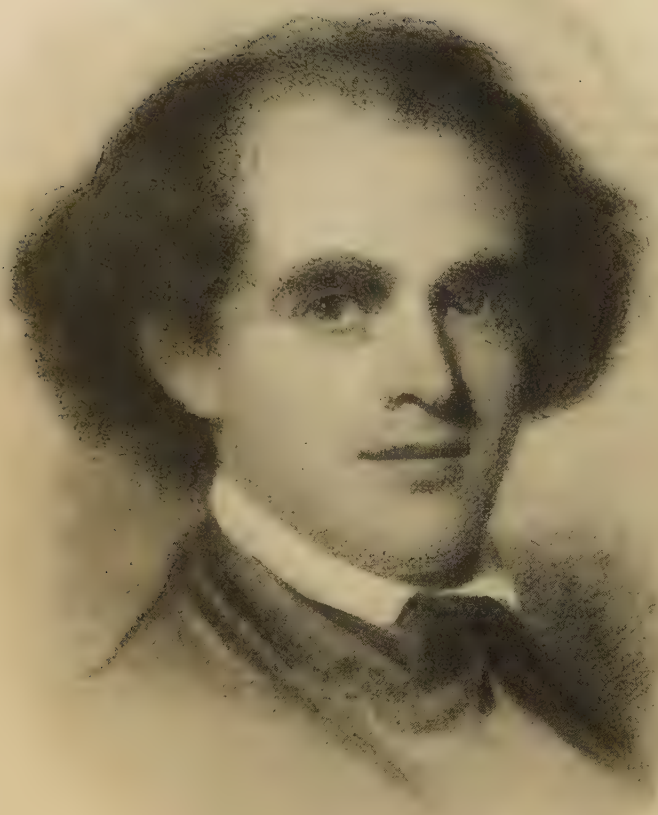
This is the real meaning of the unceasing cry for "rapid transit," the difficulties in attaining which are almost insuperable, because they chiefly arise from personal and corporate selfishness, against which our form of government can make little headway. This, and this only, has delayed for so many years, and is still powerful to balk, the effort to lay a system of underground railway along the length of Manhattan Island. There is no real legal obstruction, capital is obtainable, general sentiment approves, the public need is exceedingly pressing, yet every attempt to carry out a well-matured and perfectly feasible plan is blocked by the pure selfishness, the unpatriotic and short-sighted greed, of the elevated and surface railway corporations, voiced through the most vituperative and unscrupulous yet perhaps the most influential newspaper in the city, which finds invective a better weapon than argument.

Less active opposition but great delay has attended the efforts to connect the separate parts of the newly united city more closely together. Within the past decade only has the Harlem been adequately bridged, and the populous district northward become easily accessible in all its parts. Now lines of trolley and steam cars run to all the outlying districts in that direction, and connect with the local transportation lines of Yonkers, Mount Vernon, and New Rochelle, which are constantly reaching farther and farther toward the villages of Westchester County.

Similarly, greatly improved ferries now make Staten Island pleasantly accessible, and a network of local railways is gradually covering the island. Ferries to Bergen Point and Elizabethport connect these lines with the trolley systems spread all over northern New Jersey; and there is a new ferry across the Narrows. These are not only commercial and social advantages, but a means of pleasurable "getting about," since they permit citizens to take long, interesting suburban journeys at a very small cost, and to become acquainted with the metropolis and its environs in a way heretofore impossible for ordinary folks.

As to the crossing of the East River (no longer separating different municipalities) the need of increased facilities is only made more prominent by the coalition of the several cities into one. The ferries have all they can do, and it is a question whether the present bridge is not already overtaxed as well as overcrowded by the addition of the trolley-cars, which run from the Brooklyn side to its New York end and back again in a continuous procession. Another similar bridge is already begun nearly a mile to the north, but it will not be ready for use until 1901 or 1902 at the earliest. A third great bridge is planned for at Blackwell's Island, but when it will even be begun is uncertain.

Various tunnel projects have been mooted, and some sort of a subway will doubtless be constructed under East River before long. The latest and most plausible proposition is that for a railroad tunnel from the foot of Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, to the lower end of Manhattan Island, by which trains of the Long Island Railroad would reach a New York underground terminal. It is promised that it would then be possible to go from the Battery to the eastern boundary of the city (Jamaica) in half an hour.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

From a crayon drawing by Eastman Johnson. The picture hangs in Craigie House (Longfellow's), Cambridge.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

CHAPTER VII.—A MAN OF LETTERS

LOWELL first saw Maria White on the first of December, 1839. At the moment, I suppose, he did not know that it was preordained that they two should be one. Mr. Norton has hunted out an early letter of his which he wrote the day after that meeting: "I went up to Watertown on Saturday with W. A. White, and spent the Sabbath with him. . . . His sister is a very pleasant and pleasing young lady, and knows more poetry than any one I am acquainted with. I mean, she is able to repeat more. She is more familiar, however, with modern poets than with the pure wellsprings of English poesy." The truth is that their union was made in heaven, that it was a perfect marriage, that they belonged together and lived one life. She was exquisitely beautiful; her tastes and habits were perfectly simple; her education, as I look back on what I know of it, seems to me as perfect as any education can be. Her mother was one of the most charming women who ever lived. A cluster of sisters, of all ages down to romping little girls, young women of exquisite sensitiveness and character, and with such a training as such a mother would be sure to give, made the great Watertown house the most homelike of homes. In such a home Lowell found his beautiful wife, and they loved each other from the beginning.

I remember, while I am writing these lines, that all the five young friends to whom I have alluded in our last number entered their names, on graduating, on the books of the Law School. They spent more or less of the next eighteen months at Cambridge. Their intimacy, however, did not spring from this. It might be said, indeed, that they all went to the Law School because they were intimate, rather than that they were intimate because they went to the Law School. Of the five, King only was a professional lawyer through his life. His honored father before him, John Glen King, of the Harvard class of 1807, a learned and scholarly man, had been a distinguished leader at the Essex bar. Story gave most of his life to letters and to art, but his earliest publication is a series of Law Reports, and he afterwards published—in 1844—a book on Contracts. My brother, after he opened his law office, was early turned away from his profession to the management of the "Daily Advertiser;" and White, who died at the age of thirty-six, before any of the rest of them, gave so much of his time to the temperance and anti-slavery reforms, and to political work, that he cannot be spoken of as a practicing lawyer. None of them are now living.

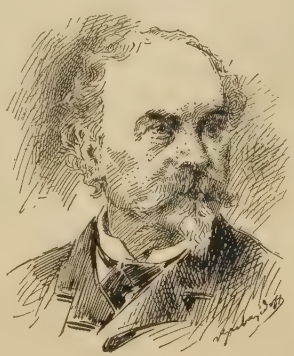
With another classmate Lowell was on the most intimate terms—Dr. George Bailey Loring, since distinguished as a general in the war, and as the head of the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Loring studied medicine at the same time when Lowell went to the Law School; but Lowell frequently visited Loring's beautiful home in Andover, and from school-days forward the similarity of their tastes brought them into almost constant correspondence in matters of literature. Dr. Loring was the son of the minister of Andover, and that gentleman and Lowell's father had been friends. For us now, this has proved singularly fortunate; for Loring carefully preserved all his letters from Lowell, and Mr. Norton has selected from them many for publication, which throw valuable light upon these early days, in which Lowell really revealed everything to this friend. He was always frank to the utmost with his correspondents, and relied upon their discretion. He was never more annoyed than when a correspondent or an interviewer presumed upon this frankness in repeating, or half-repeating, anything, where Lowell had relied on the discretion of a gentleman.

General Loring sympathized entirely with Lowell's growing determination to devote himself to literary work, and this sympathy naturally encouraged him as he broke off, sooner than he perhaps expected, from the practice of law.

Lowell once wrote a funny story which he called "My First Client." I guess that at the bottom it was true. I think that when the painter who had painted his sign came in with his bill, Lowell thought for a moment that he had a client. Out of this he spun an amusing "short story."

[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Outlook Company.

This little sketch of his has, in itself, given the impression, perhaps, that he cared nothing about the law, and that his LL.B. on the college catalogue and his admission to the Suffolk bar were purely perfunctory. It is true that he never practiced, and that before long he stopped paying office rent, and that his sign was taken down. But it is not true that he threw away the three years when he pretended to be studying for his profession. In those days the Massachusetts custom was that a young lawyer who sought the best studied for a year and a half at Cambridge under Story and Greenleaf, then spent as much time in a lawyer's office, and then entered at the bar after a formal examination. In this way Lowell spent three or four terms at Cambridge, and then he spent as much time in regular attendance in the office of his father's friend and parishioner, the Hon. Charles Greely Loring, for many years a leader at the Boston bar. It is not difficult to trace the results of Lowell's faithful work in these three years in his after writing. Any person makes a great mistake who infers from the *abandon* of some of his literary fun that he did not know how to work, steadily and faithfully, better than the worst Philistine who was ever born.



WILLIAM WETMORE STORY
From a drawing by Mr. Valerian Gribayédoff in 1891.

But the stars in their courses did not propose that he should be a Chief Justice, or a celebrated writer on torts, or that he should make brilliant pleas before a jury. They had other benefits in store for the world.

It is pathetic now to see how little welcome there was then for a young poet, or how little temptation for a literary career. It was thought a marvel that the first "New England Magazine" and the "North American Review" should pay a dollar a page to their writers. In Longfellow's Life, as in Mr. Lowell's early letters, you find notes of the "Knickerbocker," "Godey's" and "Graham," at Philadelphia, and the "Southern Literary," as willing to print what was good, but there is evidence enough that the writers wrote for fame in the intervals spared them from earning their bread and butter. Holmes speaks as if he should have lost caste in his profession in those early days had he been known as a literary man. He even implies that Lowell himself dragged him back to his literary career.

But better times for American letters or for the independent profession of literary men were at hand. "Graham's Magazine" and "Godey's Lady's Book" had achieved what was called a large circulation. Stimulated by their success, two young publishers in Boston, named Bradbury and Soden, determined to try a magazine in New England which should appeal for its support to the supposed literary class of the country, as Blackwood did, and, in America, the "Portfolio," the "Knickerbocker," and the "Literary Messenger." But it was also to print fashion-plates, and so appeal to the women of the country, even if they did not care for literature. So it was to be called "The Boston Miscellany of Literature and Fashion." There were to be forty-six pages of literature, with a good steel engraving, in every number, and two pages of fashion, with a fashion-plate.

My brother was to be responsible for the literature, and somebody, I think, in New York for the fashion, with which the former had nothing to do. I remember he had to explain this to Mrs. Stowe, whom he had asked to contribute. She had declined because she had been shocked by a décolleté figure on one of these plates. Dear Mrs. Stowe, in her English progress ten years afterwards, had an opportunity to reconcile herself with dresses much more pronounced.

The "Atlantic" to-day calls itself a journal of literature, art, science, and politics. It does not undertake to reconcile fashion with literature. If Messrs Bradbury and Soden had been questioned, they would have said, what was true, that there was no class of readers who could sustain creditably a purely literary magazine. The rate at which the poor "Knickerbocker" was expiring was evidence of this. But they would have said that there were a great many factory-girls in the country for whom there was no journal of fashion. They would have said that these girls could be relied upon to float the literary magazine, if in each number there was a love-story which they would be glad to read. And I remember that there was great glee in the counting-room when it was announced that

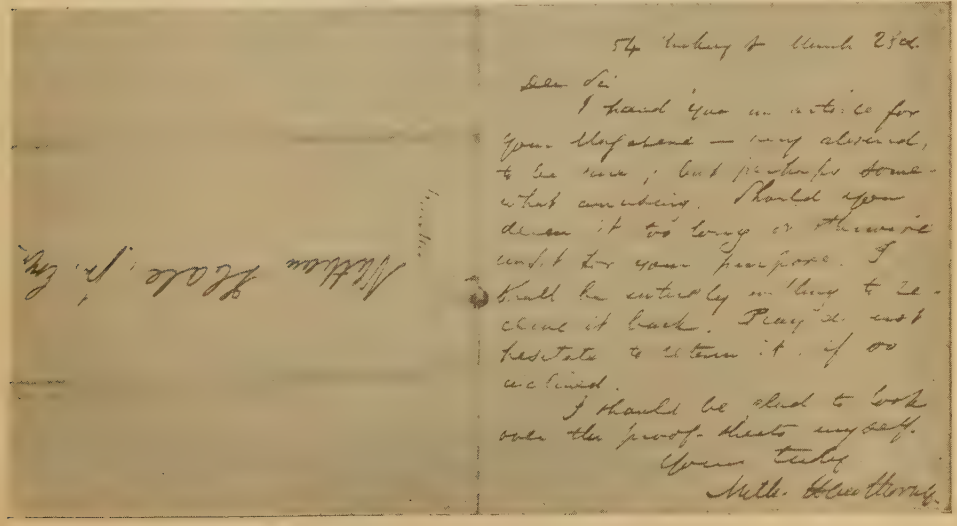
NATHAN HALE
From an old photograph

a thousand copies of the new magazine had been sold in Lowell.

But my brother was very stiff about concessions to the fashionable side. Two pages might be fashion, and as bad fashion as the publishers wanted. But his forty-six pages were to be the best which he could command. After a few numbers had been issued, he made a negotiation with Duyckinck and "Harry Franco," the editors of the "Arcturus," by which their short-lived magazine was transferred to him. This gave him the help of some of the bright New Yorkers. They sent to him their accumulated manuscripts, and I then saw the handwriting of Elizabeth Barrett—Mrs. Browning—for the first time.

Before the volume was ended, the counting-room forced on my brother one of the sensational stories of J. H. Ingraham, who is, I am afraid, now forgotten. But, with that single exception, he succeeded in keeping his standard high, and I think his two volumes of the "Miscellany" compared very favorably with any of the earlier American magazines. His main reliance was on the two Everetts, Edward and Alexander, his mother, who was their sister, on his old friend and classmate, William W. Story, on Willis, and Lowell, and his own light and ready pen.

Of other writers rising to fame, who were secured for the "Miscellany," was Hawthorne, who, to the great pleasure of all of us, contributed the article "A Virtuoso's Collection." Lowell probably met him for the first time at Elizabeth Peabody's; he soon after married her charming sister. As a *nom de plume* for a great deal of his work, Hawthorne assumed the French translation of his name. His stories in the "Democratic Review" of this time are attributed to Monsieur d'Aubépine. Lowell says of him in his Concord address: "You would think me extravagant, I fear, if I said how highly I rate the genius of Hawthorne in the history of literature. At any rate, Hawthorne taught us one great



A NOTE FROM HAWTHORNE TO NATHAN HALE

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

From a lithograph reproduction of a drawing by Samuel Lawrence. The portrait is owned by Mr. Dana Estes, of Boston.

and needful lesson; and that is, that our own past was an ample storehouse for the brightest works of imagination or fancy."

It is interesting now to see that Walt Whitman, who then called himself Walter, had begun as early as this his literary career. Our readers may be interested in a facsimile which tells the price of one of his articles.

The page of the "Miscellany" was an imitation as precise as possible of the page which Edward Moxon in London had adopted for several of his popular series. All these young men had read and enjoyed the first part of Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," which had appeared with Moxon's imprint in this form in 1842.

I speak at this length of the "Miscellany," of which we print a facsimile of one page, because in that year Lowell really made his determination to lead a literary life. It was not the life of a poet simply, but a life of letters, to which from this time he looked forward. To the volume of the "Miscellany" published in 1842 he contributed the following articles: three articles on "Old English Dramatists," the sketches "The First Client" and "Getting Up," and, in verse, the sonnet to Keats, "The Two," "To Perdita Singing," "Fantasy," "The Shepherd of King Admetus," and two unnamed sonnets.

In the second number of the "Miscellany," under the date of December, 1841, appeared also the "Ode" which he afterwards thought worth reprinting in the collected edition of his works. One cannot but see in it a careful statement of his own hopes and resolves for his future. It was originally printed in stanzas of four lines; as he recast it subsequently, the breaks between the verses disappear. The following characteristic verses show what was central in his thought and feeling at this time:

This, this is he for whom the world
  is waiting
To sing the beatings of its mighty
  heart.
Too long hath it been patient with
  the grating
Of scrannel-pipes, and heard it
  misnamed Art.

To him the smiling soul of man shall
  listen,
Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,
And once again in every eye shall glisten
  The glory of a nature satisfied.

His verse shall have a great commanding motion,
  Heaving and swelling with a melody
Learnt of the sky, the river, and the ocean,
  And all the pure, majestic things that be.

Awake, then, thou! we pine for thy great presence
  To make us feel the soul once more sublime.
We are of far too infinite an Essence
  To rest contented with the lies of Time.

Speak out! and lo, a hush of deepest wonder
  Shall sink o'er all this many-voiced scene,
As when a sudden burst of rattling thunder
  Shatters the blueness of a sky serene.

In a private note of the 8th of July he says of this Ode: "I esteem it the best I ever wrote." And he adds, "I find that my pen follows my soul more easily the older I grow. I know that I have a mission to accomplish, and if I live I will do the work my Father giveth me to do."

At the end of the year, when my brother resigned the management of the "Miscellany," Lowell and his friend Robert Carter ventured on the "Pioneer," which was to be a magazine of "literature and art." Fashion was thrown out of the window; and for illustrations, they began with some good pictures from Flaxman.

Lowell was already engaged to be married to Miss White. Their lives were wholly bound up in each other. He was writing to her charming letters in poetry and in prose, and she to him in letters as charming. They read together, they dreamed together, they forecast the future together. In such a daily atmosphere it was natural that he should choose that future rightly.

> Perhaps then first he understood
> Himself how wondrously endued.

He knew what was in him. By this time he knew he could work steadily, and when he wrote in triumph,

> I am a maker and a poet,
> I feel it and I know it,

he wrote in that frank confidence in his future which his future wholly justified.

In the fifth volume of the present series of the "New England Magazine" Mr. Mead has made a charming article on the three numbers of the "Pioneer." These numbers are now among the rarities most prized by American book collectors. And there is hardly a page of the "Pioneer" that one does not read with a certain interest, in view of what has followed. At the end of three numbers the journal died, because it had not subscribers enough to pay for it. It may be observed in all this history of early magazines that all these publishers lived on what we may call placer gold-washings, and that nobody had yet discovered the quartz rock of an advertising patronage. In the "Miscellany" and the "Pioneer" no enterprising advertiser assisted in the payment of the bills. There was not one advertisement in either. The English magazines printed advertisements long before.

ELIZABETH PALMER PEABODY

In Lowell's Introductory, written, as will be observed, when he was not yet twenty-four years old, he gives what Mr. Mead well calls a characteristic expression of those views of American literature which always controlled him afterward: "Everything that tends to encourage the sentiment of caste should be steadily resisted by all good men. But we do long for a natural literature. One green leaf, though of the veriest weed, is worth all the crape and wire flowers of the daintiest Paris milliners." The whole article, which would make two or three pages of The Outlook, is well worth study by the young critics now.

It is rather funny to see, in these days, that Nathaniel Parker Willis, who then considered himself as the leader of the young literature of America, gave this opinion of Lowell in reviewing the first number of the "Pioneer:"

> J. R. Lowell, a man of original and decided genius, has started a monthly magazine in Boston. The first number lies before us, and it justifies our expectation—namely, that a man of genius, who is merely a man of genius, is a very unfit editor for a periodical.

This remark of Willis is interesting now, since Lowell has proved himself perhaps the best literary editor whom the history of American journalism has yet discovered. It is just possible, as the reader will see, that Willis did not write this himself.

Lowell's connection with the "Pioneer" occupied him for the closing months of 1842 and the beginning of 1843. This was at a period when his eyes troubled him badly. Writing from New York, he says: "Every morning I go to Dr. Elliott's (who, by the way, is very kind) and wait for my turn to be operated upon. This sometimes consumes a great deal of time, the Doctor being overrun with patients. After being made stone blind for the space of fifteen minutes, I have the rest of the day to myself."

On the 17th of January he writes: "My eyes, having been operated on yesterday *with the knife*, must be used charily," and again on the 22d he writes that he had had a second operation performed on the 20th.

"Handbills of the 'Pioneer' in red and black, with a spread eagle at the head of them, face me everywhere. I could not but laugh to see a drayman standing with his hands in his pockets diligently spelling it out, being attracted thereto doubtless by the bird of

America, which probably led him to think it the Proclamation of the President, a delusion from which he probably did not awake after perusing the document."

And on the 24th he says: "I can scarcely get through with one letter without pain, and everything that I write retards my cure, and so keeps me the longer here. But I love Keats so much that I think I can write something good about him.

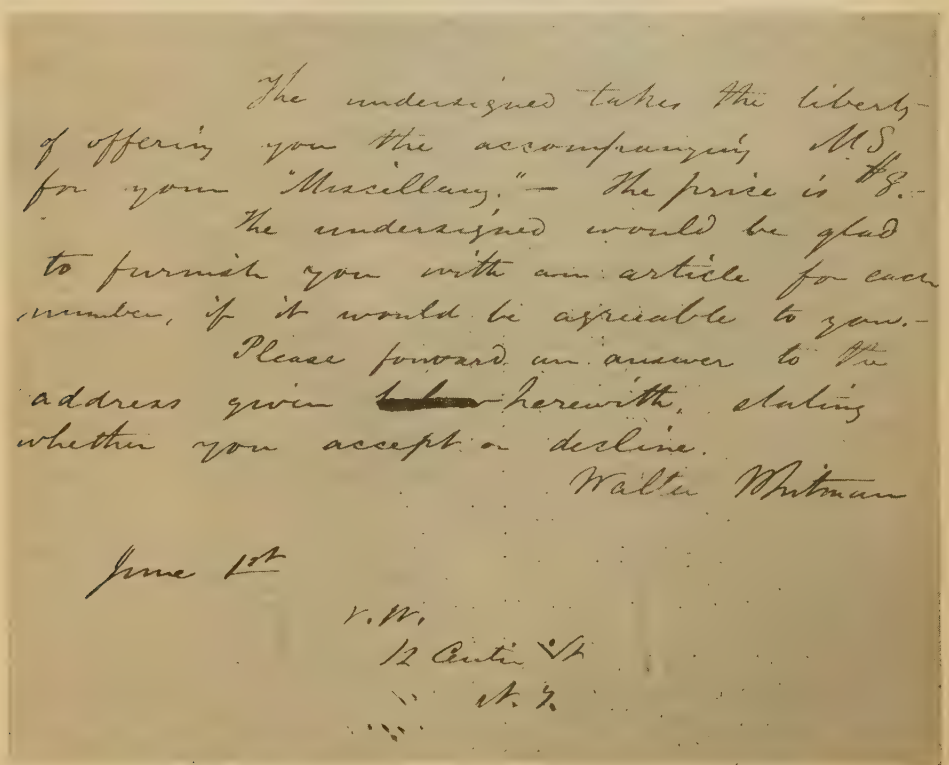
"If you knew how I am placed, you would not write me so. I am forbidden to write under pain of staying here forever or *losing my eyes*." And in the same letter, "I must not write any more."

"Have you got any copy for the third number? Do not ask any conservatives to write, for it will mar the unity of the magazine. We shall be surer of success if we maintain a uniform course and have a decided tendency either one way or the other. We shall at least gain more influence in that way."

In New York he often met Willis personally, and the more he saw of Willis the better he liked him. I think this was what happened with most people who met Willis. It certainly was so with me. In personal intimacy the studied affectation of his printed work disappeared. It was studied, as almost any one could guess without seeing him. Willis also was at this time under Dr. Elliott's care for treatment of his eyes. He told Dr. Elliott that Lowell had written the most remarkable poetry that had been written in this country, and that he was destined to be the brightest star that had yet risen in American literature. He told Lowell himself that he was more popular and more talked about than any other poet in the land, and promised him that he would help the "Pioneer" in every way. At this time Willis was as highly regarded by young people, especially by the sort of people who read magazines, as any literary man in America.

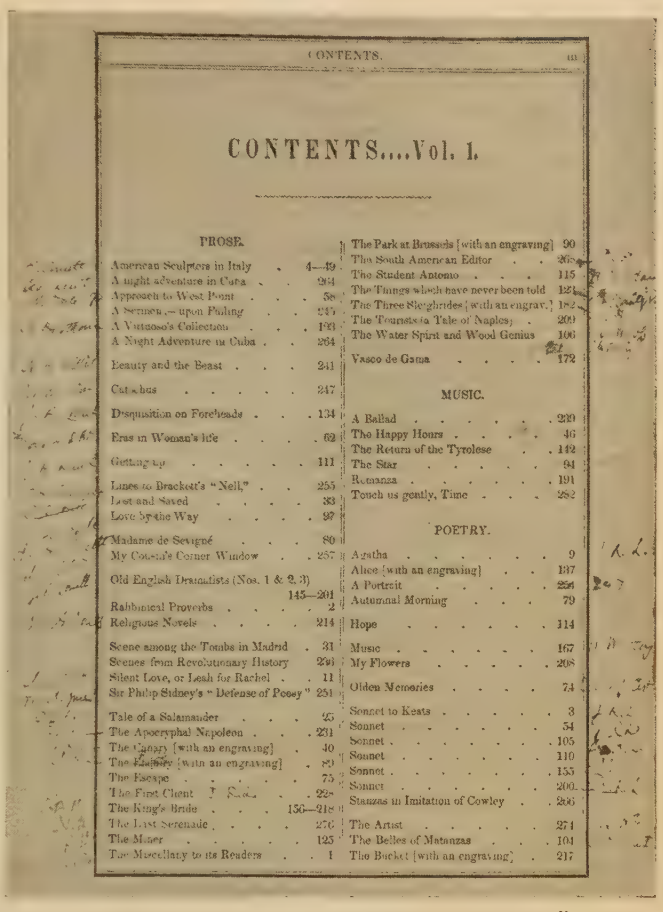
Elizabeth Barrett, not yet married, had written for the Boston "Miscellany," and on the 20th of January Lowell acknowledges four poems from her.[1] There were but three num-

[1] Seeing that Miss Barrett herself recognized the fact that these American magazine publishers were among the first people who ever paid her any money, it is sufficiently English that in the same volume of her correspondence which contains her acknowledgment there is talk about "American piracy." One would like to know whether Mrs. Browning did not receive in the long run more money from American than from English publishers.


The undersigned takes the liberty of offering you the accompanying MS for your "Miscellany." — The price is $8.—
The undersigned would be glad to furnish you with an article for each number, if it would be agreeable to you.—
Please forward an answer to the address given herewith, stating whether you accept or decline.
Walter Whitman
June 1st
W. W.
12 Ann St
N. Y.

A NOTE FROM WALT WHITMAN TO NATHAN HALE

bers of the "Pioneer" published. It has been the fashion to speak of it in a pitying tone, as if it were a mere foolish enterprise of two callow boys. But if between the numbers or between the articles one reads, as I have done, the correspondence between Lowell and his "true friend and brother," Robert Carter, one feels that the "Pioneer" failed of success only from a series of misfortunes. Looking back upon it now, it is easy to say that it needed capital for a beginning. Most things do in our modern world. Looking back, however, one sees also that the strongest reason for undertaking it was that Lowell lived and was at the beginning of his successful career. Without him there would have been no "Pioneer." Knowing this, when you find that through January and February he was prohibited from writing, that week after week he was submitting to operations on his eyes, and that he was in actual danger of permanent blindness, you cease to ask why the "Pioneer" died at the end of its third number, and you wonder, on the other hand, that it lived at all.



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CONTENTS PAGE OF THE BOSTON "MISCELLANY"
With Nathan Hale's handwriting at the sides giving the names of the various authors.

When one remembers the currency which Lowell's volumes of essays have had from the very beginning, he reads with special interest more than amusement the following note from Miss White, who was to be his wife, which is fairly pathetic. It describes the persuasion necessary to induce the publisher to attempt the bold venture of issuing the first in that remarkable series:

"I went to see Mr. Owen this afternoon, to talk to him about publishing James's prose volume. He expressed himself greatly pleased with the articles, but said he wished to *wait* until James's prose was better known to the public before he ventured upon it. Then I told him of the flattering notices of his Old Dramatists that appeared at the time they came out, and of the lavish praise his prose style received. He said that changed the face of affairs wholly; that if he were as sure of the public as himself he should not hesitate. He said he wished to see you and talk about it with you also."

Of this very volume forty-eight editions have since been published. For let all young writers remember this, that the public knows what it wants, whether publishers are doubtful or no. I may add the remark, which I believe to be wholly true, of one of the most successful publishers of our day, "No one on earth knows, when a book is published, whether it will sell five thousand copies or not. But if five thousand copies are sold, nothing is more certain than that twenty-five thousand can be."

Mr. Lowell and Miss White were married in the end of December, 1844, with the good wishes, I might say, of everybody. Among

her other exquisite faculties she had a sense of humor as keen as his, and both of them would run on, in the funniest way, about their plans for economical housekeeping. Sheet-iron air-tight stoves had just come into being. I believe I never see one to this day without recollecting in what an amusing vein of absurd exaggeration she once showed, in her lively talk, how much they were going to save in the detail of domestic life by the use of that most unromantic bit of household machinery.

"A Year's Life," his maiden volume of poems, had been published in 1841, about the time of their engagement. We used to pretend that weeks in advance of the publication multitudes of young girls who took a tender interest in this most romantic of marriages walked daily from one to another of the half-dozen book-shops in little Boston to inquire if "A Year's Life" were ready, and thus to stimulate the interest and curiosity of booksellers and their clerks. I think that the larger publishers of to-day even would say that the sale was more than is to be expected from any new volume of short poems. The sale was, of course, only a retail sale in Boston and the neighboring towns. There was as yet no demand for "Lowell's Poems" in New York, Philadelphia, or London.

Seeing the future of the author's poetical reputation, I think that young authors may be interested in reading the letter in which he first proposes modestly to print this book:

> I think, nay I am sure, that I have written some worthy things, and though I feel well enough pleased with myself, yet it is a great joy to us all to be known and understood by others. I do long for somebody to like what I have written, and me for what I have written, who does not know me. You and I were cured of the mere cacoethes imprimendi (Rufus) by our connection with "Harvardiana:" I think that so far we should be thankful to it, as it taught us that print was no proof of worthiness, and that we need not look for a movement of the world when our pieces were made known in print.
>
> Now, if you will find out how much it would cost to print 400 copies (if you think I could sell so many; if not, 300) in decent style (150 pages—less if printed closely), like Jones Very's book for instance, I could find out if I could get an endorser. I should not charge less than $1 per vol.—should you? I don't care so much for the style of printing as to get it printed in any way.
>
> Jones Very's style would be good too because it might be printed by our old printers, and that would be convenient about the proofs.

In the subsequent collections of his poems he omitted many of those which are in this pioneer volume. And for this reason, among others, the volume is in great demand among collectors. But it is easy to see that he had even then—two years only after the class poem—outgrown the crudities of younger days which we find in turning over "Harvardiana." There is serious purpose now, though it be expressed only in two or three words together. Some of these are the poems of a lover. Yes! but they are also the poems of a serious young man who knows that there is duty next his hand, and who is determined, with God's help and with the help of her he loves best, to carry that duty through.

The spirit of the book reflects thus the same sense of a mission to mankind which appears in the letters which have been preserved from a full correspondence which he maintained with Heath, a young Virginian. Frank Heath, as his friends called him, graduated at Cambridge while Lowell was in the Law School, and a close intimacy had grown up between them. When Heath left college in August, 1840, he returned to Virginia. There is a careful letter from Lowell to him which has a curious interest now, in the light of the history which followed. Lowell begs him to lead the way and to make himself the typical man in the new history of Virginia by emancipating his own slaves and leading in the establishment of a new civilization there. In fact, Heath soon went to Europe and was lost to his friends here for nearly twenty years in one or another German university. He returned to his own country in time to take a prominent post in the Confederate army, and I think he lost an arm in one of the battles of the rebellion.

The publication of "A Year's Life" showed that Lowell was a poet. This was now beyond discussion. The papers in the "Miscellany" and the "Pioneer" now showed, what he knew people in the little literary circles of America knew, that he wrote prose well and that he had more than an amateur's knowledge of the older English literature. He could work steadily and faithfully.

In the autumn of 1843 and the winter of 1843–4, however, as has been said, he had some trouble with his eyes, and he lived for some time in New York for their better treatment. Mrs. Lowell also, always of delicate health, required a more genial climate than Elmwood or Watertown would give her. Her lungs were delicate, and after their marriage, and to escape the harsh winter climate of Boston, they spent the winter of 1844–45 in Philadelphia. It need not be said that in each city they made very near personal friends

GEORGE BAILEY LORING
From an early crayon by William Wetmore Story.

who felt and treasured the personal attraction of each of them—an attraction which it is impossible to describe.

In the same winter the Southern party in Congress and the speculators who had bought Texan bonds for next to nothing were engaged in driving through the last Congress of President Tyler's administration the "joint resolutions" by which Texas was annexed to the United States. There were no precedents for such annexation. What would seem the natural course in an agreement between two republics would have been a formal treaty between them. But it was known that no treaty for such a purpose could pass the United States Senate. It was determined, therefore, by the friends of annexation, who had such support as Mr. Tyler and his Cabinet could give, that they would drive these "joint resolutions" through Congress. And this was done. The resolutions passed the Senate by a majority of one only. They passed the day before Mr. Tyler went out of office. Here was the first pitched battle in Congress on a definite National issue between the North and South since that defeat of the North in the Missouri Compromise which had so excited Charles Lowell the year after his son was born. The whole country, North and South, was wild with excitement, as well it might be.

Lowell himself was ready to give himself to the side of freedom with his pen or with his voice. At this time he engaged in the service first of the "Liberty Bell," an anti-slavery journal published in Boston, and afterwards of the "Anti-Slavery Standard." Mrs. Lowell also wrote for both journals.

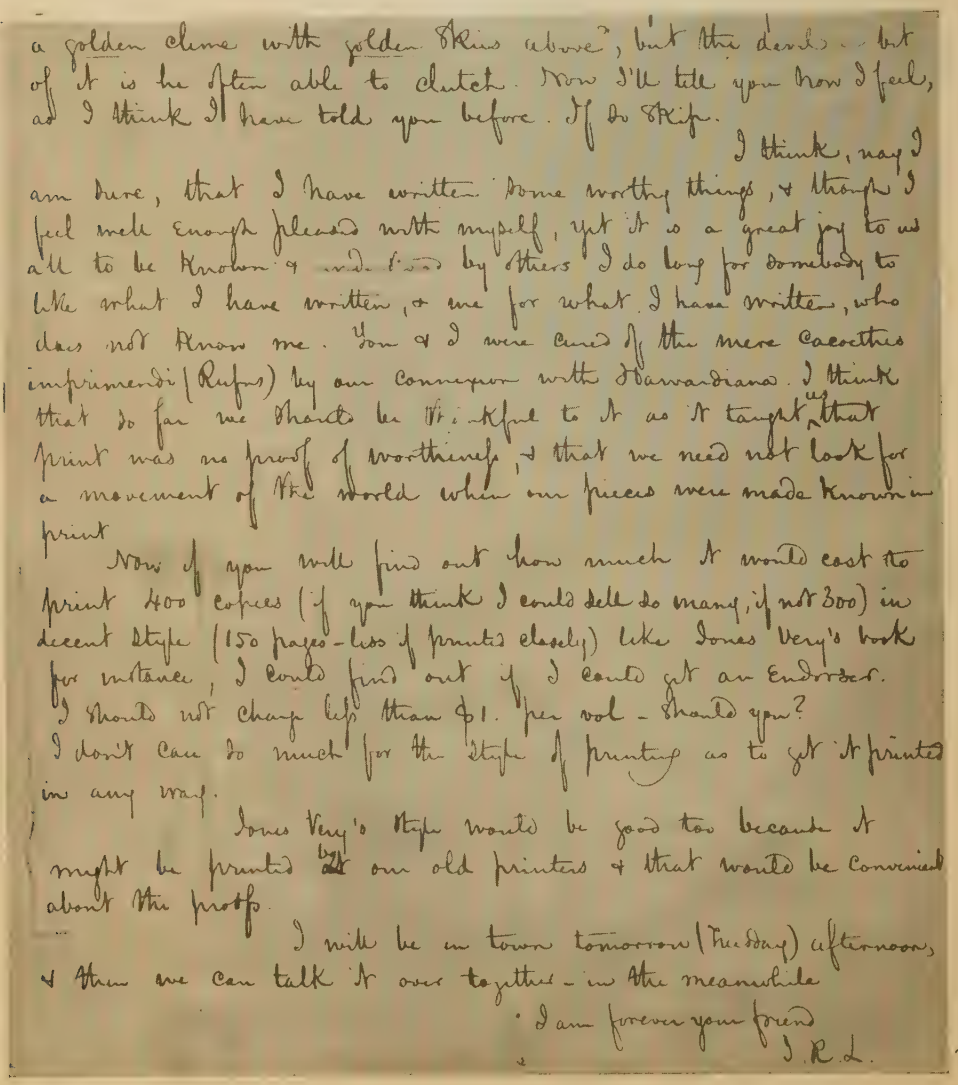
The "Standard" was a weekly journal of great originality and ability, published in New York under the auspices of one of the National anti-slavery societies. The editor was Sydney Howard Gay, afterwards so distinguished as a historian, and holding all his life the most important trusts as a journalist in New York. He worked with Bryant in the "Evening Post." He worked with Greeley in the "Tribune." It is not too late to hope that his memoirs will be collected and published. They will throw a flood of light on points not yet fully revealed in the history of the twenty years which led up to the fall of Richmond and the emancipation of America.

Most organs, so called, of a special philanthropy are narrow and bigoted, and so, by the divine law which rules narrowness and bigotry, are pre-eminently dull. Witness most missionary journals and all temperance journals, so far as this writer has observed. We owed it to Gay, I suppose, that the "Anti-Slavery Standard," while pitiless in its denunciation of slavery, was neither narrow, bigoted, nor dull. Lydia Maria Child's letters from New York, which were published in it once a week, are still remembered among editors. They give an ideal type for writing in that line, in a series of papers which may well be studied by young journalists, for,

though often imitated, they have never been equaled. They are the despair of "leading editors" who try to get such work done for them and never succeed.

Lowell engaged himself to write regularly for the "Standard," and did so for some years. His prose papers there have never been collected, but they would be well worth collection. And the poems he wrote at this time, sometimes political, but not always so, generally appeared in the "Standard." The headquarters of the young people were still at Elmwood in Cambridge. Here their oldest children were born, and here their oldest child died. It was then that Maria Lowell wrote that charming poem which has been read with sympathetic tears in so many homes from which "the Good Shepherd" has called away one of his lambs.

I have often heard it said that the Biglow Papers, which followed soon after, introduced Lowell in England, and I suppose it was so. You never can tell what they will like in England, or what they will not like. But this is clear, that, having little or no humor of their own, they are curiously alive for humor in others. And the dialect of the Biglow Papers, which is no burlesque or exaggeration, but simply perfect New England talk, is in itself curious enough and suggestive



a golden clime with golden skies above", but the devil — but of it is he often able to clutch. Now I'll tell you how I feel, as I think I have told you before. If so skip.

I think, nay I am sure, that I have written some worthy things, & though I feel well enough pleased with myself, yet it is a great joy to us all to be known & understood by others. I do long for somebody to like what I have written, & me for what I have written, who does not know me. You & I were cured of the mere cacoethes imprimendi (Rufus) by our connexion with Harvardiana. I think that so far we should be thankful to it as it taught us that print was no proof of worthiness, & that we need not look for a movement of the world when our pieces were made known in print.

Now if you will find out how much it would cost to print 400 copies (if you think I could sell so many, if not 300) in decent style (150 pages — less if printed closely) like Jones Very's book for instance, I could find out if I could get an Endorser. I should not charge less than $1. per vol — should you? I don't care so much for the style of printing as to get it printed in any way.

Jones Very's style would be good too because it might be printed at our old printers & that would be convenient about the proofs.

I will be in town tomorrow (Tuesday) afternoon, & then we can talk it over together — in the meanwhile

I am forever your friend
J. R. L.

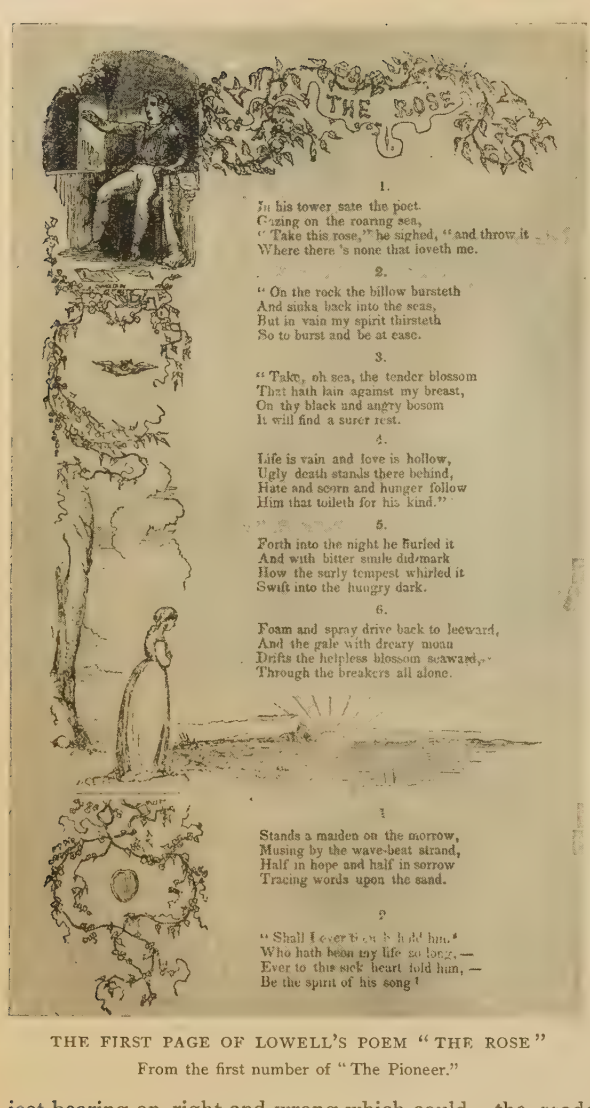
PART OF A LETTER FROM LOWELL TO NATHAN HALE

ENTRANCE TO ELMWOOD

enough to have introduced letters on any theme.

Literary people in England still fancied that they were opposed to the principle of slavery, as, in truth, a considerable number of them were. And between the outspoken abolitionists of America and those of England there was then a freemasonry tender and charming, though sometimes absurd and amusing. I suppose this first introduced the Biglow letters, with their rollicking fun, their absolute good sense and vigorous suggestions, into England. Once introduced, they took care of themselves, and went everywhere where there were readers of sense or even intelligence. They began in a spirit of fun about a little local passage in Massachusetts politics. The success of the first numbers naturally led Lowell to carry them further, and they became in the end an important factor in the anti-slavery politics of New England.

Meanwhile, as our next chapter will show, what we now look back upon as the "lecture system" was developing itself in the Northern States. With the ordinary stupidity of ecclesiasticism, most of the organized churches had succeeded in shutting out from their services the ultra speakers on whatever question. They confined their sermons on Sunday to the decorous wishwash in which average men treated in a harmless way subjects to which the people were indifferent. Speaking of the English pulpit at the same period, under conditions not far different, Jowett says: "Really, I never hear a sermon of which it is possible to conceive that the writer has a serious belief about things. If you could but cross-examine him, he would perjure himself every other sentence." The indifference with which wide-awake Americans, particularly of the younger generation, regarded such preaching, resulted in the development of the "lyceum system" of the North. Of this I will speak in some detail in the next part of this series. It is enough to say here that the organized churches might thank themselves if they found, introduced into every community on week-days, the most radical views, and frequently by speakers who would not have pretended to address them on Sundays. I am trying not to travel outside the line which I have marked for myself in these papers; but I do not pass that line when I say that a sort of indignation was aroused through the whole Northern community because the established church, in its various communions, was unwilling to devote itself to what was clearly its business, the fair discussion of the most important sub-


THE ROSE
1.
In his tower sate the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
Where there 's none that loveth me.
2.
"On the rock the billow bursteth
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.
3.
"Take, oh sea, the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast,
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest.
4.
Life is vain and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."
5.
Forth into the night he hurled it
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.
6.
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale with dreary moan
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
Through the breakers all alone.
7
Stands a maiden on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow
Tracing words upon the sand.
8
"Shall I ever behold him
Who hath been my life so long, —
Ever to this sick heart fold him, —
Be the spirit of his song!

THE FIRST PAGE OF LOWELL'S POEM "THE ROSE"
From the first number of "The Pioneer."

ject bearing on right and wrong which could possibly come before any people. The reader will find some valuable notes by Mr. Higginson, interesting of course, in the February "Atlantic." "All of which he saw, and much of which he was."

I refer to this now not because Lowell was largely engaged in lecturing as one of the anti-slavery speakers. These papers are not so much a history of his life, as an effort to show the circumstances which surrounded his life and which account for the course of it. In his weekly contributions to the press, whether in prose or in verse, he kept in touch with these men and women who were quite in advance in forming the Northern or National sentiment of the crisis.

The "Liberty Bell" and the "National Standard," with his bright and suggestive articles, went into the circles which summoned Parker and Phillips and Garrison to give them instruction or inspiration which they would have sought in vain from the more decorous pulpits of that day. So it happened that, although he did not "enter the lecture field" as early as some of his companions and friends in the anti-slavery cause, he was, in those years of the awakening, perfectly well known among those interested in that cause.

In this connection it interests me to remember that the last time I saw his father, Dr. Lowell, was at the house in Elmwood in 1855. I went to him to ask for his assent and signature in a memorial relating to the freedom of Kansas, which was addressed to what we then called "The Three Thousand New England Clergymen." I went to him because he was one of the oldest Congregational ministers in New England and because he had always deprecated the separation between the evangelical and liberal branches of that body. He sympathized heartily in what we were doing, signed his name at the head of our circular-letter, and then put his hand on my head, and in the most cordial and pathetic way gave me and our cause an old man's benediction. This, the reader should note, took place in the spring of 1855.

[To be continued in the May Magazine Number.]

❀

Don't join a "Don't Worry" club. Don't try not to worry. While contentment is a pleasing virtue, the people you know who are contented would be better off if they worried more. Absolute contentment and indifference to the possible troubles of to-morrow will land any one in the poorhouse. The cow doesn't worry, neither does the clam, but people are built to worry, and it was intended that they should. On the other hand, if you worry much it will land you in the insane asylum. It is the insane asylum on the one hand and the poor-farm on the other; the point is to worry just enough to keep out of both of them.—*Atchison Globe.*

Meditations

By F. J. M.

[The elder cherub of the "Sistine Madonna" speaks]

I stand where two long streams of glory meet;
Far up the shining vistas of the past
One leads, and one into the future casts
Its radiant beams; and I stand where they meet.

And both these golden streams meet in the CHILD;
Of all the radiant past He is the king
Of glory, and the coming years shall sing
His deathless praise.—The center is the CHILD.

I sang among the angels at His birth,
When Heaven in mighty throes of mercy strove,
And sent to human need incarnate Love—
That night the angels heralded his birth.

Of all the past, I wonder what He knows;
For in his searching eyes I've seen a look
As if He dimly comprehended why he took
This robe of flesh,—I wonder what He knows.

I would I were an earth-child, and could serve
His every human need, and grow to be
The comrade of His ministry, and see
His works of love,—I would that I might serve.

But I shall share His victory and joy,
When man, through His redeeming work, shall learn
The way of life, and penitent return
To swell the anthems of our heavenly joy.

Florence, Italy.

MAY DAY IN CENTRAL PARK

The Parks and the People

By Samuel Parsons, Jr.

Ex-Superintendent of the New York Parks

THE system of parks in New York is not only extensive, but unique in many ways. Parks throughout the world have grown, until recently, little by little, and have generally been evolved from some more or less accidental condition of things. Many of them have been made by gardeners, or by some person with little genius for the artistic designing of such work, and have been improved from time to time without any broadly conceived scheme. In New York, at an early date in the modern development of pleasure-grounds in America, some forty years ago, great public interest came into being for a park of the character of what is now called Central Park. In the beginning it was to be a large park, and was at first located on the East River, in the neighborhood of what was known as Jones's Woods, between Sixtieth and Seventieth Streets. Later, after much discussion, it was decided to select for the purpose the space now occupied by Central Park. The plan of procedure in constructing Central Park was peculiar. It is doubtful whether a similar method of laying out a great park had ever been undertaken before in any country, although the practice is common now. An advertisement for designs for laying out Central Park was issued, and, as a result, thirty competitive schemes were submitted to the Park Board. The plan chosen for execution was signed "Greensward," and made by Messrs. Vaux and Olmsted, to whom was subsequently intrusted the carrying out of the general scheme.

For many years these distinguished landscape architects controlled the work, under the President and Commissioners of the Board of Parks, with the result that Central Park was, in all essential parts, carefully constructed in accordance with the plan adopted, and, with unusual good fortune, the general scheme has since remained almost unimpaired.

The plan itself was of special value, because it had both artistic unity and sympathetic regard for rural effects, growing clearly out of existing conditions.

The sympathy of the President of the Park Board, Mr. Andrew H. Green, was strong for all this park improvement, and the work, in accordance with the designs of Messrs. Vaux and Olmsted, was pushed rapidly ahead under the energetic and intelligent administration of Mr. Green. Both Mr. Vaux and Mr. Olmsted were ardent adherents of the natural method of treating parks, as opposed to the formalism and artificiality of the prevailing taste of the time, both at home and abroad. They themselves were fortunate in having, what no designer of a park up to that time had enjoyed, a vast expanse of virgin soil as material.

The work of building Central Park went on slowly, and it was not until late in the seventies that the whole area was brought approximately into the condition in which it is seen to-day. The total cost of Central Park to this city has been estimated at $15,000,000, but it is now agreed that such a sum was never more judiciously expended. It contains some 400 acres of wooded grounds in the area of 700 acres of park. This means scattered and detached plantations, as well as wooded area.

There are 9 miles of carriageways, 4¼ miles of bridle-paths, and 28½ miles of walks—a total of over 43 miles. It contains 30 buildings, and provides outdoor seats for 10,000 people. Its bridges, tunnels, and archways number 48.

Central Park was the forerunner of Prospect Park in Brooklyn, the other great park constructed in America during the last half-century. Large parks have been since laid out in different cities of the country, but they have hardly any of them been designed on the artistic lines of Central Park. The impetus given to all park construction in America by the liberal and intelligent plans for constructing Central Park can hardly be overestimated. In addition to Central Park and several other parks down-town, such as the Battery, Bowling Green, City Hall Park, Madison Square, Union Square, Tompkins Square, and Washington Square, there were added to the public domain between 1850 and 1881, Abingdon Square, at Hudson Street and Eighth Avenue, Jackson

CENTRAL PARK: SHEEP PASTURE

CENTRAL PARK: WINTER

MORNINGSIDE PARK: LOOKING SOUTH

Square, at Hudson Street and Greenwich Avenue, Morningside Park, Riverside Park, Mount Morris Square, and the Reservoir or Bryant Park. The total area of the park system in 1881 was 1,194 acres, and in 1896 it was nearly five times as much. This great increase was due to the acquisition beyond the Harlem River of Van Cortlandt Park, with 1,796 acres; Crotona, with 141½ acres; Claremont Park, with 38 acres; and the acquisition of the Bronx, Pelham, Mosholu, and Crotona Parkways, making about 200 acres more.

In the lower part of the city have been acquired Jeannette Park, occupying the site of the Old Coenties Slip; Corlears Hook Park, south of Grand Street. near the East River; and Mulberry Bend Park. Other small parks have been secured and are about to be constructed: namely, one along the East River from Eleventh Street to Fourteenth Street; one between Pitt and Sheriff, on Stanton Street; one at Hester and Norfolk Street; one on the West Side, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Streets and Ninth Avenue. The East River Park, at the foot of Eighty-fourth Street, has also been enlarged by the acquisition of seven acres of ground, which has been laid out in walks and lawns. In the upper part of the island, during the same time, Fort Washington Park was secured, extending from One Hundred and Seventy-first Street to One Hundred and Eighty-fourth Street, and containing forty acres; also St. Nicholas, containing thirty acres, situated between One Hundred and Thirtieth and One Hundred and Forty-first Streets. Colonial Park embraces fifteen acres, and lies between One Hundred and Forty-fifth and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Streets, east of Bradhurst Avenue.

The Harlem River driveway, begun in 1894, is nearly completed. The estimated cost of the new park lines acquired since 1888 has been $9,969,603. This does not include the great parks beyond the Harlem River, for which at least as much more money was paid. Central Park alone, as mere real estate, is valued at $200,000,000. The total acreage of parks in Manhattan Borough is not less than 1,200; in Bronx Borough it reaches the grand total of 4,000 acres. It should be explained here that out of this total of 5,200 acres in the two bor-

MORNINGSIDE PARK: LOOKING NORTH

oughs, not less than 3,500 acres consist of highly cultivated park land laid out in roads and drives and lawns furnished with grass, trees, and shrubs.

I speak of this large percentage of cultivated, systematically laid out park land, because many large parks throughout this country and even in Europe are simply woodland and natural meadow. They are often well cared for, but they are, nevertheless, undeveloped according to any definite artistic scheme.

The Borough of Queens has no parks worthy of the name, but the Borough of Kings, with Prospect Park and many other small city parks, and some much larger areas recently acquired, is beginning to approach Manhattan Borough in the acreage of its territory.

Prospect Park, though not so large as Central Park, is, in its way, almost as great a work of art. Its surface has been less changed than that of Central Park, and in so far it is more natural. Central Park, with its rambles and rocky territories, is more picturesque and varied in its effects. Prospect Park is more distinctly natural in its suggestions, and has one far-stretching expanse of meadow that appeals strongly to the imagination. The trees are finer and the soil better. Central Park is more fully and better constructed, and more completely fulfills the idea of a work of art. There are in Prospect Park, however, single specimens of shade-trees and many kinds of ornamental trees, such as Japanese maples, rare evergreens, etc., that are hardly surpassed anywhere in this country; while Central Park, owing to its poor soil, is not rich in fine specimen trees.

The increased value of the surrounding areas caused by the construction of Prospect Park has been most noteworthy. Fine residences have sprung up everywhere in the neighborhood, and every intelligent person in Brooklyn is more proud of Prospect Park as a monument of art and progress than of anything else within its borders. The peculiar charm of these New York parks lies in their pastoral character and their freedom from the comparative noise and bustle of the quietest city streets.

People have come fully to recognize that pure air, rest, and quiet, combined with country sights and sounds, are the choicest possessions that a park can have. One of the

PROSPECT PARK: THE LAKE

PROSPECT PARK: BRIDGE AND SHELTER

few difficulties of the sensitiveness of the public to any change in the original design of parks is an opposition to the best-devised system of thinning out its trees. In both Brooklyn and New York parks the trees have grown so much in the course of years that they have not only arrived at maturity and become moribund, but have crowded each other into deformed and diseased conditions. Large numbers of trees have been cut out of both parks; but the sensitiveness of the public has prevented the carrying out of as radical a course as might be desired. I speak of this sensitiveness of the public in this case because in many of the cities of the country all the extent of the domain in all the Boroughs. Incidentally, I have endeavored to convey some idea of the artistic theory controlling the original design and general management of the New York parks. I should emphasize, furthermore, the fact that, beyond almost any other parks in the world, excepting perhaps the Boston parks, the control of the New York parks is exercised entirely in the interest of the general public and not in that of any clique or class. No one in New York can force into the parks railroads, trolley lines, race-courses, menageries, military shows, peddling or advertising schemes, baseball matches, or any game that tends to collect

CENTRAL PARK: THE MAY-POLE

interest in the protection of parks is mere resistance to the thinning out of plantations.

Prospect Park has 516 acres, and smaller parks in Brooklyn, to the number of 33, contain an aggregate of 523.3 acres, one of them being 144 acres in extent and lying on New York Bay. An unimproved area of woodland, called Brooklyn Forest, has been recently taken. It lies in the town of Jamaica, just outside of Brooklyn, and contains 535 acres. The total acreage of Brooklyn parks amounts to 1,574.3, and of all the Boroughs of New York City, 6,774.3. The maintenance of New York parks this year will cost $1,108,455.

I have given this brief detailed description of the park areas of Greater New York that some proper conception may be formed of

crowds. To such an extent are *shows* deprecated in the quiet pastoral and rural effects of New York parks that a great number of intelligent people object to the construction of a large and handsome range of greenhouses in Central Park, because it must be essentially a show, and not a true park feature, and have prevented its erection several times during a period of thirty years. Nothing stirs the public pulse quicker in New York than any attempt to convert the use of the parks to their exclusive personal advantage, or to introduce a discordant element in the midst of pastoral and woodland effects. In many ways the recollections of our city government do not make us proud as we travel through other countries. But the standard

of the design and management of New York parks is high, and the ideal is one that the public is determined to sustain.

Under the new Charter this high ideal is carefully provided for. The importance of thoroughly supported and fully equipped artistic control is, in the first place, recognized by the appointment of a landscape architect, who can veto the construction of anything in the parks down to the smallest detail. No planting, gardening, erecting of fences, buildings, roads, or walks can be done if he objects. The Board may remove him; but while he retains the confidence of the public, abstains from politics and self-seeking schemes, few Boards will attempt to displace him. But so important have the framers of the Charter deemed this artistic control that they have gone even further than the establishment of a landscape architect of wide and dominant powers. They have created an entirely independent body in the Fine Arts Commission, that can veto any memorial or commemorative artistic construction undertaken by the Park Board; and, be it remembered, the Park Board cannot remove them. In other words, they are equal in power to the Park Board, or any member of that body. They are chosen in this manner: The Federation of Artists' Societies of New York consists of delegates sent by each of the ten or twelve art organizations of the city to the Central Society or Federation. This Federation is empowered under the Charter to name three painters, three sculptors, and three architects, as well as nine lay members, who, with the Mayor, the President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the President of the Public Library, and the President of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, shall constitute the Fine Arts Commission. This Commission has absolute power over all memorial or commemorative structures, whether in sculpture or architecture, and on request of the Mayor a veto power may be exercised by the Commission over any object of art, be it sculpture, architecture, the arrangements of grounds, walks, roads, or planting. If citizens, therefore, find that the Park Commission is exercising its functions in a manner prejudicial to the parks, and the landscape architect is remiss in his duty, they may petition the Mayor to secure an opinion from the Fine Arts Commission, which will be final.

PROSPECT PARK: SHEEP PASTURE

So far we have simply considered the artistic control of the park system of the newly constructed City of New York. The constitution of the actual Park Commission governing this great area forms another peculiar feature of the new Charter. An endeavor has been made to combine the advantages secured by the three-headed commission. At various times during the past

CENTRAL PARK: SKATING

twenty-five years many projects have been undertaken by different members of the Park Board which would, if carried out, have surely injured the parks. The fact that more than one member sat in judgment on the wisdom of projects for so-called improvements has always secured a wise deliberation that is greatly needed to secure satisfactory results. The objection to many-headed commissions has been the dissensions that have arisen from time to time, to the discredit of the Park Board. Even these dissensions, however, have a bad and good side, because many of them have caused delay and further consideration of projects that were eventually and properly abandoned. The one-headed commission has been especially popular with less enlightened but really public-spirited citizens. Business men have thought that it would be an excellent thing for an enterprising, intelligent management of a Park Department to promptly dispatch any piece of work that was on hand and that the head of the department had decided to do. This experiment has been tried in more than one case in the different cities of the country, and with sometimes disastrous results.

The promoters of the New York Charter have thought they could secure the benefits of each of these methods and minimize the difficulties that attach to them by making a Board of three Commissioners, one of whom is to have entire executive charge of the management of park affairs in each of the Boroughs of Bronx, Manhattan, and Kings. These three Commissioners are to act with entire independence of each other in the employment and discharge of men, and the initiation and carrying out of work, whether it be building bridges, houses, making roads, grading grounds, or any other improvement of parks.

At first sight, the authority of this single Commissioner in his special domain seems unlimited; but the Charter goes on to require that all three members shall meet as a Board, and that this Board shall let all contracts, fix all stipends and titles of employees, and determine the amount of all expenditures. The Board, moreover, and each and all of its members, be it here noted, may be controlled absolutely by the veto power of the Landscape Architect and the Fine Arts Commission. Difficulties will doubtless arise in the working of this somewhat complex system, caused by the fact that a Commissioner, in considering a question, will fail to feel responsible for the acts of the Commissioners of

other boroughs than his own, and the Commission will, therefore, often act unadvisedly and be liable to fall into disrepute. Much will depend upon the personal character and knowledge of the Commissioners in any case, and on their hearty devotion to the duties of their office. We may reasonably hope that, as time goes on, this somewhat complex system will work more smoothly and be changed in certain ways that will make it more efficient. Its intentions are excellent, and we must certainly acknowledge that it has touched the highest mark of park management heretofore attained.

I do not wish to convey by anything I have said that the pleasures of the public have been in any way unreasonably curtailed by the laws and management of the New York Department. The public are simply required to so conduct themselves that no interference with the comfort and convenience of others may occur. Every one has the right to enjoy the lawns, walks, roads, and plantations of the parks, but no one must prevent his neighbor from doing the same. Law and order must prevail here, more than anywhere else in the city. The property of the public must also be protected. Trees and shrubs must not be broken down and despoiled of their flowers, and short cuts must not be made across the lawns. The American public is prone to forget this, and do many things on the public domain that should not be done, simply because it is public and not private property. There are no more important functions of the Park Board than this protection of the parks. When this vigilant care is once established and maintained, it will be found that abundant opportunity for amusement is furnished on all the lawns of the New York parks. All through May and June scores of thousands of children hold their picnics and dance around their Maypoles under the shade-trees and over the lawns. It is one of the prettiest sights in the world to see the thousands of little ones with their white and red dresses and streaming banners.

All through spring, summer, and autumn, in both Central and Prospect Park, thousands are enthusiastically playing every outdoor game. Croquet, tennis, cricket, baseball, football, and la crosse succeed each other in popularity; and in the winter skating on the lake is even more popular than boating in the summer, and during snowbound winters members of the Snowshoe Club may be seen sliding over the lawns. It has been said, and possibly with some truth, that the Americans are not a merry people, dancing

PROSPECT PARK: CLEFT RIDGE SPAN

and singing and making holidays in season and out of season, like some of the Continental nations. We may not be a demonstrative race, but those who frequent New York parks will testify that we have great capacity for enjoyment in the simple rural surroundings of a country-like park. Some one has said, "Let me make the songs of the people and you may make the laws." But in New York I think we may say that the making of parks is much surer to touch the heart of the people than any songs that are likely to be made in these degenerate days. People are very patient under city misgovernment, but the well-being and proper use of the parks are so near their hearts that, no matter what party or clique attempts to destroy the harmony and well-ordered arrangement of the park, they must stop, and stop at once, so determined is the growl and protest of the public. New York papers agitate every reform and protest against every sort of misgovernment, but each paper generally takes up one subject and avoids that taken up by another. Against park abuses, however, they are nearly always unanimous and generally right. There is no more hopeful sign of the times than the sound public opinion in New York on all park questions. People you would least expect to exhibit discernment in this respect know well and declare boldly how the lawns and plantations of parks should be treated. To my thinking, it is a good citizen only who will love, day after day, to look on the children playing on the park lawns, or who will delight to wander in shady nooks and watch the blossoming flowers. For a time, at least, evil thoughts and self-seeking must have no place in his mind.

Proserpina: A Song of the Spring

By Sara King Wiley

Now along the woods a sheen
Shows the coming of the green;
Across the distant hills the mist
Purple floats as amethyst.
The birds dart forth in wheeling flight,
Clearly singing with delight,
And the soft breath of the air
Scatters perfume everywhere:
Scents of leaves and scents of shoots
Wanly yellow; scents of roots
Stirring in the moistened ground.
Now there wakes the cheery sound
Of the crystal running rills,
Tinkling, bubbling, down the hills.
And, by verdure heralded,
Starting through the stubble dead,
Lo, she comes that daintiest is
From out the ice-bound realms of Dis;
Wreathed with honey-smelling vine,
Forth again comes Proserpine.
Her filmy mantle, green as pale
As the new leaves drooping frail,
Floating while she swiftly passes,
Shakes from dew the frosty grasses,
And blows about her form of grace;
The blanchèd hues of her fair face
Flushing rosy in the breeze
That, stirring in the tips of trees,
Tosses out to threads of light
All her curlèd tresses bright.
Dainty Kóre, smooth and sweet,
Flowers rise about thy feet;
Thrust up gleaming from the mold
See the crocus cups of gold,
And the tiny starry things
Dropping petals like white wings.
Blithe her tripping footfall seems,
But her eyes are deep with dreams:
From the Shade Land must she bring
Pensive visions lingering.
Yet a promise of new birth
Speaks the sacred life of earth;
In the budding of the trees
Nature gives us prophecies:
Comfort of returning breath
From the numbing hold of death,
Peaceful wakening after pain,
Youth that shall return again
Gay in strength and fresh as flowers
Under clearer skies than ours.
Then, as morning breaks to cheer
With warmth and light the new-born year
Love shall wake us like the sun
And life's Easter be begun.

Mr. Stedman's Poems

By John H. Boner

MR. STEDMAN'S new book will have the effect of reviving interest in poetry. The volume recalls to mind the fact that the true poet is born, not made—*poeta nascitur non fit*—and that, after all, the true poet is a necessity in the realm of higher literature. It cannot be denied that the world has been burdened with verse. Almost in proportion to this burden of rhythmic expression, there has been a dearth of real poetry. Mr. Stedman's volume hails us back to the fountain-head of song—to that zone of Parnassus into which the footsteps of only the elect can be traced.

In presenting to the public this collection of his poems, Mr. Stedman has to some extent considered the temper of his audience—the present state of literary affairs. The financial world is not the only one in which "confidence" sometimes needs to be restored. These selections are calculated to plead the sanity, the usefulness, the beauty of the poet's art—to restore confidence in poetry as a factor of literary force.

There lingers a tradition that the poet who would secure the immortelles of the muses must worship and serve those deities exclusively. Mr. Stedman acknowledges and deplores his sometime deflection from the muses' train of loyal subjects, as in the invocational lines to the Spirit of Song which preface this volume, and as in his stanzas on Shelley—"Ariel"—where he says:

> . . . Like thee, I vowed to dedicate
> My powers to beauty; ay, but thou didst keep
> The vow.

But a man who has done so much and has worked so conscientiously and tirelessly for the cause of poetry has surely never lost favor with the sacred nine, particularly a man who, with true reverence for his art, has consistently, whether in the banking-parlor or in the Stock Exchange, been influenced and guided, consciously or not, by the real principles of beauty.

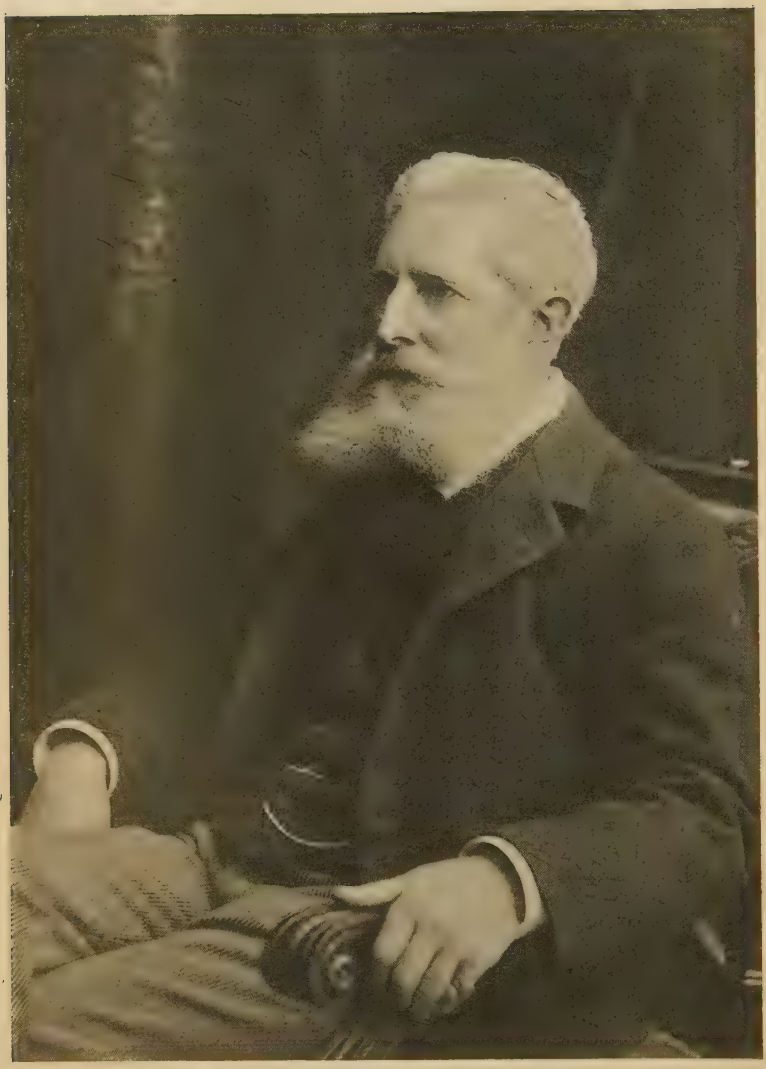
The epithet "banker-poet" is exceedingly obnoxious to Mr. Stedman. But why should it be so? He carried poetry into the banking business, and not the banking business into poetry. In this age and country of frantic activity and money-earning necessity, woe unto the poet who would look to the muses for a daily shower of manna!

Just before Byron set sail in defense of Greece he wrote Tom Moore that "a man ought to do something more for society than write verse." And so one ought. A poet should not, if possible, allow himself to suffer for the comforts of a good home. If he does so suffer, he is apt to burden his song with references to woes which are all too common, and to add to the sorrows of his fellow-sufferers. We need more happiness in poetry, and less sadness. Mr. Stedman has struck the golden mean; and while he is never "sentimental" in song, he frequently expresses the most exquisite sentiment. The mental and nervous vigor of the man is shown in all his lines. What he most admires in Byron is that poet's "glorious weapon of a dauntless will." Shelley's voice of song is to him "a wind-harp's strain in some enchanted close." He himself occasionally produces tones so like Shelley's that they might easily be mistaken for those of the "divine boy," as in his fanciful and imaginative poem "Fern-Land," in the Carib Sea series. Have we not here the very touch of Shelley:

> Here, unseen by grosser light,
> Fairyland, at noon of night
> Holidaying,
> Sallies forth in fine arraying;
> Elfin, sylphide, fay, and gnome
> On the dew-tipped ferns disport,
> In the festooned creepers swing,
> Their light plumage fluttering.

At the first "pale glint of morn" all "the little people" change:

> Then the gnomes, that change to newts,
> Lurk about the tree-fern's roots;
> Their commander
> Is the frog-mouthed salamander,
> Who will marshal in the sun
> Red-backed lizards from the vines,
> Eft and newt from bog and spring—
> Many a crested, horny thing,
> Sharp-eyed, fearsome—and that one
> With the loathly spotted lines!
> Mortal heedeth
> Him, whose breath of poison speedeth
> Them that chafe the elfin king.
>
> Moths above, that feed on dew,
> Flit their wings of gold and blue—
> Fancy guesses
> These must be the court princesses;



EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Others are in durance pent,
Changed to orchids for their tricks—
Wantons they, who must remain
All day long in beauteous pain.

The sixty-two poems gathered in this collection are truly, as the author says in a prefatorial note, "various in theme, motive, and expression." There are inspiring thoughts for the patriot, amorous sighs for the lover, wit and wisdom, songs grave and gay, refined humor, extollation of heroism, noble and ennobling sentiments, and, though not pronounced religion, enough to justify what the author meant when, years ago, he wrote (in a poem not here reproduced):

And even I may have a secret tower
Up storm-swept Pisgah, whence I see beyond
Jordan.

A few years ago "Falstaff's Song," one of the poems included in this volume, first appeared in print, with this note by the author: "Strange it seems, when one first discovers it, that Shakespeare put no ballad, tavern-catch, or other song in the mouth of pewter-clinking Sir John. But he certainly left us a most tempting refrain for one." Starting with this refrain, Mr. Stedman has deftly mirrored Shakespeare's elusive style. Here are two of the three stanzas:

Where's he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?
A tailor's yard beneath, I wot,
Where worms approaching be;
For the wight that died o' Wednesday,
Just laid the light below,
Is dead as the varlet turned to clay
A score of years ago.

Where's he that died o' Sabba' day?
Good Lord, I'd not be he!
The best of days is foul enough
From this world's fare to flee;
And the saint that died o' Sabba' day,
With his grave-turf yet to grow,
Is dead as a sinner brought to pray
A hundred years ago.

In "The Provençal Lovers" Mr. Stedman has introduced a refrain—"Said Aucassin to Nicolette"—which curiously enhances the ballad about the clandestine meeting of those enamored ones centuries ago "within the garden of Beaucaire."

A noble and touching poem is that on Helen Keller, of which the closing lines are these:

Pity thy unconfined
Clear spirit, whose enfranchised eyes
Use not their grosser sense?
Ah, no! thy bright intelligence
Hath its own Paradise,
A realm wherein to hear and see
Things hidden from our kind.
Not thou, not thou—'tis we
Are deaf, are dumb, are blind!

Now for a little fault-finding. "Kennst Du" is an unhappy importation for the title of that first of the Carib Sea series of lyrics; and in that brightly colored and perfume-breathing poem there occurs a commonplace word which dulls the beauty of the sketch. It is the last word of this quotation:

Here is no mangrove warp-and-woof
From which a vapor lifts aloof,
But on the beaches smooth and dry
Red-lipped conch-shells lie—
Even at the edge of that green wall
Where the shore-grape's tendriled runners spread,
And purple trumpet-creepers fall,
And the frangipani's clusters shed
Their starry sweets withal.

There is Byronic feeling and expression in the following sonnet:

MORS BENEFICA

Give me to die unwitting of the day,
And stricken in life's brave heat, with senses clear:
Not swathed and couched until the lines appear
Of Death's wan mask upon this withering clay,
But as that old man eloquent made way
From Earth, a nation's conclave hushed anear;
Or as the chief whose fates, that he may hear
The victory, one glorious moment stay.
Or, if not thus, then with no cry in vain,
No ministrant beside to ward and weep,
Hand upon helm I would my quittance gain
In some wild turmoil of the waters deep,
And sink content into a dreamless sleep
(Spared grave and shroud) below the ancient main.

The fellowship of poets, especially American poets, is to be congratulated on the appearance of this volume.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a daguerreotype taken in Philadelphia in 1844

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
From an engraved portrait by Mr. J. A. J. Wilcox.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

CHAPTER VIII.—LOWELL AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER

IT will be as well to bring into one chapter such references to Lowell's work as a public speaker as may give some idea of the interest with which he was always heard, and, indeed, of his own evident enjoyment of the position of an orator.

He spoke with absolute simplicity, with entire ease, and he really enjoyed public speaking.

It was near the close of the first quarter of the century that what was called the Lyceum system came into being in New England. It worked wonderfully well under the original plans. The institution, as it may be called, or the habit, if you please, of lecturing and listening to lectures, was formed again, probably never to be abandoned in our communities. The method by which this was done in the New England towns worked well for a generation. And Lowell, as a youngster starting on life, made some of his first addresses "under the auspices" of the old-fashioned lyceum committees.

I am rather fond of saying, what nobody seems to care for excepting myself, that high among the causes which sent Winthrop's colony to Massachusetts was the passion of him and his to hear lectures on week-days. Now this was important. It means that the contest between the "left wing" and the "right wing" in the English Church turned largely on the wish of the more advanced clergy to speak in other pulpits than their own, and the greater wish of the Puritan people to hear them. Of course, if a bishop could shut up a man in his own pulpit, the

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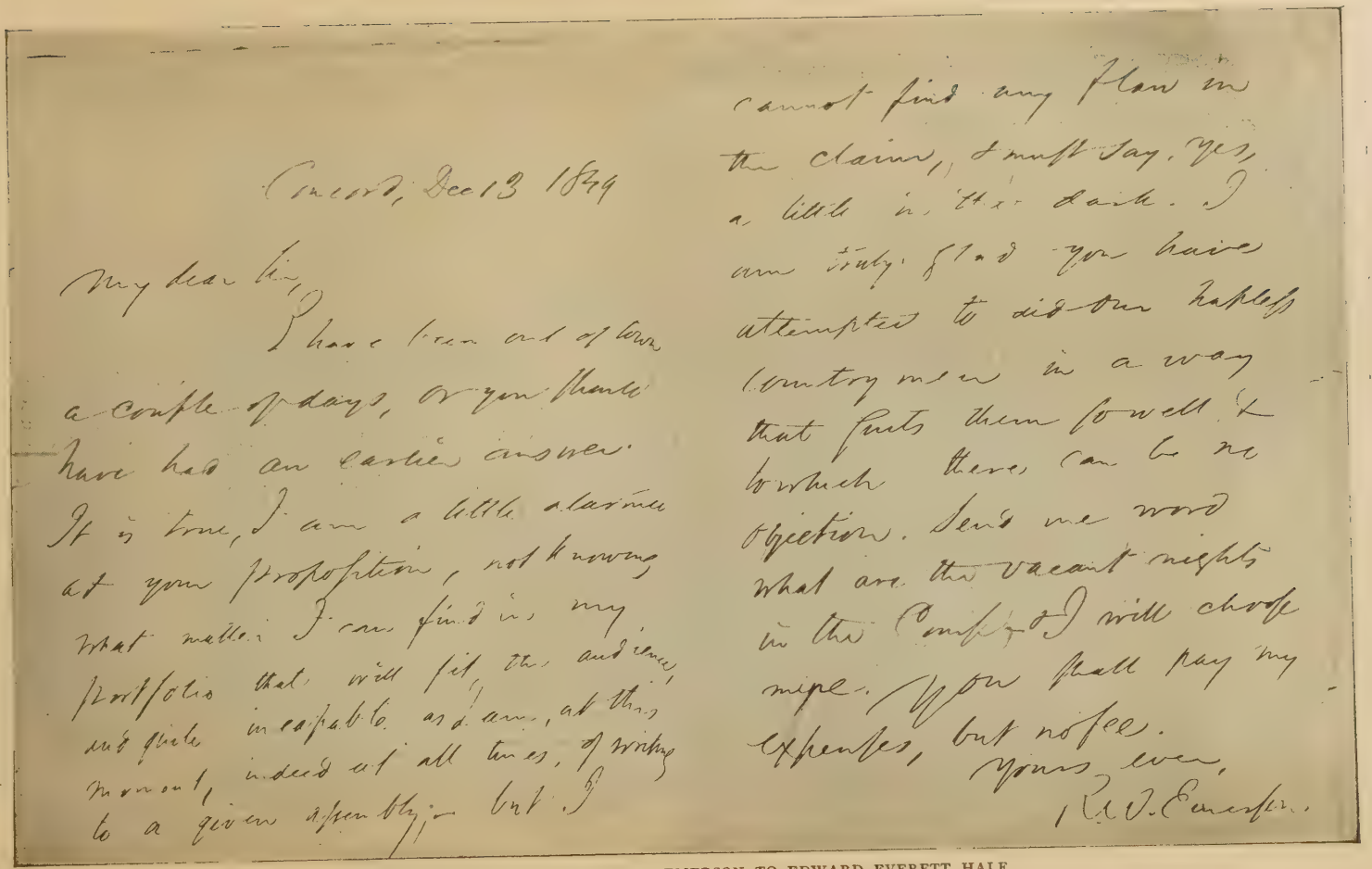


Concord, Dec 13 1849

My dear Sir,

I have been out of town a couple of days, or you should have had an earlier answer. It is true, I am a little alarmed at your proposition, not knowing what matter I can find in my portfolios that will fit the audience and globe in capable as I am, at this moment, indeed at all times, of writing to a given appointment. But I cannot find any flaw in the claims, I must say. Yes, a little in the date. I am truly glad you have attempted to aid our helpless countrymen in a way that suits them so well & to which there can be no objection. Send me word what are the vacant nights in the Course & I will choose mine. You shall pay my expenses, but no fee.

Yours ever,

R. W. Emerson.

A LETTER FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON TO EDWARD EVERETT HALE

A PORTRAIT OF EMERSON TAKEN FROM "BALLOU'S PICTORIAL" OF FEBRUARY 5, 1859

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

Lowell was one. King said that a popular lyceum lecture was made of five parts of sense and five of nonsense. "There are only five men in America," said he, "who know how to mix them—and I think I am one of the five." Other people thought so too, and did not detect the nonsense. His carefully wrought lectures are worth anybody's study to-day.

He is the author of another lyceum chestnut. Some one asked him what his honorarium was for each lecture. "F. A. M. E.," said he—"Fifty And My Expenses."

Lowell's hearers got no nonsense. His subjects were generally literary or critical—I think always so. On one or more expeditions he went to what was then the Far West—speaking in Wisconsin, I observe, within twenty years after Black Hawk and Keokuk addressed Americans on the same fields.

(Ah me! Why did I not accept forty

acres of land between the lakes in Madison, Wisconsin, when they were offered me in 1842? The reader will perhaps pardon this digression!)

Of such a system of Wanderjähre in the education of a country, not the least benefit is that which is gained by the speaker. No man knows America who has not traveled much in her different regions. A wise United States Senator proposed lately that each newly elected member of Congress should be compelled to travel up and down his own country for those mysterious months after his election before he takes his seat. The men who have had such a privilege do not make the mistakes of book-trained men.

A good enough illustration of some of the deeper consequences of what may be called the Lyceum Movement may be found in the story often told of the divided committee who met Wendell Phillips in a place where he was quite a stranger. On his arrival he asked what was the subject he was to speak on. Should he read his lecture on the Lost Arts, or should he deliver an address on Anti-Slavery? It proved, alas! that the committee was equally divided, perhaps bitterly divided, and neither side would yield to the other. Phillips at once made the determination with his own prompt wit. He said he would deliver the lecture on the Lost Arts first, and then the Anti-Slavery address afterwards for any who wanted to stay and hear. Of course, after they had heard him, everybody stayed, and so he had the whole town to hear his radical appeal, where otherwise he would have had only that half the town which was convinced already.

Under a law which may be called divine, the students, in all colleges where they had the choice of anniversary orators, always elected the speakers who, as they thought, would be most disagreeable to the college government. So Emerson, Parker, and Phillips came to be favorite college speakers in colleges where the faculties would gladly have suppressed all knowledge of the men. Mr. Emerson's address at Dartmouth in 1838 would never have been delivered but for the action of this law. This address, when printed, lying on the counter of a book-shop in Oxford, gave to Gladstone his first knowledge of the New England Plato.

It is amusing now, and in a way it is pathetic, to see how this youngster Lowell, even before he was of age, caught at the floating straw of a Lyceum engagement whenever he could, in the hope of earning a little money. This was simply that he felt the mortification which every bright boy feels when, after being told that he is a man by some college authority, he finds that he is still living in his father's house, eating at his father's table, wearing clothes which his father pays for, and even asking his father for spending-money. There is a note from him to Loring to ask if the "Andover Lyceum" will pay as much as five dollars for a lecture.

The reader must understand that in the "Lyceum system," so called, it was considered as a sort of duty for educated men to have on hand a lecture or two which they were willing to read to any audience which was willing to ask them. This was, by the way, in precise fulfillment of that somewhat vague commission which constitutes the degree of a Master of Arts. The person who is fortunate enough to receive this diploma is told that he has the privilege of "speaking in public as often as any one asks him to do so." In our modern days we are a little apt to take this privilege without the permission of the university.

Educated men accepted such appointments as their contribution to public education. It was just as the same men served on the School Committee or Board of Selectmen, and would have been insulted if anybody had proposed to pay them anything for doing it. In many cases, perhaps in most cases, no tickets were bought or sold. The Selectmen gave the Town Hall for a Lyceum, or the First Parish gave the use of its meeting-house for a Lyceum, as they would have done for a temperance meeting or a missionary meeting. But, of course, it soon appeared that if the audiences were to have continuous courses of lectures, somebody must be paid for them, and somebody must pay. College professors were engaged to give elementary courses on scientific or historical subjects. As early as 1832 Mr. Emerson delivered a course of biographical lectures at the request of the Massachusetts Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge. And in the years of the 30's in Boston there were maintained through the winter public courses almost every evening in the week, by at least five different organizations—the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, the Boston Lyceum, the Mercantile Library Association, the Mechanics' Association, and sometimes the Historical Society. For all these courses tickets were sold at low rates, but for enough to enable the

Societies to pay the lecturers a small honorarium. From such arrangements as these the custom spread of recompensing the lecturer for his work; and at this moment, in an average New England town, people will not go to a lecture if they think the lecturer has "given" his service. The public thinks that if not worth pay, it is not worth hearing.

In this arrangement of the Lyceum, Lowell found his place before he was of age. He was always an easy and a ready speaker, and, as I have said, he enjoyed public speaking. Before long his interest in the Temperance reform and the Anti-Slavery reform brought him occasionally on the platform. He spoke with perfect ease. On such occasions he spoke without notes, never speaking without knowing what he had to say, and always saying it. But I think he never delivered a lecture, as he would have called it, without a manuscript written out in full.

The first account he gives of his public speaking is that of the celebration of the Cambridgeport Women's Total Abstinence Society on the Fourth of July, 1842. "There were more than three thousand in all, it was said. I was called out, and made a speech of about ten minutes, from the top of a bench, to an audience of two thousand, as silent as could be. I spoke of the beauty of having women present, and of their influence and interest in reforms. I ended with the following sentiment: 'The proper place of woman —at the head of the pilgrims back to purity and truth.' In the midst of my speech I heard many demonstrations of satisfaction and approval—one voice saying, 'Good!' in quite an audible tone. I was told that my remarks were 'just the thing.' When I got up and saw the crowd, it inspired me. I felt as calm as I do now, and could have spoken an hour with ease. I did not hesitate for a word or expression even once."

Alas! the Boston papers of the day had Mr. Tyler's "third veto" to print, and the news from England by a late arrival; and no word could be spared for poor James's first essay. What saith the Vulgate? "A prophet is without honor in the daily paper of his time."

As it proved, he was brought face to face with large numbers of persons who would otherwise never have seen him, by delivering lectures in various courses through the Northern and Northwestern States; but this did not begin until a period as late as 1855. What I have said of his easy speaking is the remark of a person who heard him, as I have often heard him. I never spoke with any one who had heard him who did not say the same thing. But he himself did not always feel the sort of confidence in his power in this way which would have seemed natural. I am told by many persons who had to introduce him upon such occasions, that he would be doubtful and anxious about his power with an audience before he began. And he was excessively sensitive about any accident by which he forgot a word or in any way seemed to himself to have tripped in his discourse.

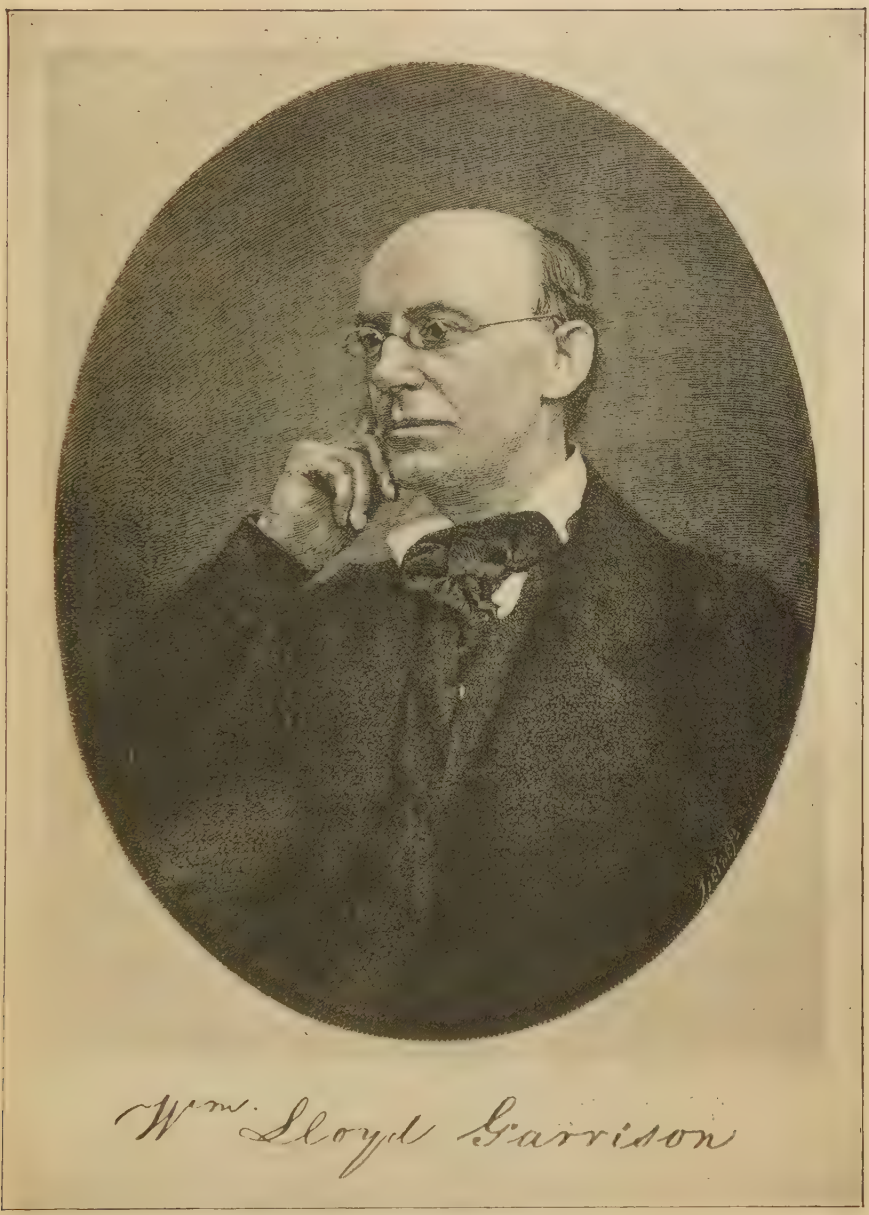
In 1853 he was invited to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute. These lectures were eventually delivered in January and February of 1855.

Because the great system of public instruction which is carried on by this Institute bears the name of his family, I must give some little account of it here. Stimulated by the success of what we have been speaking of, the Lyceum system of the Northern States, John Lowell, Jr., a cousin of James Russell Lowell, had founded this Institute. His wife and all his children had died. His own health was delicate, and he undertook a long journey abroad. While in Egypt he made his will, in which he left $250,000 for the beginning of a fund for carrying on public instruction by means of lectures. It is said that it was executed literally under the shadow of the ruins of Luxor.

By this instrument he left to trustees the sum which has been named, the interest of which should be expended for maintaining free public lectures for the instruction of any who should choose to attend. The will provided that nine-tenths of the income should be thus expended for the immediate purposes of every year. The remaining tenth is every year added to the principal fund. The investments have been carefully and successfully made, and as the will went into effect in the year 1839, the fund is now very much larger than it was when he died.

It has been admirably administered from the beginning. The first Americans in the walks of science or of literature have been proud to be enrolled on the list of its lecturers, and in many instances the most distinguished savants from Europe have been called over with the special purpose of lecturing to its audiences.

Before 1855 Lowell was, I may say, universally known and universally admired. The announcement that he was to deliver a course



of twelve lectures on English poetry was gladly received in Boston. It proved at once that it would be necessary to repeat the lectures in the afternoons for a new audience for those who could not enter the hall in the evening. But in both afternoon and evening courses multitudes were turned away for whom there was no room in the hall. A much larger "audience" was made up by the people who read the lectures from day to day in the newspaper. My father and brother, who then conducted the "Daily Advertiser," arranged with Mr. Lowell that his old friend Mr. Robert Carter should prepare the manuscript for that paper, and thus the "Advertiser" printed each lecture on the day after its second delivery, with the omission only of some of the extracts from the poets of whom he was speaking.

These reports were carefully preserved by some scrap-book makers, and from one of the scrap-books thus made the Rowfant Club of

ELMWOOD

From a photograph taken by Miss C. E Peabody, of Cambridge

ELMWOOD

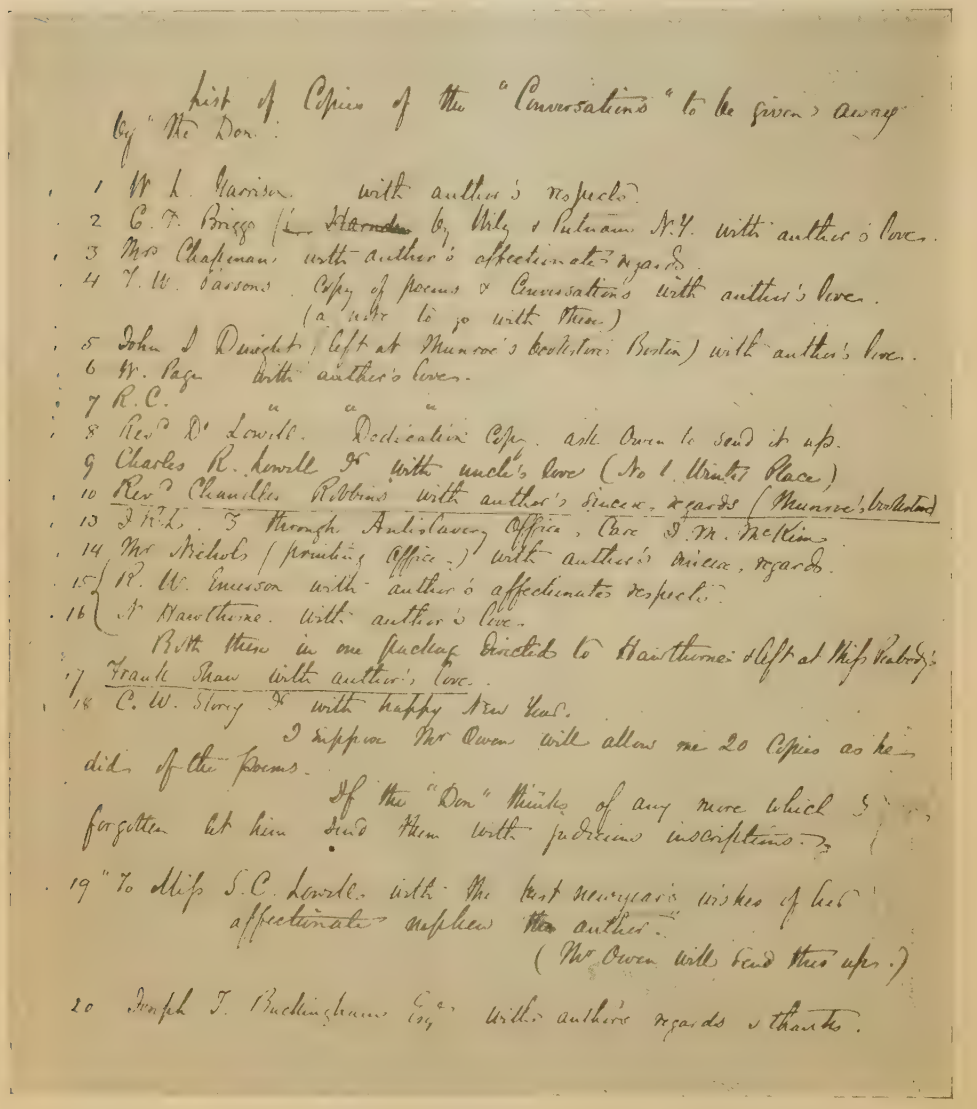
From a photograph taken by Messrs Pach Brothers, Cambridge.

Cleveland printed last year an elegant limited edition.

I borrow from another the description of Mr. Lowell's manner as a speaker in delivering these and similar addresses. This writer, who is not known to me, says, first, that Mr. Lowell never imitates the stump speaker and never falls into the drollery of the comedian. "His pronunciation is clear and precise; the modulations of his voice are unstudied and agreeable, but he seldom if ever raised a hand for gesticulation, and his voice was kept in its natural compass. He read like one who had something of importance to utter, and the just emphasis was felt in the penetrating tone. There were no oratorical climaxes, and no pitfalls set for applause."

The subjects of the twelve lectures are these: 1. Definitions. 2. Piers Ploughman's Vision. 3. The Metrical Romances. 4. The Ballads. 5. Chaucer. 6. Spenser. 7. Milton. 8. Butler. 9. Pope. 10. Poetic Diction. 11. Wordsworth. 12. The Function of the Poet.

It is no wonder that the lectures were so



List of Copies of the "Conversations" to be given away by "The Don".

1 W. L. Garrison with author's respects.
2 C. F. Briggs (Harnden) by Wiley & Putnam N.Y. with author's love.
3 Mrs Chapman with author's affectionate regards.
4 F. W. Parsons Copy of poems & Conversations with author's love. (a letter to go with them)
5 John S Dwight (left at Munroe's bookstore Boston) with author's love.
6 W. Page with author's love.
7 R.C. " " "
8 Rev^d Dr Lowell. Dedication Copy. ask Owen to send it up.
9 Charles R. Lowell Jr with uncle's love (No 1 Union Place)
10 Rev^d Chandler Robbins with author's sincere regards (Munroe's bookstore)
13 J.R.L. Through Antislavery Office, Care J. M. McKim
14 Mr Nichols (printing office) with author's sincere regards.
15 R. W. Emerson with author's affectionate respects.
16 N. Hawthorne. with author's love.
With them in one package directed to Hawthorne left at Miss Peabody's
17 Frank Shaw with author's love.
18 C. W. Storey Jr with happy New Year.
I suppose Mr Owen will allow me 20 Copies as he did of the poems.
If the "Don" thinks of any more which I have forgotten let him send them with pertinent inscriptions.
19 "To Miss S.C. Lowell with the best new year's wishes of her affectionate nephew the author."
(Mr Owen will send these up.)
20 Joseph T. Buckingham Esq^r with author's regards & thanks.

MEMORANDUM IN LOWELL'S HANDWRITING OF LIST OF FRIENDS TO WHOM HE WILL PRESENT COPIES OF "CONVERSATIONS ON THE OLD POETS." "THE DON" IS ROBERT CARTER.

JOHN HOLMES, ESTES HOWE, ROBERT CARTER, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a photograph by Mr J. W. Black, of Boston. The original is owned by Mr. James Lowell Carter.

popular. They are of the best reading to this day, full of fun, full of the most serious thought as well. And you find in them at every page, I may say, seeds which he has planted elsewhere for other blossoms and fruit. For instance, here is his description of a New England spring:

"In our New England especially, where May-day is a mere superstition and the May-pole a poor, half-hardy exotic which shivers in an east wind almost as sharp as Endicott's ax—where frozen children, in unseasonable muslin, celebrate the floral games with nose-gays from the milliners, and winter reels back, like shattered Lear, bringing the dead spring in his arms, her budding breast and wan, dilustered cheeks all overblown with the drifts and frosty streaks of his white beard—where even Chanticleer, whose sap mounts earliest in that dawn of the year, stands dumb beneath the dripping eaves of his harem, with his melancholy tail at half-mast—one has only to take down a volume of Chaucer, and forthwith he can scarce step without crushing a daisy, and the sunshine flickers on small new leaves that throb thick with song of merle and mavis."

We find much of this again in the Biglow Papers; perhaps the prose is better than the verse. Indeed, you have only to turn over the pages to find epigrams of which you might make proverbs. "Fortunately for the ballad-makers, they were not encumbered with any useless information." "The ballads are pathetic because the poet did not try to make them so; and they are models of nervous and simple diction, because the business of the poet was to tell his story and not to adorn it." "The only art of expression is to have something to express. We feel as wide a difference between what is manufactured and what is spontaneous as between the sparkles of an electrical machine and the wildfire of God which writes '*Mene, Mene*,' on the crumbling palace walls of midnight cloud." "Even Shakespeare, who comes after everybody has done his best, and seems to say, 'Here, let me take hold a minute and show you how to do it,' could not mend that."

Let no one suppose, because these lectures are thus delivered to what is called a popular audience, that there is anything slight in the work or superficial in the handling. Lowell

was not the man to slight his work because he had an audience of the people, or to treat the rank and file with more superficial consideration than the men with epaulets or sashes. Even if he had been, when he delivered one of these courses of lectures he had before him his full share of the leaders of that community, men and women to whom even a Philistine would not dare bring the work of a slop-shop.

A good deal of the thought of these lectures appears, as I have said, in other forms in some of his later publications. But, for whatever reason, he never made a separate book of them. I think he says somewhere in a private letter that he wanted to do it, and indeed had meant to do it, but that he could not make the time; and that this was a fair excuse any one will say who knows how steadily he worked and how much work he had to do in study, in teaching, in writing and proof-reading, and, in after life, in his diplomatic duties.

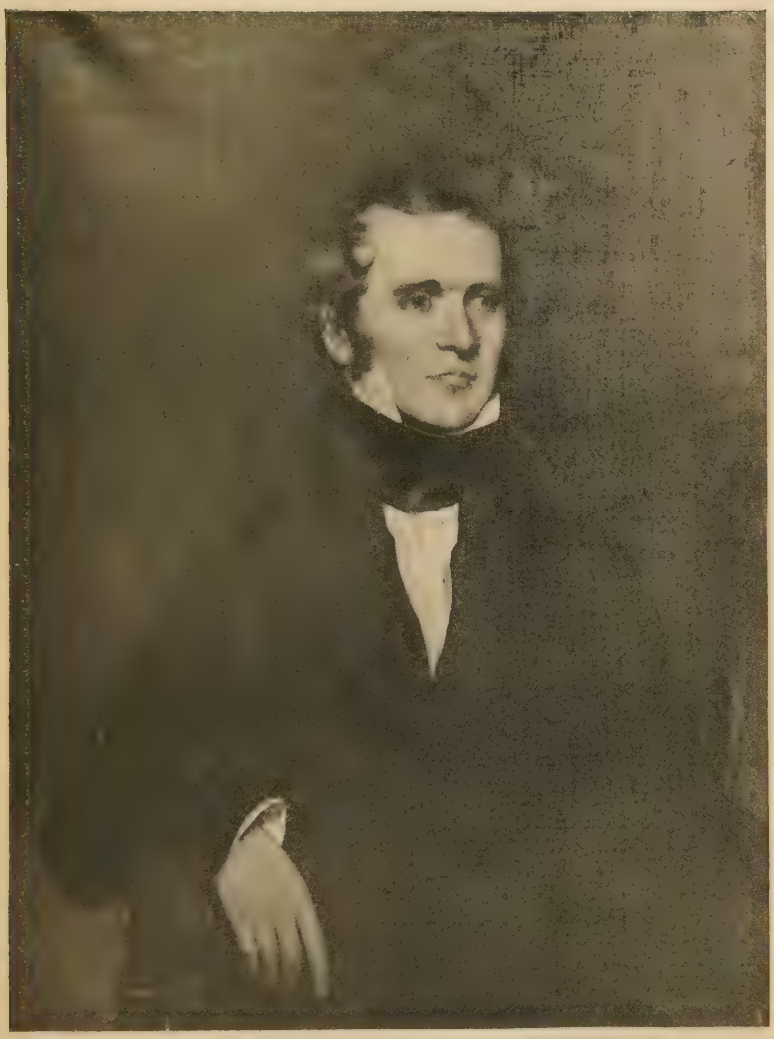
It is perhaps the more interesting to take some of the fresh and wide-awake passages of these lectures, which are now gay and now very serious, always careful, often amusing, and in complete sympathy with the authors he discusses, and to compare their statements with later statements, in poetry or in prose, of the same idea. Indeed, it may be said that we have here an early edition of some of his most cherished opinions which appear afterwards, perhaps in other forms, with the revision of later thought and study.

In 1874 Mr. Lowell was chosen the President of the Harvard Society of Alumni, and from 1863 to 1871 he was President of the Phi Beta Kappa of Cambridge. It is worth observing that no other President of the Phi Beta has ever held that position so long. His immediate predecessor was Judge Hoar, and his successor Richard Henry Dana. These two societies exist chiefly to provide for the annual dinners of Cambridge graduates at the College on Commencement Day and the day following. The fine charm of the Phi Beta dinner is that it is not permitted or expected that anything that is said shall be reported. You may look for the most bubbling fun of some of the most serious men in the world, without any terror of seeing it bewitched and reflected the next morning from the cracked mirror of some ignorant boy who, when he reads his notes, can see no difference between Voltaire and Valkyrie. But the Commencement dinners, the day before the Phi Beta dinners, are open to the reports of all men, angels, and devils, so that some of the sparks of Lowell's infinite fun may, with proper grinding, be thrown upon the kodak still.

He officiated as President of the Alumni in 1875 and 1876. Those years, as the centennial years of the early Revolutionary events, kept every one on the alert as to New England history. I will copy a short extract from each of these addresses:

"But, gentlemen, I will not detain you with the inevitable suggestions of the occasion. These sentimentalities are apt to slip from under him who would embark on them, like a birch canoe under the clumsy foot of a cockney, and leave him floundering in retributive commonplace. I had a kind of hope, indeed, from what I had heard, that I should be unable to fill this voice-devouring hall. I had hoped to sit serenely here, with a tablet in the wall before me inscribed: 'Guilielmo Roberto Ware, Henrico Van Brunt, optime de Academia meritis, eo quod facundiam post-prandialem irritam fecerunt.' [The reader must recognize here the distinguished architect of Sanders Dining Hall, which was then newly built.] I hope you understood my Latin, and I hope you will forgive me the antiquity of the pronunciation, but it is simply because I cannot help it. Then, on a blackboard behind me, I could have written in large letters the names of our guests, who should make some brave dumb show of acknowledgment. You, at least, with your united applause, could make yourselves heard. If brevity ever needed an excuse, I might claim one in the fact that I have consented, at short notice, to be one of the performers in our domestic centennial next Saturday, and poetry is not a thing to be delivered on demand without an exhausting wear upon the nerves. When I wrote to Dr. Holmes and begged him for a little poem, I got the following answer, which I shall take the liberty of reading. I do not see the Doctor himself in the hall, which encourages me to go on:

"'My dear James: Somebody has written a note in your name, requesting me to furnish a few verses for some occasion which he professes to be interested in. I am satisfied, of course, that it is a forgery. I know you would not do such a thing as ask a brother writer, utterly exhausted by his centennial efforts, to endanger his health and compromise his reputation by any damnable iteration of spasmodic squeezing. So I give you fair



JOHN LOWELL, JR.
From the portrait by Harding

warning that some dangerous person is using your name, and taking advantage of the great love I bear you, to play upon my feelings. Do not think for a moment that I hold you in any way responsible for this note, looking so nearly like your own handwriting as for a single instant to deceive me, and suggesting the idea that I would take a passage for Europe in season to avoid college anniversaries.'

"I readily excused him, and I am sure you will be kind enough to be charitable to me, gentlemen. I know that one of the things which the graduates of the College look forward to with the most confident expectation and pleasure is the report of the President of the University. I remember that when I was in the habit of attending the meetings of the faculty, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, I was very much struck by the fact that almost every field of business that required particular ability was sure to gravitate into the hands of a young professor of chemistry. The fact made so deep an impression upon me that I remember that I used to feel, when our war broke out, that this young professor might have to take the care of one of our regiments—and I know he would have led it to victory. And when I heard that the same professor was nominated for President, I had no doubt of the result which we have all seen to follow. I give you, gentlemen, the health of President Eliot, of Harvard College!"

Holding the same honorable though honorary office the next year, before introducing the speakers, he said:

"The common consent of civilized mankind seems to have settled on the centennial commemoration of great events as leaving an interval spacious enough to be impressive and having a roundness of completion in its period. We are the youngest of nations, and the centuries to us are not yet grown so cheap and so commonplace as Napoleon's, when he saw forty of them looking down in undisguised admiration upon his armies bronzed from their triumphs in Italy. For my own part, I think the scrutiny of one age is quite enough to bear, without calling in thirty-nine others to its assistance. It is quite true that a hundred years are but as a day in the life of a nation, are but as a tick of the clock to the long train of æons in which this planet hardened itself for the habitation of man and man accommodated himself to his habitation; but they are all we have, and we must make the best of them. Perhaps, after all, it is no such great misfortune to be young, especially if we are conscious at that time that youth means opportunity and not accomplishment. I think that, after all, when we look back upon the hundred years through which the country has passed, the vista is not so disheartening as to the indigestive fancy it might at first appear. If we have lost something of that Arcadian simplicity which the French travelers of a hundred years ago found here—perhaps because they looked for it, perhaps because of their impenetrability by the English tongue—we have lost something also of that self-sufficiency which is the mark as well of provincials as of barbarians, and which is the great hindrance to all true advancement. It is a wholesome symptom, I think, if we are beginning to show some of the talent for grumbling which is the undoubted heirloom of the race to which most of us belong. Even the Fourth of July oration is changing round into a lecture on our national shortcomings, and the proud eagle himself is beginning to have no little misgiving at the amplitude between the tips of his wings. But while it may be admitted that our Government was more decorously administered one hundred years ago, if our national housekeeping to-day is further removed from honest business principles, and therefore is more costly, morally and financially, than that of any other Christian nation, it is not less true that the hundredth year of our existence finds us, in the mass, very greatly advanced in the refinement and culture and comfort that are most operative in making a country civilized and keeping it so."

On three occasions, at least, Lowell substituted for a prose lecture a poem to which he gave the name of "The Power of Sound." It is constructed on the simple system which runs back as far as "The Pleasures of Imagination," giving us, for instance, the "Pleasures of Hope" and the "Pleasures of Memory." In these prehistoric days of which I write, it was what you rather expected in a college poem: a convenient thread on which to string the beads which might else have been lying unused in box or basket.

Lowell gave the original copy of this poem to Mr. Norton, who edited it carefully with interesting notes for an elegant edition of a few copies printed by Mr. Holden. Some of the lines and several of the illustrations in other forms were used by him elsewhere, and may be found in his published poems:

. . . . . .

Steps have their various meanings—who can hear
The long, slow tread, deliberate and clear,
The boot that creaks and gloats on every stair,
And the firm knock which says, "I know you're there,"
Nor quake at portents which so oft before
Have been the heralds of the ten-inch bore?

He enters, and he sits, as crowners sit,
On the dead bodies of our time and wit;
Hopes that no plan of yours he comes to balk,
And grinds the hurdy-gurdy of his talk
In steady circles, meaningless and flat
As the broad brim that rounds a bishop's hat.
Nature, didst thou endow him with a voice,
As mothers give great drums to little boys,
To teach us sadly how much outward din
Is based on bland vacuity within?

—

. . . Who, untouched, could leave
Those Hebrew songs that triumph, trust, or grieve?
Verses that smite the soul as with a sword,
And open all the abysses with a word?
How many a soul have David's tears washed white,
His wings borne upward to the Source of light!
How many his triumph nerved with martyr-will,
His faith from turmoil led to waters still!
They were his songs that rose to heaven before
The surge of steel broke wild o'er Marston Moor,
When rough-shod workmen in their sober gear
Rode down in dust the long-haired cavalier;
With these once more the Mayflower's cabin rang,
From men who trusted in the God they sang,
And Plymouth heard them, poured on bended knees,
From wild cathedrals arched with centuried trees.
They were grim men, unlovely—yes, but great—
Who prayed around the cradle of our State,

Small room for light and sentimental strains
In those lean men with empires in their brains,
Who their young Israel saw in vision clasp
The mane of either sea with taming grasp;
Who pitched a State as other men pitch tents,
And led the march of time to great events.

O strange new world, that yet wast never young,
Whose youth from thee by tyrannous need was wrung,
Brown foundling of the forests, with gaunt eyes,
Orphan and heir of all the centuries,
Who on thy baby leaf-bed in the wood
Grew'st frugal plotting for to-morrow's food;
And thou, dear Bay State, mother of us all,
Forget not in new cares thine ancient call!
Though all things else should perish in the sod,
Hold with firm clutch thy Puritan faith in God,
And the calm courage that deemed all things light
Whene'er the inward voice said, "*This is right!*"
If for the children there should come a time
Like that which tried the fathers' faith sublime
(Which God avert!), if Tyranny should strive
On limbs New-England-made to lock her gyve,
Let Kansas answer from her reddened fields,
"'Tis bastard, and not Pilgrim blood, that yields!"

Until his death, his well-earned reputation as a public speaker made constant calls on him for service in such directions. But no lover of Lowell will suppose that lecturing to large audiences or to small was much more than an "avocation" with him. The "Fable for Critics," the "Biglow Papers," and other books belong to years when he was hard at work as a college professor. His contributions to the journals which were influential in reform still continued, though not so frequent as before.

[To be continued in the June Magazine Number]

In Sappin' Time

By Maria Louise Pool

AS she went across the uncarpeted floor the woman's step was so light that it could not have been the sound of it that aroused the man dozing in the arm-chair by the window. The curtain was raised to its utmost, and the sun covered the figure as it lay sunken in the calico cushions. It moved, and the fallen head was raised.

"That you, Lyddy?"

"Yes, father."

Lyddy paused in front of the fireplace, where maple logs were burning.

The man pulled himself up higher in the chair. His eyes were hazy.

"You sure it's you, Lyddy?" with anxious insistence.

"Why, father, who should it be, I sh'd like to know, if 'tain't me."

"I guess I must have be'n dreamin', then; but I thought Ben was settin' 'tother side the fire, 'n' he got up to help me walk out; 'n' 'twas jest as real. Then I opened my eyes 'n' you was there instid of Ben. It's queer how real things do seem sence I have to set round all day—things that ain't so at all. I always did think of Ben a lot every sappin' time sense he run away."

Lyddy did not reply. She stood quiet, her eyes lowered, her strong-featured, gaunt face suddenly colorless.

"What you goin' to do with that tin pail?" her father asked, abruptly.

"I was goin' up to Mr. George's to see if I couldn't get a little drain sugar. I want some for that Indian pudding, and ours has run out. I thought 'twould last till we made again, but it didn't."

She spoke with a sort of "cut and dried" cheerfulness that was habitual with her, and that perhaps deceived people.

"I hope you'll get some; I wouldn't give a snap for Indian pudd'n 'thout I had it 's I wanted it. But Jim George's sugar ain't a primin' to ours. Jest reach me my pipe 'n' a match 'fore you go; 'n' don't stay."

Lyddy went to the mantel shelf and took from it the articles her father had mentioned. Having placed them on the table near him, she was turning away, when he caught hold of her skirt. She stood still while he stared up in her face.

"I never see nothin' beat it," he exclaimed at last; "how you do grow to look like Ben!"

"You don't know how Ben looks now."

"That's a fact; how long is it?"

"Fifteen years ago next Tuesday. 'Twas the 28th of March, 'n' a very mild time. The sap got to runnin' early and good. We made a splendid lot of sugar that year.

"I guess I better be goin' up to Mr. George's, or it'll be dinner-time 'fore I c'n git back."

The speaker made a slight movement as if to walk toward the door, but the grasp on her gown did not relax.

"How old be you now, Lyddy?"

"Thirty-five."

"It don't seem possible! How time does go! Then Ben is thirty-five too! He seems like a boy to me, somehow. I s'pose children always seem young to their parents, and you 'n' he are twins, ain't you?"

"Yes."

Lyddy's voice was hardly above a whisper; she turned her head slightly as she answered.

"I know; I don't really forgit, though things seem so strange to me; I set here so much. Ben was awful full of fun; 'n' you 'n' he wa'n't never separated, was you? 'Twas 'bout's if you was tied together. I never did see folks set so much by each other; 'n' now—"

"Don't, father!"

"Oh, wall, I won't. You don't never say nothin' 'bout Ben, 'n' I s'pose you've almost forgotten him. That's natural; you see, you ain't his father; I be. Though you are his twin, 'tain't like bein' his father. Run along now, 'n' git your sugar. If you don't stay too long, I sha'n't need nothin'. I wish you'd borry their paper. I ain't had it this week."

"Yes, I will."

The woman had opened the outer door when she was called back. She retraced her steps. Her father was looking intently before him, his usually relaxed face for the moment tense and stern.

"I wanted to say," he began, his voice steady and deep, "that I shouldn't have Ben come home if I could have him by jest turnin' my hand over, if he couldn't prove he never touched that money. Do you hear?"

"I hear, father."

"You needn't wait, then," in the unsteady voice of an old man again. "Tell Jim I want his paper."

Mr. Somers sank back in the chair and half closed his eyes. This time Lyddy passed out into the yard and walked slowly through the slush, not trying to pick her way, but putting her feet down recklessly. The air was mild, and was filled with the sound of the rushing of water, in every direction, it seemed.

When she had waded across the planks that bridged the brook which was now a foaming stream, Lyddy paused and looked back at the little house with its line of sheds attached, and the high hills behind it, and, twenty miles behind, the blue Franconia mountains.

At the doorless entrance of one of the sheds a yellow collie dog appeared, paused, and questioningly wagged his tail, his eyes fixed on his mistress. But his mistress did not see him; in fact, she did not clearly see anything.

Presently she resolutely resumed her walk up the long lane that led to the main road. The dog made a dash after her, then settled himself to a contented following at her heels; once he nosed at the big speckled blue-and-white mitten on the hand that hung by her side, and he was surprised that his caress received no response.

It was nearly a mile to the highway, and almost all up hill. At the end of the lane a clumsy gate shut the way from the "great road." On this gate a man was leaning; his face was toward the woman as she came in sight. She tried to rouse herself as she saw him, for Mr. George's house was at the corner; and this, of course, was "young Jim"—young Jim was always leaning his long frame on something.

As she came forward, the man slowly lifted himself from his support and walked down the road. He had not, apparently, seen Lyddy, who said to herself,

"Why, 'tain't Jim, is it?"

Jack, the collie, dashed forward with a sharp, challenging bark. He ran a short distance after the stranger, who at first did not appear to notice, but in a moment he turned and flung his hand out at him. Jack curled back and stood growling, but soon returned to Lyddy, who had entered the shed that led to the George kitchen.

Mrs. George hastened forward with a half-knit mitten in her hands.

"Oh," she said, in a relieved tone, "it's you, is it, Lyddy? I didn't know but 'twas that tramp. Set right down. Rover, you stop your growlin'. I s'pose it'll take Rover a day or two to git over seein' him. 'Tain't often he does see one. D' you come after salt-risin's? I see you've got a pail."

The two dogs sat down on their haunches close by the hot cooking-stove, but their ears remained at the full cock as they glanced alertly about; they were still sniffing.

"No," said Lyddy, "I didn't come for risin's."

She paused; she was wondering why she felt such an excitement; but, then, she was aware that it always excited her to hear any one speak of Ben. And how stern her father looked! But she never knew for certain that Ben had not taken that money from the store at the Corners; he had been seen there that

evening; it was missing the next morning; so was he, and he had never been seen in the neighborhood since. But such things happened sometimes, and the innocent suffered. Lyddy wished that he had written to her, that he had trusted her. Surely he might have trusted her. But he had never sent a word. She wouldn't have done so, but she supposed that men were different. She couldn't have let Ben worry so about her.

"Seems to me you ain't lookin' s' well's common this mornin', Lyddy. Has your father been more wearin' than usual?"

"I'm very well—I'm always well; 'n' father's doin' first rate," rousing herself resolutely. "I come up to get a little drain sugar—we've used ours all up. When we sugar-off we'll pay you."

She extended her pail, which Mrs. George took, saying:

"Land!—you needn't trouble to pay it. I guess we c'n let a neighbor have a cup of drain sugar 'n' not break us But ain't it funny? You ain't the first one that's been here for the same thing to-day. I call it odd.'

Mrs. George went into the pantry; she almost immediately emerged with a three-quart pail; she began with a table-knife to slice off its contents and transfer them to her companion's receptacle.

"Yes," she repeated, "I call it kind of odd."

Lyddy was not listening. She was thinking of how her father had looked and spoken. She wished that he had been a little milder in his treatment of his children; not that she cared particularly for her own sake, but Ben—she drew a long breath and began to listen to what Mrs. George was saying. She had lost a few words, but she now heard—

"'N' of course I thought he wanted some bread, or doughnuts, or something, 'n' I'd gone into the pantry when he said, 'If you've got a bit of drain sugar, I'd rather have that than anything in the world;' and his voice sounded so queer; I d' know why, but it made the cold shivers run over me. I brought him out a plate of sugar; he begun to eat as if he'd eat the whole of it; then, all to once, he stopped 's if he was choked, 'n' he walked out 'thout thankin' me. I seen him leanin' on the gate; was he there when you come along?"

"Yes, he was."

Lyddy rose quickly from the chair in which she had seated herself. She was suddenly pale. She went to the door.

"You ain't goin', be you, Lyddy? What's your pucker?" sharply from Mrs. George; and then yet more sharply, "Why, you're forgittin' your sugar!"

But Lyddy did not seem to hear. She left the outer door unlatched and went splashing out to the main road, making no attempt to hold up her skirts as she walked.

The descent of a long hill lay on one side of her; on the other, toward Ellsworth, the hill still climbed upward and lay fully revealed in the dull light of the mild, cloudy day. Almost at the top a man was moving slowly, with his hands in his pockets; as he walked he was gazing about him. There was the sound of sleigh-bells; a sleigh had just turned the corner at the foot of the hill, and now the horse was walking, the bells giving out a deliberate, melodious jangle on the still air.

Lyddy started to hurry up the hill, going in the narrow, watery track made by the passing of the few teams. Her eyes were fixed on that figure far ahead; all at once the figure dipped, and then was out of sight below the brow of the hill. Then the woman realized that she could not hope to gain upon the stranger; of what had she been thinking?

She stood still, hearing the water running down on both sides, and the clash of the coming bells. But she was not thinking of them.

"How foolish I am!" she cried aloud. She had an impulse to wring her hands, but she restrained the impulse; people hereabouts were not given to wringing their hands. A voice from behind her called out cheerily:

"Hullo! That you, Lyddy Somers? Want a lift up the road?"

She hesitated an instant, then she yielded to the desire in her heart. If she rode to the top of the hill, she would be able to see down the long stretch; and she could overtake that man and have a look at him.

"Much obliged, Mr. Lane," she responded.

She took her seat under the thick blankets; Jack sprang in and gravely squatted in front.

Mr. Lane talked continually, but Lyddy heard nothing save this remark:

"They say there was a tramp went through the Corners this mornin'. There's one thing about it, we ain't much troubled with tramps in these parts. Time to begin sappin', ain't it? We're goin' to strike to-morrow if this mild weather holds, 'n' I guess 'twill."

Lyddy didn't know what reply she made.

AN ENGLISH VILLAGE

oped. For, if it proves a good one, he does not know how to duplicate the conditions; if it is a failure, he cannot surely discover the cause.

There is no accident about photographic processes. It is an exact science. A chance happy result now and then ought not to bring much consolation to the amateur, for he knows in his heart the number of his failures. They are his temptations to hypocrisy. If he observes every condition, the only possible chance of failure is in the quality of his plate. That chance in the better grades is now reduced to one in several hundred. The novice should take a pride in noting and allowing for every condition, so as to bring home one good photograph if he makes but one exposure.

All that has preceded, as to time, refers to the use of fast grades of plates, either common or isochromatic, but without the color screen or filter. Three times the exposure being required with the screen, one may easily calculate whether it will be possible to use it on a moving subject.

Clouds appear equally well with an ordinary plate, provided the exposure is sufficiently rapid. Unless, however, water fills the foreground, that portion of the view will be too dull in the rapid exposure—say a hundredth of a second—required for clouds. The color screen holds back the clouds and allows the foreground to come up. Yachting scenes all require quick work, a fiftieth of a second being right, with a large stop for bright days, without screen.

Where great speed is necessary, one should procure the very fastest plates, the various makers not varying appreciably. One should then admit as much light as the lens' stops will allow, and, if the light is powerful, good sea views may be obtained in much shorter time than any named above. But such rapid exposures are entirely unnecessary. A yacht three hundred feet distant, moving rapidly across the plate, will not show motion in one-hundredth of a second.

Athletic subjects require no treatment here, as they are never productive of artistic results. The speeds obtained with "athletic" and focal-plane shutters, up to one five-hundredth of a second, are not desirable for anything else, as they always show a haziness of outline. One should always follow the rule of making the exposure as long as the subject will admit. Thus the beauty of details is brought out. If opportunities offer for obtaining choice subjects that do not have sufficient light, or are moving too rapidly to admit of proper exposure, take the view and let us go into the dark-room and see what can be done with it.

For ordinary instantaneous views the developers sold are accompanied by sufficient directions. The plates also contain formulæ. Use only good materials, and preferably those known as giving good contrasts. The plate should be thoroughly flooded with water immediately after removing it from the holder. The object is twofold—the developer works more evenly and readily, and the plate becomes less sensitive to the necessary red light—which, by the way, should consist of double glasses, ruby and orange. If one intends to print on platinum paper, the most beautiful and permanent process, the plate should be developed eight times as long as is required for the first signs to appear. This rule, said to be patented, works well and saves much trouble, as it is not easy to say when proper development has been reached. Fix in an acid bath. If the plate has been under-exposed, place it in a developer weakened by, say, five times its bulk of water; cover it and leave it for a half-hour.

Platinum printing is easy after a few trials. Use an actinometer and failure will be excluded. One can be made by using a slip of printing paper exposed in twenty squares, in progressive periods. When this slip is developed and dried, mark letters or numbers on each square. Place another small slip in a frame under this, and put it out at the same time that your negative is put out to be printed from. Once find the highest number that shows through on the slip when the print has been properly exposed, and all future prints from that plate can be made of just the depth of color required.

There is nothing disagreeable about platinum printing. There need be nothing disagreeable in connection with developing plates if one abjure pyrogallic acid.

Whoever takes time for his effort may, in a summer's outing, derive greater satisfaction from a few large photographs than from many small ones. Enlarging cannot be successfully carried out, as there is an inevitable loss of fine colors and sharp lines.

Try to do it. Any one can succeed. Two things only are necessary. Aim the camera at the right object, and make a correct exposure. The rest is easy.

How I Killed a Bear[1]

By Charles Dudley Warner

SO many conflicting accounts have appeared about my casual encounter with an Adirondack bear last summer that, in justice to the public, to myself, and to the bear, it is necessary to make a plain statement of the facts. Besides, it is so seldom I have occasion to kill a bear that the celebration of the exploit may be excused.

The encounter was unpremeditated on both sides. I was not hunting for a bear, and I have no reason to suppose that a bear was looking for me. The fact is that we were both out blackberrying, and met by chance—the usual way. There is among the Adirondack visitors always a great deal of conversation about bears—a general expression of the wish to see one in the woods, and much speculation as to how a person would act if he or she chanced to meet one. But bears are scarce and timid, and appear only to a favored few.

It was a warm day in August, just the sort of day when an adventure of any kind seemed impossible. But it occurred to the housekeepers at our cottage—there were four of them—to send me to the clearing, on the mountain back of the house, to pick blackberries. It was rather a series of small clearings, running up into the forest, much overgrown with bushes and briers, and not unromantic. Cows pastured there, penetrating through the leafy passages from one opening to another, and browsing among the bushes. I was kindly furnished with a six-quart pail, and told not to be gone long.

Not from any predatory instinct, but to save appearances, I took a gun. It adds to the manly aspect of a person with a tin pail if he also carries a gun. It was possible I might start up a partridge; though how I was to hit him, if he started up instead of standing still, puzzled me. Many people use a shot-gun for partridges. I prefer the rifle: it makes a clean job of death, and does not prematurely stuff the bird with globules of lead. The rifle was a Sharp's, carrying a ball cartridge (ten to the pound)—an excellent weapon belonging to a friend of mine, who had intended, for a good many years back, to kill a deer with it. He could hit a tree with it—if the wind did not blow, and the atmosphere was just right, and the tree was not too far off—nearly every time. Of course, the tree must have some size. Needless to say that I was at that time no sportsman. Years ago I killed a robin under the most humiliating circumstances. The bird was in a low cherry-tree. I loaded a big shot-gun pretty full, crept up under the tree, rested the gun on the fence, with the muzzle more than ten feet from the bird, shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. When I got up to see what had happened, the robin was scattered about under the tree in more than a thousand pieces, no one of which was big enough to enable a naturalist to decide from it to what species it belonged. This disgusted me with the life of a sportsman. I mention the incident to show that, although I went blackberrying armed, there was not much inequality between me and the bear.

In this blackberry-patch bears had been seen. The summer before, our colored cook, accompanied by a little girl of the vicinage, was picking berries there one day, when a bear came out of the woods, and walked towards them. The girl took to her heels, and escaped. Aunt Chloe was paralyzed with terror. Instead of attempting to run, she sat down on the ground where she was standing, and began to weep and scream, giving herself up for lost. The bear was bewildered by this conduct. He approached and looked at her; he walked around and surveyed her. Probably he had never seen a colored person before, and did not know whether she would agree with him; at any rate, after watching her a few moments, he turned about, and went into the forest. This is an authentic instance of the delicate consideration of a bear, and is much more remarkable than the forbearance towards the African slave of the well-known lion, because the bear had no thorn in his foot.

When I had climbed the hill, I set up my rifle against a tree, and began picking berries, lured on from bush to bush by the black gleam of fruit (that always promises more in the distance than it realizes when you reach it); penetrating farther and farther, through leaf-shaded cow-paths flecked with sunlight,

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into clearing after clearing. I could hear on all sides the tinkle of bells, the cracking of sticks, and the stamping of cattle that were taking refuge in the thicket from the flies. Occasionally, as I broke through a covert, I encountered a meek cow, who stared at me stupidly for a second, and then shambled off into the brush. I became accustomed to this dumb society, and picked on in silence, attributing all the wood noises to the cattle, thinking nothing of any real bear. In point of fact, however, I was thinking all the time of a nice romantic bear, and, as I picked, was composing a story about a generous she-bear who had lost her cub, and who seized a small girl in this very wood, carried her tenderly off to a cave, and brought her up on bear's milk and honey. When the girl got big enough to run away, moved by her inherited instincts, she escaped, and came into the valley to her father's house (this part of the story was to be worked out, so that the child would know her father by some family resemblance, and have some language in which to address him), and told him where the bear lived. The father took his gun, and, guided by the unfeeling daughter, went into the woods and shot the bear, who never made any resistance, and only, when dying, turned reproachful eyes upon her murderer. The moral of the tale was to be kindness to animals.

I was in the midst of this tale, when I happened to look some rods away to the other edge of the clearing, and there was a bear! He was standing on his hind legs, and doing just what I was doing—picking blackberries. With one paw he bent down the bush, while with the other he clawed the berries into his mouth—green ones and all. To say that I was astonished is inside the mark. I suddenly discovered that I didn't want to see a bear, after all. At about the same moment the bear saw me, stopped eating berries, and regarded me with a glad surprise. It is all very well to imagine what you would do under such circumstances. Probably you wouldn't do it: I didn't. The bear dropped down on his fore feet, and came slowly towards me. Climbing a tree was of no use, with so good a climber in the rear. If I started to run, I had no doubt the bear would give chase; and although a bear cannot run down hill as fast as he can run up hill, yet I felt that he could get over this rough, brush-tangled ground faster than I could.

The bear was approaching. It suddenly occurred to me how I could divert his mind until I could fall back upon my military base. My pail was nearly full of excellent berries—much better than the bear could pick himself. I put the pail on the ground, and slowly backed away from it, keeping my eye, as beast-tamers do, on the bear. The ruse succeeded.

The bear came up to the berries, and stopped. Not accustomed to eat out of a pail, he tipped it over, and nosed about in the fruit, "gorming" (if there is such a word) it down, mixed with leaves and dirt, like a pig. The bear is a worse feeder than the pig. Whenever he disturbs a maple-sugar camp in the spring, he always upsets the buckets of syrup, and tramples round in the sticky sweets, wasting more than he eats. The bear's manners are thoroughly disagreeable.

As soon as my enemy's head was down, I started and ran. Somewhat out of breath and shaky, I reached my faithful rifle. It was not a moment too soon. I heard the bear crashing through the brush after me. Enraged at my duplicity, he was now coming on with blood in his eye. I felt that the time of one of us was probably short. The rapidity of thought at such moments of peril is well known. I thought an octavo volume, had it illustrated and published, sold fifty thousand copies, and went to Europe on the proceeds, while that bear was loping across the clearing. As I was cocking the gun, I made a hasty and unsatisfactory review of my whole life. I noted that, even in such a compulsory review, it is almost impossible to think of any good thing you have done. The sins come out uncommonly strong. I recollected a newspaper subscription I had delayed paying years and years ago, until both editor and newspaper were dead, and which now never could be paid to all eternity.

The bear was coming on.

I tried to remember what I had read about encounters with bears. I couldn't recall an instance in which a man had run away from a bear in the woods and escaped, although I recalled plenty where the bear had run from the man and got off. I tried to think what is the best way to kill a bear with a gun, when you are not near enough to club him with the stock. My first thought was to fire at his head; to plant the ball between his eyes; but this is a dangerous experiment. The bear's brain is very small; and unless you hit that, the bear does not mind a bullet

in his head; that is, not at the time. I remembered that the instant death of the bear would follow a bullet planted just back of his fore leg, and sent into his heart. This spot is also difficult to reach, unless the bear stands off, side towards you, like a target. I finally determined to fire at him generally.

The bear was coming on.

The contest seemed to me very different from anything at Creedmoor. I had carefully read the reports of the shooting there; but it was not easy to apply the experience I had thus acquired. I hesitated whether I had better fire lying on my stomach; or lying on my back, and resting the gun on my toes. But in neither position, I reflected, could I see the bear until he was upon me. The range was too short; and the bear wouldn't wait for me to examine the thermometer, and note the direction of the wind. Trial of the Creedmoor method, therefore, had to be abandoned; and I bitterly regretted that I had not read more accounts of offhand shooting.

For the bear was coming on.

I tried to fix my last thoughts upon my family. As my family is small, this was not difficult. Dread of displeasing my wife, or hurting her feelings, was uppermost in my mind. What would be her anxiety as hour after hour passed on and I did not return? What would the rest of the household think as the afternoon passed, and no blackberries came? What would be my wife's mortification when the news was brought that her husband had been eaten by a bear? I cannot imagine anything more ignominious than to have a husband eaten by a bear. And this was not my only anxiety. The mind at such times is not under control. With the gravest fears the most whimsical ideas will occur. I looked beyond the mourning friends, and thought what kind of an epitaph they would be compelled to put upon the stone. Something like this:

HERE LIE THE REMAINS
OF
——— ———
EATEN BY A BEAR
Aug. 20, 1877

It is a very unheroic and even disagreeable epitaph. That "eaten by a bear" is intolerable. It is grotesque. And then I thought what an inadequate language the English is for compact expression. It would not answer to put upon the stone simply "eaten;" for that is indefinite, and requires explanation: it might mean eaten by a cannibal. This difficulty could not occur in the German, where *essen* signifies the act of feeding by a man, and *fressen* by a beast. How simple the thing would be in German:

HIER LIEGT
HOCHWOHLGEBOREN
HERR ——— ———
GEFRESSEN
Aug. 20, 1877

That explains itself. The well-born one was eaten by a beast, and presumably by a bear—an animal that has a bad reputation since the days of Elisha.

The bear was coming on; he had, in fact, come on. I judged that he could see the whites of my eyes. All my subsequent reflections were confused. I raised the gun, covered the bear's breast with the sight, and let drive. Then I turned, and ran like a deer. I did not hear the bear pursuing. I looked back. The bear had stopped. He was lying down. I then remembered that the best thing to do after having fired your gun is to reload it. I slipped in a charge, keeping my eyes on the bear. He never stirred. I walked back suspiciously. There was a quiver in the hind legs, but no other motion. Still, he might be shamming; bears often sham. To make sure, I approached, and put a ball into his head. He didn't mind it now; he minded nothing. Death had come to him with a merciful suddenness. He was calm in death. In order that he might remain so, I blew his brains out, and then started for home. I had killed a bear!

Notwithstanding my excitement, I managed to saunter into the house with an unconcerned air. There was a chorus of voices:

"Where are your blackberries?"

"Why were you gone so long?"

"Where's your pail?"

"I left the pail."

"Left the pail! What for?"

"A bear wanted it."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, the last I saw of it, a bear had it."

"Oh, come! You didn't really see a bear?"

"Yes, but I did really see a real bear."

"Did he run?"

"Yes; he ran after me."

"I don't believe a word of it. What did you do?"

"Oh! nothing particular—except kill the bear."

Cries of "Gammon!" "Don't believe it!" "Where's the bear?"

"If you want to see the bear, you must go up into the woods. I couldn't bring him down alone."

Having satisfied the household that something extraordinary had occurred, and excited the posthumous fear of some of them for my own safety, I went down into the valley to get help. The great bear-hunter, who keeps one of the summer boarding-houses, received my story with a smile of incredulity; and the incredulity spread to the other inhabitants and to the boarders as soon as the story was known. However, as I insisted in all soberness, and offered to lead them to the bear, a party of forty or fifty people at last started off with me to bring the bear in. Nobody believed there was any bear in the case; but everybody who could get a gun carried one; and we went into the woods armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, and sticks, against all contingencies or surprises—a crowd that was made up mostly of scoffers and jeerers.

But when I led the way to the fatal spot, and pointed out the bear, lying peacefully wrapped in his own skin, something like terror seized the boarders, and genuine excitement the natives. It was a no-mistake bear, by George! and the hero of the fight—well, I will not insist upon that. But what a procession that was, carrying the bear home! and what a congregation was speedily gathered in the valley to see the bear! Our best preacher up there never drew anything like it on Sunday.

And I must say that my particular friends, who were sportsmen, behaved very well, on the whole. They didn't deny that it was a bear, although they said it was small for a bear. Mr. Deane, who is equally good with a rifle and a rod, admitted that it was a very fair shot. He is probably the best salmon-fisher in the United States, and he is an equally good hunter. I suppose there is no person in America who is more desirous to kill a moose than he. But he needlessly remarked, after he had examined the wound in the bear, that he had seen that kind of a shot made by a cow's horn.

This sort of talk affected me not. When I went to sleep that night, my last delicious thought was, "I've killed a bear!"

Migrants

By Bliss Carman

Hello! whom have we here,
Under the orange-trees,
Where the yellow convent wall
Looks to the turquoise seas?

In his jacket of olive green
He slips from bough to bough,
With a familiar air
No venue could disavow.

Good-day to you, quiet sir!
We have been friends before,
When the lilacs were in bloom
By the lovely Scituate shore.

When the surly hordes of snow
Came down on the trains of the wind,
Two sojourners, it seems,
Were of a single mind.

Both from the storm and gray,
The stress of the northern year,
Seeking the peace of the world,
Found tranquillity here.

Here, where there is no haste,
Lead we, each in his way,
Undistracted a while,
The slow sweet life of a day.

Busy, contented, and shy,
Through the green shade you go;
So unobtrusive and fair
A mien few mortals know.

It needs not the task be hard,
Nor the achievement sublime,
If only the soul be great,
Free from the fever of time.

And your glad being confirms
The ancient *Bonum est*
Nos hic esse of earth,
With serene unanxious zest,

Whether far North you fare,
When too brief spring once more
Visits the stone-walled fields
Beside the Scituate shore,

Or here in an endless June,
Under the orange-trees,
Where the old convent wall
Looks to the turquoise seas.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a photograph taken at Elmwood in 1865 by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

CHAPTER IX.—HARVARD REVISITED

THE happiness of Lowell's happy home was shattered by the death of his wife, October 27, 1853. He spent the summer of the next year at Beverly, on the seashore of Massachusetts, in the summer of 1855 went again to Europe, and returned in 1856. He at once resumed his residence at Cambridge, and, with the opening term of the autumn, entered heartily and energetically on his duty as "Smith Professor."

For there was once a gentleman named Abiel Smith. He is wholly unknown to fame. But I wish at this late moment to express the gratitude, hitherto never fitly spoken, of thousands upon thousands of those whom he has blessed. He left to Harvard College, as early as 1815, the foundation for the Smith Professorship of the Modern Languages.

He was himself a graduate of Harvard College in the year 1764, "went into business," as our New England phrase has it, and became rich. He is spoken of by Mr. Quincy as a man "of strong sense and steady purpose, guiding his life by his own convictions of duty, with little esteem for popular opinion or posthumous fame; scrupulously just and honest, and practicing habits of frugality less from regard to wealth than out of respect to the example."

It is the fashion to laugh at the name of Smith; but it must be confessed that a good many people who have had to go through life under that banner have done the world good service.

> "Jones teach him modesty and Greek,
> Smith how to think, Burke how to speak."

This is the Smith couplet in the fine account of the Beefsteak Club. If Abiel Smith never did as much thinking as Adam, he must, all the same, be remembered as a benefactor. He certainly never did so much harm as Adam Smith has done—if he has not done more good.

I am apt to think that this modest man was the first person in the English-speaking world to recognize the value of the systematic study of the modern languages in any university of England or America. A smattering of French was taught at our Cambridge as early as 1780, and Jefferson studied some French at William and Mary's at about the same time. Charles Bellini was made Professor of the Modern Languages there in 1781. This recognition of the foreign languages of civilization was due probably to the Philistine fact that we were the allies of a Bourbon King.

The first professor under this Smith foundation was George Ticknor, a graduate of Dartmouth College of the year 1807, now known everywhere in the world of letters by his history of Spanish literature. I found this book the working book of reference in the Royal Library at Madrid—which, by the way, is the most elegant working library I ever saw. Ticknor was Smith Professor from 1820 to 1835. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was his immediate successor, and, when Longfellow resigned in 1854, Lowell was appointed to succeed him. This is a brilliant series, the honors of which have been well sustained since Lowell died.

I have seen it somewhere said that Lowell disliked the work of a college professor. In a way, I suppose this statement may be literally true. That is to say, like other men who know how to work hard, it was not agreeable to him to be called off at a particular hour to do a particular thing for a particular length of time, and so far to interrupt the regular line of his study or thought for the day. But he was not a fool, and he accepted the universe frankly. So that, if it were his duty to walk down from Elmwood to the college and see how a particular class was getting on in Spanish, or how the particular teacher handled the beginners in French, he could do that as well as another. He would scold, in his funny way, about such interruption of his more interesting work—so do the rest of us—but if the thing were to be done, he did it. I say this at the beginning of what I want to say about his position at Cambridge as a teacher.

In describing the four years between 1834 and 1838, the years of his undergraduate life, I tried to give some idea of what an American college was in those prehistoric times. Simply, it was a somewhat enlarged country "academy." The wonder was that the boys did not study in the rooms in which they

[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Outlook Company.

recited, as they would have done in such an academy. That would have completed the resemblance to such a school. The distinction that you studied your lesson in your own room and recited it in another building was the principal distinction between your work at the Boston Latin School, or Leicester Academy, and the work which you did in college. Thus, you were told that your lesson was to be eighty lines of Euripides's "Hecuba." You sat down at your task in the evening, looked out the words and found out how to read it, you went down the next day and recited it, and went back again. That was all that Hecuba was to you, or you to Hecuba. I can conceive of nothing more dull.

Governor Everett once said very well that a school was a place where you recited a lesson which somebody else had taught you. This was quite true in those days. For one, as I believe I have said in an earlier chapter, I had but four teachers in college—Channing, Longfellow, Peirce, and Bachi. The rest heard me recite, but taught nothing.

In the twenty years between 1834 and 1855, the change had begun at Cambridge which has made of the college of to-day an entirely different place, with entirely different customs and traditions. It was in a great address delivered by Dr. Hedge at the Phi Beta Kappa in 1840 that the first visible token of this change appeared before the somewhat startled gaze of corporation, overseers, and graduates. Dr. Hedge said squarely then that this sort of school-boy work could not long continue in a civilized country like ours, and that everybody must go to work to lift the college to a higher grade.

I think he thought that the undergraduate age was to be greater than it was before. I think we all thought so. I am told, however, now, that the experience of the years since that time has not justified this supposition. I believe that the average of the age of the boys in the college classes is but a few months older than it proved to be then. But I am disposed to think that in the prehistoric days there came in more grown men—rather sporadic instances, indeed, but still a good many of them—and that the presence of these grown men in the classes raises the statistics of average of those periods. If two or three queer antediluvian fellows of thirty-five came into the midst of a class of fifty boys of sixteen, why, they screwed up the average age by several months. I do not understand that such sporadic cases occur very often now. Anyway, the doctrine of Hedge's address is that the college shall open its doors to teach what it can teach; that there shall be a chance for the teachers themselves to be learning something in the lines of original research, and that every encouragement shall be given to the learner to follow the "bent of its genius," as Mr. Emerson says somewhere, and that he shall not be made to do certain things because somebody else has done them.

The line of Presidents of short periods, which followed, was a line of men not disinclined to these larger views. Neither Dr. Sparks, nor Dr. Felton, nor Dr. Hill had a long enough term of office to do much in the direction in which President Eliot has so boldly stepped forward. But they were not averse to enlarging the life of the University. Certainly Lowell was in sympathy with any such endeavor.

The Smith professorship, as I have intimated, gave opportunity for a pretty wide range of duty on the part of the professor. He had, indeed, a wider range than any other professor had in any other department. He was virtually responsible, as a superintendent, for the verbal instruction about nominative cases and verbs and *der* and *die* and *das*, which had to be given, if young men were to know anything about the literature of the languages taught. These languages were French, German, Italian, and Spanish. But the real detail of the instruction in these languages was given by people who were called assistant professors or instructors; and the professor himself, so far as he had a function of his own, was a lecturer on important themes bearing on the literary life of the last two or three centuries. As early as Longfellow's day, he delivered in college a series of lectures on Dante, which embodied much of what one finds in the notes to his translation of the poet. Lowell began his course by reading to the students the lectures which he had delivered in Boston. In the twenty years of his active professorship he delivered to them several courses of similar lectures.

If you talk with any of the men now on the stage who were with him in college, you find that they associate him especially with these brilliant lectures which students liked to attend. But you find much more than this. Those who knew him at all, and who took any interest in the line of study to which he

MARIA LOWELL

From the frontispiece to "Poems. Privately Printed. 1855."

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HARVARD COLLEGE

From a lithograph made in 1858.

was committed, remember him from their personal intimacies with him. I was myself much interested, in the years between 1866 and 1870, in the college fortunes of Frederick Wadsworth Loring, a young fellow who died, too soon as it seemed, only a year after he graduated. He has left behind just enough to justify those of us who remember him in what we say of his remarkable promise. I saw that boy when he was seven years old, sitting on a footstool at his mother's feet, reading Shakespeare eagerly. I said to her, "Take care! Pray take care!" And she said to me, with an expression which I have never forgotten, "Oh, we know the danger, and I think we are careful!" And they were. She died, alas! in the year 1859. He was, so to speak, pitchforked into college, and found subdivision. And, after four years of Loring's college life, which was of value to him that no man can pretend to describe, he graduated. I rather think they gave him a poem at Commencement. I have never forgotten that when I was at the "spread" in Holworthy where Loring modestly entertained his friends on Class Day, I met Cutler, and I said to him, "Well, Cutler, you have got Fred through." "Yes," he said, "we have dragged him through by the hair of his head."

"We" meant Lowell and himself. They were perfectly determined that this brilliant young poet should get what could be got out of the university. They were perfectly determined that no waywardness of his own should break up the regular course of life, which offered such promise. And if I told

CAMBRIDGE. HARVARD. OLD LAW SCHOOL

From a contemporary illustration.

himself there, with his passionate enthusiasm for literature and poetry, after very hard and uncomfortable discipline at a poor country academy. And at Cambridge, as in Lowell's time, there was chapel which must be attended, there was this and that which must be learned, and so-and-so which must be done. And here was Loring, wild about the majestic achievements of the great poets. He was utterly indifferent as to the systems of Ptolemy or of Newton; and the world might have gone backward for five years without his caring. Yet must is must, and he had to pretend to study mathematics. What would have happened to the dear boy but for the existence of two men, I do not know; but, fortunately for him and for those who loved him, here was Lowell at the head of the department of modern languages, and Elbridge Jefferson Cutler at the head of the English some of the stories of the affectionate way in which those two distinguished men cared for the life of this distinguished boy, it would be a story out of which some one who knew how to hold a pen could make a fascinating romance or drama.

On the catalogue Mr. Lowell's position as Smith Professor covers thirty years. In 1886 he resigned to be appointed "Professor Emeritus," and so his name remains on the college catalogue until his death. In 1865 he had the welcome relief of the appointment of Mr. Cutler as an assistant. The department was gradually enlarged with the enlargement of the College, but for thirty years it was under Mr. Lowell's general administration, excepting during his journeys in Europe and his diplomatic residence in Madrid and in London.

This boy of 1838 left college to try the

experiments of life, not really knowing what life had for him. In the seventeen years between 1838 and 1855 he had been in Europe two or three times, and, as the reader knows, he had spent a part of one winter in Philadelphia. But Cambridge had been his home most of the time, and he had seen step by step the changes which made this "Academy" or "Seminary" into a University. Some of the officers still remained to whom he had recited when in college.

Josiah Quincy had been succeeded as President by Edward Everett and Jared Sparks and James Walker, the last of whom was now the President.

Dr. Walker's name may not be universally known among students in all parts of this country, especially by men of those religious schools who made it a duty to brand him and the men of his communion as infidels. But it is safe to say that no man was in college during the twenty-two years in which he was Professor and President who does not remember him with gratitude and speak of him with enthusiasm. From 1838 to 1853 he was the Professor of Natural Religion and Moral Philosophy. He lectured on these subjects in the Lowell Institute. He often preached in the college pulpit, and to this day, when you meet any of his old hearers, you will find that they hark back to him and what he said to them with distinct memory of the lessons, practical and profound, which he enforced.

Not long before the close of his life he supplied for one winter the pulpit of a church a little away from the center of Boston. Every Sunday saw a procession of his old pupils, twenty years older perhaps than they were as undergraduates, who gladly seized this occasion to profit by the wisdom of their old counselor.

Cornelius Conway Felton, to whom I have already referred in speaking of the Mutual Admiration Society, succeeded Dr. Walker. He had been Greek Professor when Lowell was an undergraduate. His successor, Dr. Thomas Hill, graduated five years after Lowell.

As professors Lowell found in office Lovering and Benjamin Peirce. There were one or two instructors in the modern languages who had survived the interval, but for the rest his coadjutors had been appointed since his graduation.

CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON
President of Harvard College from 1860 until his death in 1862.

The College had been taking on larger methods in those seventeen years, and during what was left of his life he saw and assisted in other changes larger yet. From the beginning he cut red tape or threw it away. He cultivated close acquaintance with the young men whom he met in his classes, and he and the men of his type have done much to bring about interest and sympathy between teacher and taught, such as was hardly dreamed of in Cambridge in the first half of the century. The two volumes of his published letters give a charming view of his relations with Longfellow, Norton, Cutler, and other professors of his time, and, indeed, of the cordial social life of Cambridge. Of these gentlemen I have something I should like to say in another paper of this series. But this is the better place to allude to the young poet, Hugh Clough, who is alluded to in Lowell's correspondence with his associates in Cambridge. Clough came to Cam-

bridge, as I have always supposed, in the real hope of adapting himself to American life, or life in a republic, where "I am as good as the other fellow, and the other fellow is as good as I." Alas and alas! how many of us have seen Englishmen who tried this great experiment, who made the great emigration, and then were obliged to go back to the leeks of Egypt! I do not know that it was so with Clough, but I think it was.

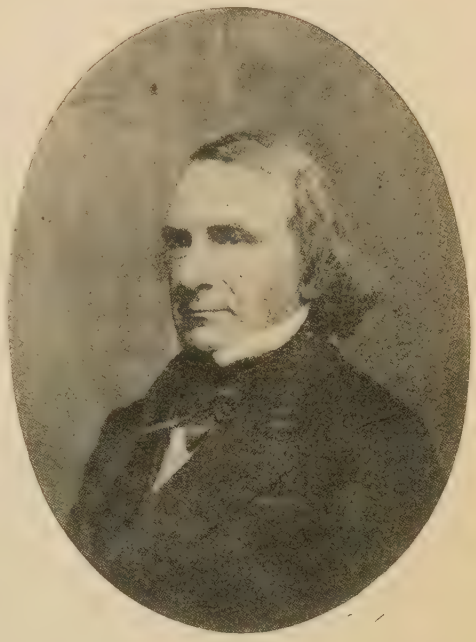
People who remember his Bothie of Toperna-Vuolich (and they are not so many as there should be) will recollect that that charming poem closes as white handkerchiefs are waved in an adieu when the English steamer leaves her dock and sails with the hero and heroine for Australia—"a brave new land" without fuss and without feathers, without feudalism and the follies of feudalism; a land of freedom.

Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and two or three pictures,
Tool-box, plow, and the rest, they rounded the sphere to New Zealand. . . .

There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of corn and flax fields,
And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Toperna-Vuolich.

And other readers will remember that, for nearly a generation, more than half the English novels which turned out well ended thus, in a flourish of trumpets in which anybody who was good for anything went away from England. Even Carlyle's Chartism had nothing better to propose than that England should send away the people she did not know how to take care of at home. Among them Clough came, but apparently he was too old. He went back to England, and, I think, accepted a Government office—not, perhaps, inspector of slate-pencils, but something not more edifying. He died in 1862, in Florence.

He was a charming poet, and I cannot but think a charming companion. I always think of him as a bishop "in partibus," a bishop without a miter or a see. For Mr. Emerson told me an interesting story of Clough. He was one of a cluster of young men who had taken great delight in Emerson, on his visit in 1848 in England. When that visit was over, and Mr. Emerson sailed for America on his return, Clough accompanied him to Liverpool and bade him good-by on the deck of the steamer. As they walked up and down the deck together, Clough said sadly, "What shall we do without you? Think where we are. Carlyle has led us all out into the



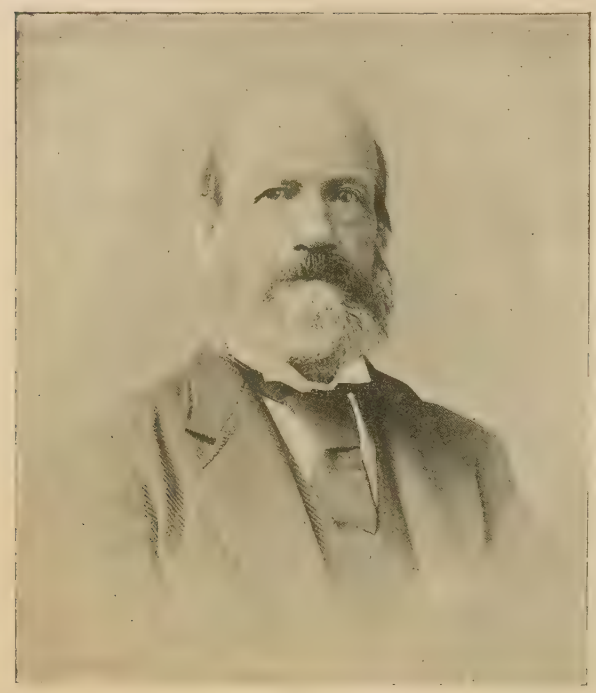
JAMES WALKER
President of Harvard College, 1853-1860.

desert, and he has left us there"—a remark which was exactly true. Emerson said in reply that very many of the fine young men in England had said this to him as he went up and down in his journeyings there. "And I put my hand upon his head as we walked, and I said, 'Clough, I consecrate you Bishop of all England. It shall be your part to go up and down through the desert to find out these wanderers and to lead them into the promised land.'"

I do not know, but I am afraid that Clough never thought himself in the promised land, nor scarcely upon any Pisgah looking down upon it. But I think it well to tell the story, as showing how highly Emerson thought of Clough as far back as 1849.

As I have said, Lowell succeeded Longfellow, who had come to Cambridge when Lowell was a sophomore; and Lowell, like every one else who worked under Longfellow, was always grateful to him. Longfellow began, all too early, the habit of speaking of himself as an old man. But the published volumes of his own life show how diligent and active he was, and that he considered his relief from the daily work of his professorship as simply an opportunity for wider work in literature.

By his boundless liberality to every child of sorrow he had made Cambridge the Mecca



JOSEPH LOVERING

of a polyglot pilgrimage in which any European exiles who could read or write came of course to the Craigie House to ask for his patronage and assistance. With Mr. Lowell's arrival there were, I think, no fewer of such visitors at the Craigie House; but by the law of the instrument they found their way by the pleasant shady walk which leads from Longfellow's home to Elmwood and Mount Auburn.

I remember among these an accomplished gentleman, who worked in America in the anti-slavery cause, in ante-bellum days. He always was grateful to Longfellow for his assistance to him, which came at a time when it was most needed. Heinrich von Hutten was a lineal descendant, I think, of Ulrich von Hutten, the poet of the Reformation. He came to this country in the suite of Kossuth, who ought, perhaps, to have been spoken of elsewhere in this series. Von Hutten gave his life and strength, and perhaps his blood, to the Hungarian cause. After his arrival here he was employed by a publishing firm to translate Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" into the German language. After he had begun, there was a terror lest a rival translation should be finished before his, and the good Von Hutten worked day and night—too much, alas! by night—in completing the work assigned to him. The story always reminds me of Milton's sonnet,

> What sustains me, dost thou ask?
> The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
> In Liberty's defense, my noble task,

for he really lost his eyes in the cause of freedom.

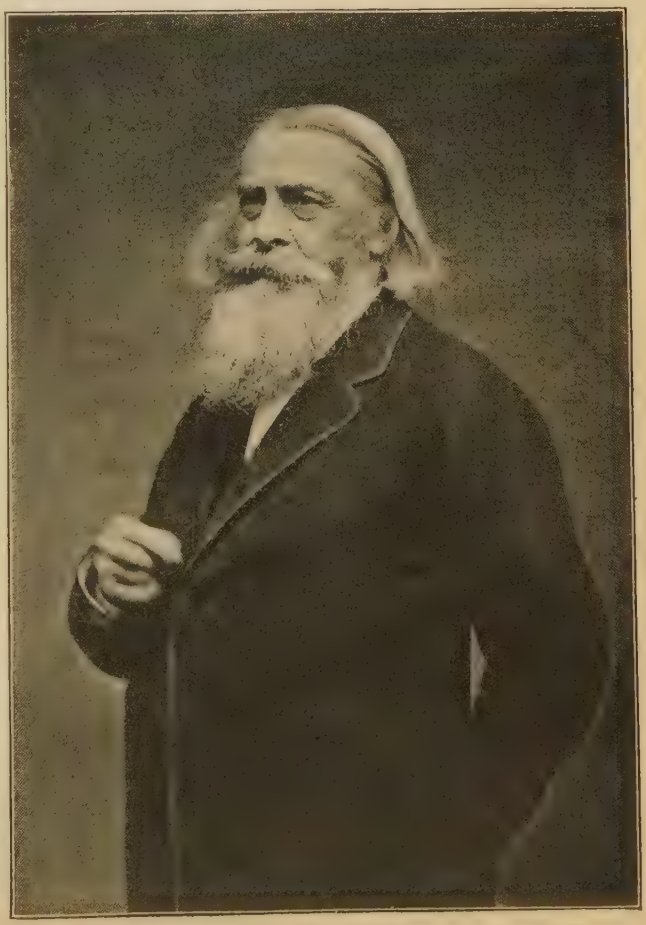
Longfellow was kind to him, Lowell was kind to him, and, indeed, he was a man who deserved to have friends everywhere. When I was in Europe in 1873, I was glad to hear that the good Von Hutten was living again in the castle of his ancestors upon the Danube River. It was one of the minor misfortunes of my life that I was not able to accept his invitation to visit him there.

As I have said, it has been intimated that Lowell chafed under the regular requisitions of the duties of a professor. And, as I have said, most men do chafe a little when they find that on a given day they are expected to do a given thing where they want to do something else. It must be discouraging to have a class of boys around you to whom a lesson is simply a bore, and to know that you will hear, at twenty-seven minutes after eleven, the same stupid mistake which you heard made at twenty-six minutes after eleven, three hundred and sixty-five days ago. In his private letters there is occasionally an expression, sometimes serious and sometimes gay, of the dislike of the necessary slavery which follows on such work. But he had accepted it, for better for worse, and went through with it loyally. He liked the intercourse which his work gave him with young men of promise, and availed himself gladly of every opportunity to make the intercourse of advantage to them. In a charming and suggestive paper by Professor Barrett Wendell, which was published in "Scribner's" immediately after Lowell's death, there is such detail as only a college professor could write of some of the methods and habits in which Lowell grew into a friendly intimacy with his pupils. He assigned one evening in a week when they might call to see him, and he was so cordial then that they took the impression that he liked to see them, and would go up on any evening when they chose. I am favored with the private journal of one of these

pupils, in which are many anecdotes, some even pathetic, of the cordial intercourse he had with them. Professor Wendell gives a valuable account of his own experience with Lowell. He had never studied any Italian, and yet he boldly resolved that he would ask Lowell's permission to attend his lectures on Dante, though he had no knowledge of the Italian language. Lowell was pleased, perhaps was interested in seeing what so bright a boy would do under such circumstances; and the result of this was, as Mr. Wendell says, "at the end of a month I could read Dante better than I ever learned to read Greek or Latin or German." Remember this, gentlemen who are taking nine years to teach a boy to read Latin; and reflect that Mr. Wendell reads his Latin as well as the best of you.

I think The Outlook may indulge me in a little excursus when I say a few words seriously to the undergraduates of to-day with regard to this form of cordial intercourse between them and their professors. We used to say, when I was in college, that we wished the professors would treat us as gentlemen. The wish is a very natural one. I have had many classes myself in the fifty or sixty years which have followed, and I have always tried to live up to that undergraduate theory. I have treated my pupils as if they wanted to learn and were gentlemen, and their honor could be relied upon. Looking back on it, I think I should say that about half of them have met me more than half-way. But—and here lies the warning which I wish to give to undergraduates—the other half have taken an ell where I gave an inch. Because I did not crowd them they did nothing; they considered me a "soft" person, and my course a "soft" course. In other words, they shirked, simply because I did not treat them with the methods of a low-grade grammar-school.

Young gentlemen, then, ought to consider how far they are themselves responsible for any supposed harshness or mechanical habit on the part of the gentlemen who really know more than they do, and who are willing to trust them in their work. I had the honor last spring of being appointed as one of the judges of some prose exercises in one of our older colleges. I was proud and glad to give the time which the examination of these exercises required. What did I find? I found, of three different papers submitted to me in competition on the same subject, that all the writers had stolen, from reviews which they supposed I had not seen, long passages, and copied them as their own. In this particular case, it happened that the three writers were so ignorant of the literature of the last half-century that they copied the same passage, hoping that the judges of their exercises would be ignorant enough to be deceived.



BENJAMIN PEIRCE

EDWARD TYRREL CHANNING
From the portrait by Healy

Is it not rather hard to be told that you are to "treat as gentlemen" blackguards like these, who are willing to tell lies for so petty a purpose as was involved in this endeavor? I should say that the Greek-letter societies have it in their power to do a good deal to tone up the undergraduate conscience in such affairs.

To return to Lowell: He was quite beyond and above confining himself to the requisitions of his profession. As an instance of his generosity in this way, in the winter of 1865 he offered to the divinity students to come round to them and lecture familiarly to them on the mediæval idea of hell as it may be gathered from Dante. This was no part of the business of his chair. He volunteered for it as the reader of these lines might offer to take a class in a Sunday-school. I remember that some of the students took a notion that he pinched himself by his generous help to those whom he thought in need,

One of his pupils told me that Lowell offered him a Christmas present of valuable books, under the pretext that he was thinning out his book-shelves. "I declined them," said my friend, "simply from the feeling that he could not afford to give them. I need not say," he says, "that I am sorry for this now."

I am favored by Mr. Robert Lincoln, who was fortunate enough to be one of his pupils, with the following memoranda of the impression which he made upon them:

Dear Doctor Hale:

My only association with Mr. Lowell in college was as a member of a small class who "went through" Dante under his supervision. Our duty was to prepare ourselves to translate the text, and Mr. Lowell heard our blunderings with a wonderful patience, and rewarded us with delightful talks on matters suggested in the poem; but we had no set lecture. My experience (that is, at Harvard), therefore, only permits me to speak of him as a professor in the recitation-room. In that relation his erudition, humor, and kindness made me, and I am sure all my associates, enjoy the hour with him as we did no other college exercise. I can sincerely say that it is one of my most highly cherished experiences. With us he was always conversational, and flattered us and gained us by an assumption that what interested him interested us. When now I take up my Dante, Mr. Lowell seems to be with me. . . . Always sincerely yours,

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

It will be seen that the impression made on Mr. Lincoln, and his memories of Lowell, are similar to those of Mr. Wendell.

From the journal to which I have referred I copy the following passages:

June 12, 1865, I went to look at the scenery from Mount Auburn tower. Returning, I found the serene possessor of Elmwood in good spirits, ate a Graham biscuit and drank some delicious milk with him and his wife, then enjoyed a very pleasant conversation. He read some of Shakespeare's sonnets, to make me think better of them, and succeeded. His noble old dog Argus had been poisoned, and in Argus's place he had a young Newfoundland pup which he called Bessie, as black Aggy Green, on Port Royal Island, named her pet sow! He gave me a very welcome copy of Macaulay's essays and poems, and the little visit was another oasis in school life's dearth of home sociability. Mabel, his only child, was not there at supper, but came home some time after: "Salute your progenitor!" and the answer was a daughter's kiss.

In September, 1865, he offered to conduct the divinity students into Dante's conception of hell, and as far out as time would allow. He read the first canto through for introduction, and gave me the second for our first trial. I went, because I wanted to become inured, lest I might have to conduct somebody else. He had too many other duties, was somewhat unwell, cut the Dante for both days of a week three or four times, some of the readers were not Italian enough to read

ASA GRAY

From the Harvard tablet in bronze by Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens

CAMBRIDGE: DR. ESTES HOWE'S HOUSE IN KIRKLAND STREET

Lowell lived in this house from 1856 to 1861.

easily, and on December 13 he gave us up as a lost tribe of the race of Adam. January 19, 1866, I was his guest again, clear even of the central frozen bolgia. After dinner he gave me a card to Longfellow, whom I found about four o'clock at his dinner.

The same accurate critic writes:

In Lowell's college work the weakest part was his class-teaching. While no teacher in the university was more willing to help his boys, his habit of doing most of the reading, when a boy labored, with friction, breaking right into his reading, was not agreeable to the boy. But even in that he at least had the courage of mastery, and never shirked the hard passages. His corrections and remarks were often lost from the want of clearness and open-mouthed carefulness of articulation. When he spoke in public he always made himself heard; but to a small, almost private class, speaking without effort, his modest stillness and his smothering mustache would make us wish that men's hair had been forbidden to grow forward of the corner of their mouths.

I must postpone other references to Mr. Lowell's life with his students to another paper of this series, which will speak of him in his relations to the Civil War, which followed so soon after his appointment at Cambridge. His home at Cambridge for much of the first two years of his professorship had been with Dr. and Mrs. Howe, in Kirkland Street. In September, 1857, he was able to return to Elmwood and re-establish family life, after his marriage to Miss Frances Dunlap.

Every person who has had any experience in teaching knows that the great danger to a schoolmaster or a professor is that he shall know but little of what passes outside his own cocoon. There is an old satirical fling which says that a schoolmaster is a man who does not take the voyage of life himself, but stands on the gangway of the steamer to pass those along who are going to take it. This is not true, but it has just foundation enough to give point to the satire and to give suggestion to those who are in danger.

The danger is that a man shall think that half the world is contained in the ring-fence which incloses the territory where they hear his academy bell. Can you conceive of a better antidote for his sweet poison, or a better rescue from his dangers, than the occupation of an editor? Mr. Lowell, in handling the "North American" and the "Atlantic," had to see that there were people quite as much interested in life as he, who lived in Texas and in Washington Territory and in the Sandwich Islands and in New Zealand. He did not open a morning's mail but it taught him that the world, while it is a very small place, is a small place which has some very large conditions. He was that sort of a man that his nature could never have been petty or provincial; but the avocations which editorial life brought him would of themselves have made him cosmopolitan.

[To be continued in the July Magazine Number]

The Echo in the Heart

By Henry van Dyke

It's little I can tell
About the birds in books;
And yet I know them well,
By their music and their looks.
When May comes down the lane,
Her airy lovers throng
To welcome her with song,
And follow in her train:
Each minstrel weaves his part
In that wild-flowery strain,
And I know them all again
By their echo in my heart.

It's little that I care
About my darling's place
In books of beauty rare,
Or heraldries of race.
For when she steps in view,
It matters not to me
What her sweet type may be,
Of woman, old or new.
I can't explain the art;
But I know her for my own,
Because her lightest tone
Wakes an echo in my heart.

"Scrap"

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

"OH, I do wish—" Scrap began, and broke off with a heavy sigh.

"Whut? You're all the time wishin' things that have got no sense to 'em," her Aunt Anna said, with a note of reproof.

Scrap did not answer. She went on splitting open the pink, juicy early peaches, which Miss Anna had that morning declared 'twould be a mortal sin not to dry." Miss Anna set the halves unpeeled evenly over shallow wooden trays, which Lige, the black boy-of-all-work, took away to the scaffold in the sunshiny garden.

"Reckon you must 'a' been wishin' a'ginst your name. That's one of your favorite crosses," Miss Anna said, with an amused sniff. "I saw you git red all over the face when the new preacher said Sund'y, 'How do you do, Sister Scrap?'—an' looked like he wanted ter laugh at sayin' it."

Scrap laughed easily. "No, it was not my name," she said, shaking her head. "'Sister Scrap' was pretty bad, but, thinking it over, I've agreed with myself, not quite so bad as Sister Victoria-Magnolia-Virginia. It's wonder to me how I grew up. I must have a strong constitution, or the combination would have been too much for me, even if I was not called by it."

Miss Anna looked aggrieved. "I've told you a hundred time, if I have once," she said, "how-come it you had three names. You ought to be mighty proud of 'em. Patience knows I'd be, ef anybody would leave me five thousand dollars clean cash, like your great-aunt Victoria did you. That's whut I let her name go in for; I wanted you called jest plain Magnolia-Paralee. But your pa, he wus one of the contrary sort—jest erbout as contrary as ever they make white men—so he had to tack on Virginia, fer nothin' but because he was born there. I didn't want it, but your mother wus sick, so I give in for the sake of peace."

Again Scrap smiled, a little hovering smile of unbelief. Miss Anna caught it out of the tail of her eye. She lifted a full tray and poised it upon Lige's head, saying: "Now you hough it! I want to git every last peach on them trees by the lane out in the sun before dinner-time. It's so good an' hot they'll dry in two days."

"And be fit for nothing when they are dry," Scrap said. "Little knots of black stickiness! And we shall have so many good drying peaches later. I know you are doing this partly to keep me at work, and partly to keep mother from giving peaches away to the neighbors."

"Let the neighbors plant 'em ef they want 'em," Miss Anna said, curtly. "Your mother'd give her head away if it was loose from her shoulders. Hadn't been for me, folks would have toted this whole place off long before now."

Again Scrap said, "I do wish—" breaking off this time with an impulsive frown. Miss Anna frowned too. "Ef all your wishes wus horses, you'd mighty soon ride to beggary, I reckon," she said, shortly. "But say whut's in your mind. I do hate sullenness."

"I had better not. You'll be angry," Scrap said, shutting her mouth obstinately. "I'm afraid, Aunt Anna, that I'm as much your niece as I am mother's daughter. We had better not clash."

"I woon't be mad! No madder'n I am right now. Say jest exactly whut it is you're a-wishin' an' wishin' about," Miss Anna retorted. "I ain't the unreasonable creeter you try to make me out."

Scrap put down her knife and let her hands fall on the table. The women stood at opposite sides of it, under a flat grape-arbor thickly roofed with broad green leaves and green clusters. It was early June. Dandelions were past flower. All over the short velvety turf of the back yard the seed-heads rose like fairy globes. The rose hedge and the privet, bordering the garden paling, were flowerless too, but just beyond them hollyhocks sent up long green stalks sown for half their length with knops of white and cream and pink and yellow and vivid crimson. Humblebees buzzed drowsily about the flowers. Blackbirds chattered raucously in the Lombardy poplar beside the garden gate. In the orchard beyond the garden greedy robins and greedier woodpeckers fought for the remnant May cherries which had escaped Miss Anna's thrifty strippings.

"What I wished was that mother could be free—all the rest of her life," Scrap said, looking straight at her aunt. "I don't mind

about myself—not so much, that is. I mean to be free—when the time comes."

"Free! Who owns her? I think you are distracted! You must be," Miss Anna said, angrily, red spots flashing into her cheeks. "A pretty way to talk!" she went on. "You know as well as anything all I want is to make and save for you."

"Mother doesn't draw a free breath," Scrap protested. "You know she does not. You never let her do anything as she would like to do it. Here are these peaches! She would like to give them away. So would I. They are delicious—and nobody else around has any. Yet you will keep me at work all day, spoiling them—and next spring, maybe, throw them away as you did the pickles we could not use—"

"I can sell the peaches," Miss Anna interrupted. Scrap shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe you can," she said. "But what you get will not pay us for our work—let alone the fruit itself. We have ten times what we can use. Mother would love to call in all the little black children, and fill their hands and mouths. She would like to send basketfuls to all our good neighbors, too, just as she would love to divide her flowers with them. You will not let her. You work and work to have more than anybody else—and then work harder still to keep from sharing things."

"Are you done?" Miss Anna asked, her mouth setting hard. "If you are, Miss Victoria-Magnolia-Virginia Farley, I have got a word or two to say."

"I am ready to hear them," Scrap said, locking her hands together. She was like her aunt, tall and slight, and up-headed. But she had gray eyes, set wide apart beneath an open brow. Miss Anna's eyes were black, and snapped in a way to emphasize the firmness of her compelling jaw and thin-lipped mouth.

"I wonder your tongue ain't blistered!—talkin' so to your mother's only sister, that has worked and slaved and drove for you ever since you were born!" she broke out. "Want your mother to be free!"—ineffable contempt in the tone. "If she wus free, I can tell you 'twouldn't be long till she hadn't a roof over her head. She'd let white and black cheat her out of her eye-teeth—or, no! she wouldn't wait for 'em to cheat her—she'd have 'em pulled out, I do believe, an' go round with 'em in a box, sayin', 'Now, really, don't you think you'd like to have my eye-teeth?' 'Twasn't for me, every lazy nigger around would plunder in the smokehouse. 'Poor things! they need it a heap worse than we do!' your mother would say. You wouldn't find the smell of meat there after March—not if you killed a hundred hogs in December! As for givin' things to folks that don't need 'em, and are as able to work for 'em as I am—no! I don't hold with it. I'd ruther put back on my own ground whut came out of it. I can give when I choose—"

"But you never choose," Scrap interrupted. "I don't complain of that. It is your own affair. But I do want mother to have a little pleasure. You will not let her have any real comfortable friends—you keep everybody at arms' length. You might, I think, let her have the satisfaction of harmless generosity."

"Did you learn all them fine speeches up at your boardin'-school? Ef I'd 'a' known they had a course in 'generosity,' as you call it, I'd 'a' never give in to your goin'," Miss Anna said, hotly.

Scrap began to laugh. She had been visibly nervous at first. She was just a little amazed to find herself talking thus to her aunt and escaping with her life. As long as she could remember, Miss Anna had ruled everything about the place. It had been a rule of iron thrift. Mrs. Farley, a little woman with a weak, pretty, faded face, had never dared to call her baby her own, much less her soul, in the presence of her sister.

Major Farley, Scrap's father, had died when she was six months old. Otherwise the child would doubtless have grown up in an atmosphere of combat. Miss Anna had resented Major Farley, as she resented everything which dared to stand out against her will. The irreverent among the neighbors declared that her faith in special providences was mightily strengthened by her brother in-law's sudden taking off. In her own way, she was devoted to her sister and her sister's child. Or, at least, she persuaded herself that she was. Reduced to its last analysis, her feeling was perhaps a love of dominance, for whose exercise they were essential objects.

"Why do you ask? Do you want to take the course in generosity? It might be advisable," Scrap said, judicially, but with dancing eyes. Her own audacity had almost taken away her breath, but, now that she was in for it, she found a certain pleasure in fencing with her aunt.

"No! Two fools in the family's enough,"

Miss Anna said, witheringly. "You talk about friends; I ain't against that. Why, we have company once a month—fully that often! What I don't hold with is runnin' in, an' bein' run in on; I don't want nobody ever gittin' closer'n the settin'-room. Your mother's a born gossip; if I hadn't kept her in hand, she'd 'a' been in more scrapes 'n you could shake a stick at. The Lord he knows I never kept her frum nuthin' except fer her own good. The most I ever said to her wus that folks didn't keer nothin' about her—they just come round about her on account of whut she had. She ain't smart; she cain't do much of anything. I've said often she must 'a' been made to visit the sick—she certainly wusn't good for nothin' else."

"Hush!" Scrap said, imperiously. "Even you shall not say such things of my mother."

Miss Anna shook herself viciously. "You'll hear whutever I choose," she said. "Your mother is foolish—an' as good as she's foolish. You must be mad because I've kept her out of the poorhouse. Your father didn't leave so much, for all he wus so proud of his Virginia blood. Now—well! you've got the prospect of enough, unless you throw it away with both hands, to keep you like a lady. You don't have to look out for a husband. You can pick an' choose—an' take any or none."

"Don't you wish you could be my guardian until I was fifty? I am nineteen now; in two years—" Scrap began. Lige came running to them, gasping as he ran:

"Miss Scrap! Miss Sannar! Dee's er man comin'! Hit's ole Marse John Bullinger! I knows dat dar claybank hawse er his'n."

"I hope to mercy he's brought that intrust-money!" Miss Anna said, pushing back a tray half filled. "It wus foolish to ever lend him three thousand dollars; but I reckon his place is wuth it—an' then it lays 'most broadside to us, an' on the big road too."

She went with a long, free stride up the path to the house. Mrs. Farley sat upon the back piazza in shade of the hop-vines, shelling peas for dinner. She opened her lips as if to speak, but shut them in silence after a look at Miss Anna's face. She started and half rose from her chair at the sound of a knock upon the front door. Miss Anna waved her hand impatiently, saying:

"Set still, cain't you! It's nobody but old John Bullinger. You know I always do business in the parlor."

With the last word she shot inside the back door, closing it heavily behind her. The hall was long and cool and dim. Miss Anna never allowed the front door to stand open after sunrise. She had put transparencies of gay wall-paper over every pane of the transom. The floor was bare, and of a fine glassy polish. Two chairs stood primly against the wall, either side of an old claw-foot mahogany side table. There was an oppressively new rack upon the wall just above it. Miss Anna had bought it in a rare moment of expansion. She said, "It looked well to put hats on—but she did hate to see men's dirty hats on it."

Perhaps if old John Bullinger had not ventured to hang his hat there—but that is vain speculation. He came through the door with an eager, conciliatory smile. He was old and thin and stooped, with mild, furtive eyes, and a face full of deep lines. In one hand he carried carefully a little splint basket, full apparently of cotton-wool. With the other he pulled off his hat—such an old hat, battered and rusty and scant of nap. As he set it upon the rack he held out the basket, saying:

"Hope I see you well, Sister Anna Saxton. You look bloomin' as ever. Here's a few guinea-eggs I fetched you. Lureny found a big nestful this mornin'—them white guineas, you know—an' she said she sorter thought you wanted a settin' of 'em—"

"I don't, that I know of," Miss Anna said, pointedly. "I hope you've brought somethin' else, Mr. Bullinger. You know I told you I couldn't wait longer'n this week. I'm my niece's gyuardian—ef I don't make her money make money fer her, why, when she comes of age, she can go on my securities fer it—"

She stopped short, her eyes on Bullinger's face. It was working convulsively. His jaw had dropped. He was ashen gray. Slowly he closed his mouth, and said huskily:

"N-o-o, Miss Anna, I didn't fetch a dollar. I didn't have it to fetch. I cain't raise it, neither. I—I thought maybe you'd be willin' to wait untel—untel I can sell this year's crop."

Upon a Sunday afternoon in mid-August Scrap and her mother came cautiously out of their back door, slipped through the grape-arbor into shelter of the garden palings, and at last gained the orchard. Scrap stopped in the shade of a drooping apple-tree, drew a long breath, then laughed gayly, saying, "Oh!

I'l give 'a dollar to see Aunt Anna's face when she wakes and finds us gone!"

"I do believe the good Lord in his mercy sent her to sleep—this Sunday of all days," Mrs. Farley said, with a sigh of content. "You know she hardly ever does shut her eyes in the daytime—"

"Yes, she says it's a sin to waste daylight, even Sunday daylight," Scrap said, laughing again. Her mother looked alarmed. "Don't laugh," she said. "It might bring her on us. We had better not wait, anyway. I'd never get over it if we missed seein' poor Sister Bullinger an' tellin' her all this was none of our fault."

"It is heartless to laugh at anything right now," Scrap said, turning into a field path. Ten minutes of rapid walking brought them to the back of the Bullinger orchard. It was not like their own, a pattern of tidy thrift. Half the trees were missing. Rank weeds choked and robbed those that remained. Here or there brier clumps sprawled and waved vagrant arms. But the graveyard was a picture of trim-clipt neatness, littered only with shed rose-leaves drifting loosely about the green mounds.

"Poor Sister Bullinger! It'll 'most kill her to leave her graves," Mrs. Farley said, tears stealing down her cheeks. "All her six children there—with the flowers and the headstones, all so nice—an' to think the graveyard even ain't reserved. It goes with the place, no matter who buys it."

Scrap said nothing. She was choking. She almost ran until she came to the yard gate. It sagged a little, but was stanch on the hinges. There was a new slat, evidently just put in. It had not even lost its fresh, sappy smell. As she laid her hand on it, Scrap shrank back a little.

"Suppose they are not glad to see us," she said to her mother. "If—if they hate us, and won't listen to us, what shall we do?"

"They will listen," Mrs. Farley said, pressing through the gate. It was the back gate. All about there were chance-sown seedling peach-trees, and big althea shrubs full of staring purple blossoms. Fowls of all sorts strutted and preened at the foot of the shrubs. Twenty mottled pigeons sat a-row upon the comb of the log smokehouse.

"They're out in the yard," Mrs. Farley said, nodding toward the long shadow at the end of the house.

"I must tell them—at once," Scrap said, walking quickly toward the group.

The house was low and wide, with hospitable piazzas back and front. But at five o'clock the piazzas were not so pleasant as the shady sward, where John Bullinger sat, holding his wife's hand, and now and then patting it. She was as gray and withered as himself, but her eyes had a spark at bottom. "I don't blame you, John," Scrap heard her say. "I know you've done your best always. You didn't know the tobacco 'd get frost-bit an' the wheat take rust the same year, else you'd 'a' never borrowed the money that our home has got to pay. It's hard to leave it—mighty hard. I'd a little rather die. We might stay on, payin' interest—it's jest the same as rent—if only Anna Saxton would wait."

"Don't talk erbout it—I begged her—'most went on my knees," the old man said, choking over the last word. "'Twasn't fer myself, Lureny—'twus for you. I—I couldn't bear ter think of takin' you away frum—the children. It is a cruel thing."

"Anna Saxton is a cruel woman. She always wanted the place," Mrs. Bullinger said.

Scrap looked across to her mother. Mrs. Farley nodded. "Anna has wanted it a long time," she said, under her breath. Tige, the brindled Bullinger watchdog, had got up from his master's feet and come to sniff a silent and respectful greeting. Mrs. Farley stooped and patted him. Scrap stepped in front of her and went up to the old couple.

"Aunt Anna is cruel—it is all so cruel," she said, her voice breaking. "We came, mother and I, to say—to tell you—we would stop it—would help you—if only we could—that we—that I would rather never see the money than that you should be harried thus to pay it."

"It's a just debt. I reckon I oughtn't ter complain. She ain't askin' only her rights—er ruther your rights," Mr. Bullinger said, slowly.

His wife laughed bitterly. "It's a lawful debt—maybe," she said. "But just! No. In the first of makin' it Miss Anna Saxton was goin' ter lend the money on your patent—that churn, you know—but at the very last, she told you, seein' it wus orphan's money, not her own, she'd have ter secure it with land."

"She wus right; land cain't die, ner run away," Bullinger said, in dry half-whisper. "Set down, Sister Farley—you too, Miss Scrap. Please don't mind Lureny. She—she's feelin' ruther bad over—ter-morrer."

Scrap had grown very white. She went

close to Mrs. Bullinger, but did not offer to touch her. "Please, please, don't be so heartbroken!" she said. "I will help you. You shall have your home back, and live in it all your life, as sure as I live to see twenty-one. In two years—"

"Two years! That ain't long to young folks. I may not live one—an' I counted so on sleepin' up yonder with the children," Mrs. Bullinger said, hiding her face in her hands. Her husband laid his hand on her head, stroked her hair gently, and said brokenly: "I'm glad—you two—come. It wus kind, an' Christian-like. But as you cain't help us, I—that is—Lureny—"

"We had better go away! I see that. Thank you for—for not hating us," Scrap said, taking her mother's hand. Mrs. Farley put her aside, went up to the sobbing woman, and put both arms about her neck, whispering: "Oh, Sister Bullinger! try to believe on the dear Lord. The righteous shall not be forsaken, nor his seed beg bread."

"Seems like that wus meant fer the self-righteous—Miss Ann Saxton's sort," Mrs. Bullinger said, without lifting her head. Her husband stooped and put his arms around her, saying gently, "Don't, Lureny! don't!" Then to Mrs. Farley, "Thank ye kindly. You've brought us comfort. The good Lord will reward ye fer it, ef I never can."

On the way home Scrap did not say a word. But when she was inside her mother's chamber she flung off her hat, and said excitedly:

"Mother, I feel like I was letting murder be done. Go with me to town to-morrow. That sale must be stopped. The Bullingers shall keep their home—though I don't see how in the world it is to be done."

The sale was set for Monday noon. At ten o'clock Scrap walked into Jack Marable's law office, with her head high and her cheeks full of tremulous bloom. Mrs. Farley came in her wake. Jack Marable could hardly believe his eyes. At school Scrap had been his little sweetheart. She was his sweetheart still, though he had done no more than speak to her since she put on long dresses. Jack was poor and sensitive, and tremendously ambitious. He meant firmly to marry Scrap if only somebody else did not carry her off before he had made such a position as would make him careless of Miss Anna's sniffs. She had sniffed at him when he had ventured to call, soon after he set up for himself.

He listened sympathetically, but shook his head. "I'm afraid it's too late to do anything," he said. "You see, being a minor, nothing you can say or do would hold in law. Of course I know you'd keep to it. Few people indeed would doubt that. But then there are always chances. You might die, and your heirs refuse to be bound by what you had done. Of course everybody is mighty sorry for poor old Uncle Johnny Bullinger, but there are mighty few who can afford to be sorry three thousand dollars' worth. The place is worth it, twice over, but I'm afraid will hardly sell for so much. Your land lies on three sides of it; Miss Anna wants it, and she has the name, as well as the power, of being an inconvenient neighbor when she is crossed."

"Why do you tell me all that?—as if I did not know it by heart!" Scrap said, irritably. "Oh, why, why am I not twenty-one? or else why don't they let people have their own money when they are eighteen?"

"Ask the lawmakers," Jack said, half smiling, half sighing. Mrs. Farley looked from one to another of them, opened her mouth, shut it desperately, got up and walked across the room and back again.

"There is a way! I've just thought!" she burst out. "Scrap, you come into your money when you come of age—or marry. Suppose you and Jack—"

She stopped there covered with confusion. Jack's face was a study. A wave of joy went over it, quickly followed by a look of pain. He set his teeth hard and folded his arms. "I have loved you all my life, Scrap," he said, very low.

Scrap had flushed like a rose. She held out her hand to him, and said, shyly:

"Jack, if—if you are really willing to—to help me help the Bullingers—why! we have not any time to lose."

The little knot of people about the Court-House door stirred languidly as the sheriff began, in a thick, throaty voice, to cry the single bid for the Bullinger place. Miss Anna's lawyer made it, offering the exact amount of his claim. Miss Anna herself was at his elbow. Usually she left such matters strictly within his discretion. What had fetched her in town to-day was the fact that her ward and her ward's mother had stolen off without her knowledge, intending, as she strongly suspected, to try to stop the sale. "I'm glad they had the sense not to try

it," she had said to Lawyer Black, when she found he had not seen them. Lawyer Black had rubbed his hands diplomatically and looked wise.

"Third and last time!" the sheriff shouted, clearing his throat. Just back of him the crowd parted lightly to let Jack Marable through. He held up his hand to catch the sheriff's eye, and said clearly: "The Farley claim is bid. I make it a hundred more."

"An' a hundred! An' a hundred! Fair warnin'! An' a hundred!" the sheriff cried, his voice cutting the summer warmth as a jagged blade cuts flesh. Miss Anna nudged Lawyer Black, "Bid two hundred! Bid up to five," she said. "I don't ra'ale-ly want the place—but then it's jest es well to give the Bullingers a little."

"An' five hundred!" Lawyer Black said boldly. Jack Marable nodded, "I make it a thousand." Black looked at Miss Anna. The red spots glowed in her cheeks. She was about to say "Twelve hundred," when she caught sight of Scrap and Mrs. Farley, smiling and holding John Bullinger's hands, within the Court-House entrance.

"Sold at the Farley claim, an' a thousand," the sheriff said, letting his hammer fall. Then he wiped a perspiring brow, and bent to ask:

"Buyer's name, please, Mr. Marable?"

"Mrs. Victoria-Magnolia-Virginia Farley-Marable," Jack answered, with a roguish smile. Scrap smiled too, and said, pressing the hard old hand within her own, "You see he did learn it, though the time was so short."

Miss Anna said a great deal. Enough, in fact, if it were all written down, to make very many other stories.

The Secret of Peace[1]

By Lyman Abbott

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.—John xiv., 27.

HOW does the world give peace? By trying to take people out of the conditions which bring trouble. We fall asleep and forget our troubles. We plunge into pleasure or business that we may escape our troubles. We steel our hearts to the troubles of others, pass by on the other side, do not see them. This is the way the world gives peace.

But this is not Christ's way. It is not peace *from* trouble, it is peace *in* trouble. "My peace," he says. But he did not find peace by escaping from trouble; he came from the peaceful atmosphere into the tempestuous atmosphere, out of the serenity into the storm; came that he might carry our burdens, bear our sorrows, and be wounded for our sins; that our troubles might trouble him, our cares might weigh upon him. And they really did. He so carried them that men saw in his very face that he carried them. Christ's peace was not the peace of exemption from trouble; it was the peace of a serene spirit in the midst of trouble.

There are three mothers. Each has a sick child. One gives the sick child over into the care of a professional nurse, and goes off to the party or the ball, or goes to her own room to sleep, saying, I have done all I can for my child; I have gotten a professional nurse for it. Another mother sits by the side of the child, and carries perplexity and anxiety in her face and in every motion of her body, until at last the doctor says, We must get this woman out of the room, or the child will never get well; she is aggravating his sickness by her worry. The third mother, taking advantage of the professional nurse, comes into the room and is with the child, and carries such a serene and placid temper that the doctor says, She is the best medicine, better than any I can give. Those are the three ways in which people take trouble. They forget them; they worry over them; and they bear them with a peaceful and serene spirit. This last was Christ's peace. He came into the world in order that he might live in the midst of trouble. He lived in peace, and, dying, he said, "My peace I give unto you."

My peace! What was the secret of this peace of Christ? Certainly it was not that he did not see the troubles in the world and the troubles that were to come to it. You remember, only a few days before these words of his, he was going up to Jerusalem, and there was a great procession going with him,

[1] A sermon preached in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, May 8, 1898. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

and they were shouting, Hosanna to him that comes in the name of the Lord! And as they reached the brow of Olivet, and he looked upon the city and its glory, there came over him a vision of its impending doom; he saw the Roman legions encamping about it, and all the horrors of the siege; and in the midst of the acclaim of the multitude he burst into a flood of tears, saying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" He knew the world's troubles, and they were present in his thought. Only a few days before these very words of his he foretold these troubles to his disciples:

> And when ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains; and let them which are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto. For these be the days of vengeance, that all things which are written may be fulfilled. But woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck, in those days! for there shall be great distress in the land, and wrath upon this people. And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled. And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth: for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.

He foresaw it all, foretold it all. And still, living prophetically in the times when the hearts of men would be failing and the world would be shaken and they would be in perplexity, he said to his disciples: "My peace give I unto you." He knew, he realized, he felt; and yet he had peace.

To know the secret of his peace let us turn to his life and consider the nature of his troubles; for he had troubles. It is said of him more than once, in express words, that he was troubled. He went into the wilderness to be tempted, and was in perplexity. Questions were addressed to him. Shall I make these stones bread? Shall I leap from the tower and be sustained by angels' wings? Shall I acknowledge a little allegiance to the devil in order that I may conquer him? These questions confronted him, and he concerned himself with them; but they were all questions about his own personal duty. What shall I do with my power? Shall I use it for myself? How shall I win the world? By winning the admiration of the crowd? How shall I conquer? By compromise? He said to his disciples once, How long shall I be with you? How long shall I endure you? Shall the Son of man find faith when he comes on the earth? The question was one about his own mission. Will my life accomplish anything? Am I really giving even to my own disciples a faith that shall have endurance? He came to Bethany, where Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus had lived; and Lazarus was dead; and the Jews were pretending to comfort them with their professional weeping; and one sister came, and then the other came, saying, "If thou hadst been here, our brother had not died." They distrusted him, and thought his love had failed—and he was troubled. Why? Troubled, because he wondered whether it was possible for him to do what he would do, give to these his disciples a new faith, and a new hope, and a new courage in him; and then, seeing through this experience as through a window, wondered whether he should be able to give the world a hope that would enable them to conquer death, the last enemy. Certain Greeks came to see him, just a few days before these words of his in Jerusalem, and he said, "My soul is troubled. What shall I say? Father, save me from this hour? No! For this very cause came I forth unto this hour! Father, glorify thy name." Still the same trouble; still it is only his personal duty which concerns him. Will he be able so to carry himself in this last hour as to glorify his Father? The disciples gather about the last table with him; one of them is Judas, who is to betray him, and has formed his plans and received the money. Christ is troubled. He cannot save all even of the twelve. Is there nothing more he can do? nothing he can put forth to rescue Judas from his own destruction? It is still trouble about his own duty, his own life. He comes to the Garden of Gethsemane. He throws himself prostrate on the ground and wrestles with anguish. His soul is troubled. Why? Lest he shall not accomplish his Father's will. The burden of his prayer is still this: Father, thy will be done. Help me, strengthen me, support me, sustain me, so that I may do thy will.

Do you not see that all the troubles this man knew were all one trouble: Shall I do my own duty? shall I live my own life? shall I accomplish the work the Father has given

me to do? He took in the horizon of the whole world, the horizon of the whole future; but the future did not trouble him, the only trouble he knew was this: Shall I do my own duty? shall I fulfill my own mission? shall I accomplish the work the Father has given me to do? All his will power, all his spiritual power, all his faith, was concentrated on that one single question of life—how to do the work his Father had given him to do.

I do not speak to you this morning about the lower and lesser troubles of life—troubles of food and raiment, troubles that impinge upon us from poverty or sickness or lack of reputation. These are insignificant. These are not the concerns that trouble us the most. How can you and I live in these troublous times with peaceful and serene hearts? how can we live and not be depressed by disaster if disaster comes, nor be unduly exalted by victory when victory comes, nor be over-anxious while we wait with suspense for news? How? By concentrating all our thought on the one question which, after all, is the only question in our lives—How shall I do my duty? how shall I fill my place? how shall I serve my age?

We see worldliness in the Church, and unfaith in it. Perhaps we are conservatives, and see the skepticism which we think is eating out the heart of it. Perhaps we are progressives, and see the traditionalism which seems to us as death. Or we look outside our own Church upon other Churches. We wonder that the Presbyterian Church is thinking of putting such a man as Dr. McGiffert on trial; or we wonder that the Episcopal Church is concerning itself about altars and candles; or we look upon the Roman Catholic Church, and wonder at the spirit of ecclesiasticism in that old Church which is the mother of us all; or we look even upon our own Church, and wonder that it is not a better Church, a more praying Church, a more energetic Church, a more living Church. My friends, the remedy for this trouble about the Church universal is to trouble ourselves about ourselves. What is my duty in the Church?

The pastor is not responsible for the Church of God; he is responsible only to preach to his own congregation and to minister in his own parish. You Sabbath-school teacher are not responsible for the great Presbyterian Church or the Episcopal Church or the Roman Catholic Church or the worldliness in the Church at large; you are responsible to do the best you can with the four or five little boys and girls you are going to talk to this Sunday afternoon. You mother are not responsible to set the whole Church right; you are responsible to do the best you can in your own home circle. The world is not yours to work for; your family is yours to work for. The Church is not yours to work for; the little class you have is yours to work for. The whole Holy Catholic Church is not yours to work for; it is your own church you are to work for. I will confine my cares to my own life, and so I will get rid of all troubles except the one trouble—How shall I do my own duty?

And so of the Nation or the city. There is corruption, negligence, dereliction, lack of fidelity, in it: shall these things trouble us? Let us trouble ourselves about our own duty. I could find a great many men in this city of New York who during the last week have been greatly troubled about municipal corruption, who have not troubled themselves to register in the primaries in order that they may vote to set things right. The man would have done better to be a little more troubled about his own personal political duty, and a little less about Greater New York.

This is the secret of peace from the great troubles of life—personal consecration. Let us not concern ourselves about how other men will do their duties, but concern ourselves about how we shall do ours. We need have but one anxiety—that we shall do our own duty; we need have but one fear—that we shall be recreant ourselves. You lawyer are not responsible for the imperial destiny of America; you are responsible only to see to it that justice underlies its institutions where you can help to put justice. You merchant are not responsible for the imperial destiny of America; you are responsible only to see to it that honesty and incorruptibility enter into the heart of the Nation, so far as you can put them there. You preacher are not responsible to see that the whole Church has freedom on the one hand and soundness of teaching on the other; you are responsible only to see to it that within the circle of your own parish there is a consecrated life and a devotion to God and a devotion to truth. You mother are not responsible to set the whole world right; you are responsible only to make one pure, sacred, and divine household.

In olden time men marched with torches, and the winds blew upon them and the rain beat upon them and extinguished them. But

now a man may carry in his garment a little electric battery, and for his torch an electric light; and the wind blows upon it and it does not flare, and the rain beats upon it and it is not extinguished. We Christians ought to carry within us such a light of Christ that in this tempestuous time our light shall never flare, and never be extinguished; and men, looking on us, shall see that, though we are men of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who do not pass sorrow by on the other side, nor shut our eyes to the woe nor our ears to the wail of the world, we yet carry in our hearts a serenity, and in our faces a peace-giving, because the light that is in us is a light which the world cannot extinguish—the light of consecration and of faith.

The Signal Service

By L. E. Van Norman

WHEN, the other day, the newspapers reported that the Secretary of War had authorized General Greely, Chief Signal Officer, "to proceed, without regard to ordinary instructions, in establishing rapid telegraphic connections between all our seacoast fortifications," and soon afterwards we learned that he had appointed a censor of the cable at Key West, the average man probably asked himself, What is the Signal Corps, anyway, and what does it do?

A visit to General Greely in his room in the library of the War Department at Washington (he is the librarian) brought out some new and interesting facts connected with the history and operation of the Signal Corps, which are here recorded. General Greely talked freely, as did also his chief clerk, Mr. Carr, about the working of the Corps.

Military signaling is of exclusively modern development. The importance of accurate and speedy communication between a commander and the different portions of his army have been recognized from the most ancient times, and it was soon perceived, in the words of the great Napoleon, that "the secret of war is in the secret of communication." Aides, scouts, couriers, these performed the functions of communication, until an American, Albert James Myer, of the Medical Department, United States Army, evolved a system of intercommunication, which he afterwards elaborated into the code of military signaling now in use, with modifications, in all the armies of the world.

Albert J. Myer was an assistant surgeon in the United States Army in 1854, and was stationed in New Mexico. Noticing the smoke-signals of the Indians, and also the peculiar sign-motions made by them with their lances, it occurred to him that these might be expanded into a system for the use of the armies of the white man. Being familiar with the dot-and-dash alphabet of the electric telegraph, he conceived the idea that it might be adapted to the new scheme, a dot being indicated by a short flash of light or smoke, a dash by a long flash. Later he decided that one motion could indicate a dot, while another could signify a dash. This idea was soon crystallized into a system that could be expanded into any number of symbols. After considerable time and ingenuity spent in perfecting his plan, he offered it to the Government, on the single condition that he be appointed signal officer to introduce the system. His appointment was vigorously opposed, as it was contended that there were already too many staff officers. He was offered a bonus for the use of the invention, but he was persistent, and claimed that, as the inventor, he should be appointed to introduce and superintend the service. On June 21, 1860, an act was approved adding to the staff of the army one signal officer, with the rank, pay, and allowances of a major of cavalry. He was ordered to first duty at headquarters in the Department of New Mexico, where he was at once sent into the field in an expedition against the hostile Navajo Indians. The country was excellent for signal practice, and a number of new developments in the efficiency of the work marked this expedition.

The importance of the corps soon began to be recognized, and, on the breaking out of the Civil War, Major Myer was directed to report to General McDowell for duty. All through the war the signal corps on both sides (for the Confederates had an excellent body of officers soon in the field) rendered valuable service. In 1862 Commander Rogers, of the navy, in a report acknowledged the valuable services of the Signal Corps, and recommended

that the army code be at once introduced into the navy. On February 22, 1862, an act of Congress gave the first legal recognition to the Signal Corps in the following words: "All officers temporarily serving as signal officers shall receive, for the time they are so serving, the pay of officers of cavalry." Lieutenant W. A. Glassford, at present superintending the work of the Corps west of the Mississippi, in a recent address said: "First appearing as an idle spectator at Bull Run, later summoned to the council of war at Gettysburg—these two facts tersely illustrate the two years' growth of the signal system."

"Our organization," said Brigadier-General Samuel T. Cushing, in an address several years ago, "has no distinct memories to cherish in connection with any special battle. It was in and of them all. . . . When, at the battle of Fredericksburg, Lieutenants Brooks, Stone, and Fuller stood resolutely in the church steeple for two long days, the target for rebel batteries; when, at Chancellorsville, Lieutenant Jerome swam the river with his telegraph instruments and established a station in the line of skirmishes; and when, at the time the army was impatiently waiting at United States Ford for the bridges to be repaired, and signals were impossible during the storm, Lieutenant Holland volunteered to swim the rapid river with dispatches—the officers showed the mettle which inspired the corps. . . . Although we of the Signal Corps had but little time for poetry or sentiment, one of the most stirring of hymns, 'Hold the Fort,' had its origin in a message sent by General Sherman to General Corse at Allatoona." The phrases "All quiet on the Potomac" and "intelligent contraband" are also attributable to Signal Service men.

On November 10, 1863, Colonel Myer was relieved from command of the corps, and the bureau was turned over to Major Nicodemus, who was later promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel. The Secretary of War then ordered that the telegraph trains be put in charge of the superintendent of the military telegraph.

When Farragut, after entering Mobile Bay, overcame the fort, the torpedo, and the ram, the defenses of Mobile, he sent his army signal officers below and bade them assist the surgeon in the cockpit, for they had been assigned to him only for the purpose of opening communication with the army after the naval victory had been won. But he could not keep them there; the needs of battle, overtaxing the naval signal system, forced him to summon them to give him aid. They found their proper station on deck and aloft as the fight grew fiercer. The Admiral ceased to look upon his signal officers as idlers; in his moment of greatest need, when the Lackawanna, having once through accident collided with the flagship, and was returning to the disastrous charge, the Admiral called to Lieutenant Kinney, who had been detailed to his vessel, "Can you say 'For God's sake' by signal?" Then followed the hasty and historic message to the Lackawanna, "For God's sake, get out of our way." As the armies closed in on the vanquished enemy, the Signal Corps closed in with them, until there were no foes to fight; then it was mustered out and absorbed in the body of citizenship, proud to have been pioneers in a new military art, whose value none will now dispute.

In 1880 the Signal Corps was advanced to equality of consideration with the other staff corps, and its chief given the rank of Brigadier-General. General A. W. Greely, of Arctic exploration fame, is at present chief signal officer.

In his pamphlet "The Signal Corps of the Army of the United States, with Reference to its Engineering Development," General Greely gives a rapid survey of the scope of the work of the service, and refers in a general way to the services in the armies of European countries. Speaking of the method of work, he says: "The method adopted by the Signal Corps of the United States Army differs radically from the English plan. . . . The mirrors are fixed upon separate tripods, so that they are entirely unaffected by the manipulations of the signalman using the key. In communicating with the distant station after the flash is directed upon it, two tangent screws upon the mirror bars and frame—one screw causing a horizontal motion, and the other a vertical motion—give slow and suitable motions to the mirror, so as to keep constantly and steadily the full flash of the sun upon the distant station. The flash is kept accurately adjusted by means of a simple sighting device, on which rests the dark spot arising from an unsilvered point in the center of the mirror. The transmission and interruption of the flash are effected by the operation of a detached screen, which is so placed that when closed it entirely obscures the flash, and when open permits the free passage of the beams of the reflected light to the receiving station. By the alternate opening

and closing of the screen messages are sent by the American Morse code of telegraphy, a short flash representing the dot, and a long flash the dash. While the American method of signaling by heliograph requires an additional piece, *i.e.*, the screen, yet this affords the evident advantage of rendering communication with the distant station more certain, since the direction of the flash cannot possibly be altered in the manipulation of the key. The mirror of the standard field heliograph of the Signal Corps of the Army is 4½ inches square, and with this mirror communication can always be relied upon for distances of 30 miles or under for the naked eye, and is readily used for distances of 60 miles or more when using the telescope. Messages have even been sent for a distance of 90 miles, and the flash distinguished at 125 miles. For very great distances, however, the station heliograph is used, which is of the same form as the standard field instrument, but is considerably larger, having mirrors eight inches square. With an experimental heliograph of this size a message has been sent and received at a distance of 125 miles, through a semi-tropical atmosphere in which vertical air-currents obtained and large quantities of dust were present. It may very well be doubted whether the English form of the heliograph can be relied upon, even under the most skillful manipulation, for communication over such great distances. The concerted heliograph practice under Colonel William J. Volkmar, assistant adjutant-general and acting chief signal officer of the Department of Arizona in 1890, when these unparalleled ranges were worked over, while showing the superiority of the American method, likewise developed certain points wherein improvements were desirable. The outcome was a standard heliograph, whose important points are its fixed flash, simplicity of form, strength of construction, reasonable weight, interchangeable parts, small, square, perfect mirrors, accuracy of sight and adjustment, stability in use, and a complete separation of the flash mirror from the signal screen."

The appropriations for the Signal Service have heretofore been quite inadequate to its needs, but the present war will undoubtedly show how important an arm of our military it has become, and more generous support will be given it.

Books and Authors

France [1]

Overpraising a book is always an injury to it. We took up Mr. Bodley's two volumes on France with the suggestion in mind that they may be compared with De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America" and Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth." If this comparison had not been suggested, the volumes might have left on our mind a more favorable impression. The introduction, which occupies about one-fifth of the first volume, is a somewhat entertaining, sketchy, and gossipy account of the writer's experiences in France. The avowed justification for this is the writer's desire to show the reader that by a considerable study of France and its institutions he has prepared himself for this work. The impression which this introduction produces on the reader is that Mr. Bodley is a somewhat superficial observer, with no special capacity to enter into the life of a people whose tastes and mental habits are foreign to his own. The introduction is followed by the first chapter, which really is introductory also, giving some account of previous writers, and a sketchy history of the epoch preceding the Republic. The work really begins with chapter second, and the first volume may be said to be divided into two sections, the first of which treats of the people, the second of the institutions and the Chief of State.

Mr. Bodley's point of view is not only English, but Conservative, if not Tory. He has no faith in republicanism for France, and he does not indicate any faith in republicanism for any people. "In spite," he says, "of the efforts both of the jealous and of the disinterested, the day will come when no power will prevent France from hailing a hero of her choice. . . . Judging from history, it is unlikely that France will be appreciably happier or unhappier under the new régime than under past dispensations, and its duration cannot be predicted even if its founder were revealed." With this opinion that the Republic is only a temporary form of govern-

[1] *France.* By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. In Two Volumes. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

ment, and likely to lead to some new form of imperialism which will also be temporary, Mr. Bodley's estimate of the French Revolution naturally differs from that which has prevailed in most thoughtful circles since Carlyle's time. "The French Revolution has done nothing to help the solution of the problems which face humanity a century after its consummation; and it might never have occurred, for any effect it has had on the relations of capital and labor, on the progress of Socialism, or on the power of plutocracy. The best that can be said of the French Revolution is that, just when civilization was on the point of making history colorless, it burst forth, and produced for the student and the artist a collection of pictures and documents, thrilling and pathetic, grandiose and revolting, such as no epoch of antiquity or of modern times has supplied. But to provide intellectual pleasure for the cultivated it was hardly worth while that millions of the human race should have lamentably perished before their term." This might be written by one who believed in democracy, but did not believe that the French Revolution had by its destructive processes prepared the way for democracy. But Mr. Bodley either is a scant believer both in legislative bodies and in the press, or cannot resist the temptation of indulging in bright satire because it is bright. With regard to the Gunpowder Plot, he says: "It may be open to doubt if in any modern community the deliverance from destruction of its legislative bodies would now be deemed a benefit sufficiently precious to justify its inscription in a ferial calendar." He puts no greater value on a free press than on free legislative assemblies: "At the end of the century, of which one of the boasted triumphs is a cheap press, it has to be avowed that a most salutary feature of national life in France is that a large proportion of the people of all classes never read the newspapers."

Mr. Bodley's point of view is so entirely different from that of The Outlook that it is difficult for us to take seriously his estimate of French character. He certainly does show that the French conception of liberty is something very different from the Anglo-Saxon conception. The destruction of Bourbonism and the subsequent overthrow of Imperialism left a people wholly uneducated in liberty and wholly unprepared for it. The recent trial of Zola in Paris has been a sufficient demonstration to Anglo-Saxon peoples that the justice which is essential to liberty is little understood in France. It is equally certain that the French are a long way from realizing the second word in their favorite motto, "Equality." It will be a surprise to most American readers, probably, to know that "any French citizen may assume a title with perfect impunity, and that its assumption in time may increase his own consideration, as well as augment the dowries he may demand for his sons when he arranges their marriages." This playing at nobility by a democracy is amusing, yet perhaps it is not any more amusing than the assumption of military titles which has been so common in past time in provincial districts in our own country. French history also illustrates, according to Mr. Bodley, only by contraries, the third word in the French motto, "Fraternity." The civil wars which have desolated France have left their open wounds. The antagonisms between parties, and between factions in parties, and between personal followers of individual leaders, and, above all, between the Church and the secularists, have no parallel either in this country or in Great Britain. Very pathetic are some of the illustrations of this lack of fraternity which Mr. Bodley gives. The patriotism of France, too, is, as he well says, geographical rather than racial. It is this difference between the patriotism of the Englishman and the Frenchman which enables the one nation to plant colonies and makes it impossible for the other nation to do so. The Englishman is attached to his ideas, his habits, and his civilization, and carries them with him wherever he goes; thus he makes himself at home in India, China, or Australia. The Frenchman is attached to his soil, longs to get back to his native land, counts himself an exile whenever he is away from it, regards all colonial residence as temporary and disadvantageous. The Frenchman is a Frenchman only in France, but England is wherever the Englishman lives.

We need not, in this article, project this view of Mr. Bodley's work into the second volume. It must suffice to say that he has observed, but not very profoundly; that his habit of mind is English, not to say insular and provincial; that his sympathies are with the old régime; that he has little faith in democracy for any people, and none at all in democracy for France; and that the radical difference between his work and those of De Tocqueville and Professor Bryce, with which

it has sometimes been compared, is that they sympathize with the spirit of American institutions, while Mr. Bodley writes as a disbeliever, not only in the life realized by France, but in the political and social aspirations of the Frenchman.

The Expositor's Bible [1]

"The Book of the Twelve Prophets, commonly called the Minor," by George Adam Smith, D.D., completes the Expositor's Bible. As in all works to which a variety of scholars contribute, there is some lack of unity in this series of commentaries, and great variety in the value of the different volumes. They have, however, certain essential qualities in common. They are none of them minute and microscopic in their exegesis. They pay but little attention to words and phrases. They spend but little time on questions of grammar or philology. Taking for granted the work of scholars in these departments, the editors of the Expositor's Bible have concentrated their attention on the literary aspects of the various books. They have treated the book, or the chapter or section in the book, in its entirety, and endeavored to interpret its general significance. The Expositor's Bible is thus one of the fruits of the Higher Criticism. For the non-theological reader we should perhaps explain that, properly speaking, the Higher Criticism does not indicate any particular view concerning the date, authorship, or character of a Bible book. It is used in contradistinction to the phrase Lower Criticism—the latter signifying minute textual study, the former signifying broad historical and literary study. The Expositor's Bible gives the fruit of such broad historical, literary study. In this consists its value. It is true that whenever this broad historical and literary method is pursued, certain results are almost sure to be reached, because such a study assumes that the writers of the Bible acted in accordance with the general laws of the human mind, and that the same principles of historical and literary investigation employed in their research are to be employed in all processes of research into the Old Testament literature.

In general, however, the Expositor's Bible may be said to be characterized by a conservative rather than a radical spirit, and always by a constructive rather than by a destructive spirit. The aim of the writers is, in general, not to attack previous conceptions, but to set forth with clearness and simplicity those conceptions respecting Old Testament literature which, with substantial unanimity, are accepted by all those who apply to the Bible study the principles of literary criticism. The value of this method depends in part upon the person who uses it, in part upon the nature of the book to which it is applied. There are some volumes of the Bible concerning which it may almost be said that they can be made available to the average reader only by this method. This is preeminently true of such books as Ecclesiastes, interpreted by the Rev. Samuel Cox, D.D.; Daniel, interpreted by the Dean of Canterbury; and the books of Isaiah and of the Twelve Minor Prophets, interpreted by George Adam Smith, D.D. Scarcely less valuable are the three volumes on the Psalms, by the Rev. A. MacLaren, D.D. Without going here into any detailed criticisms of any of these books, which have been treated from time to time in The Outlook, it must suffice to say that the work is, in its entirety, creditable alike to the general editor and to the publishers; and that it easily takes its place in the front rank of works which have for their object the understanding of the Bible, and the application of its teachings to practical life. In the scholar's library the Expositor's Bible can never take the place of works devoted to minute textual criticism, but in the library of the preacher, the Sunday-school teacher, and the lay student, it will take a place inferior to none having the same general end in view.

[1] *The Book of the Twelve Prophets, commonly called the Minor.* By George Adam Smith, D.D. In Two Volumes. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $1.50.

Mr. Augustine Birrell has lately been making some interesting remarks on readers and reading. He said:

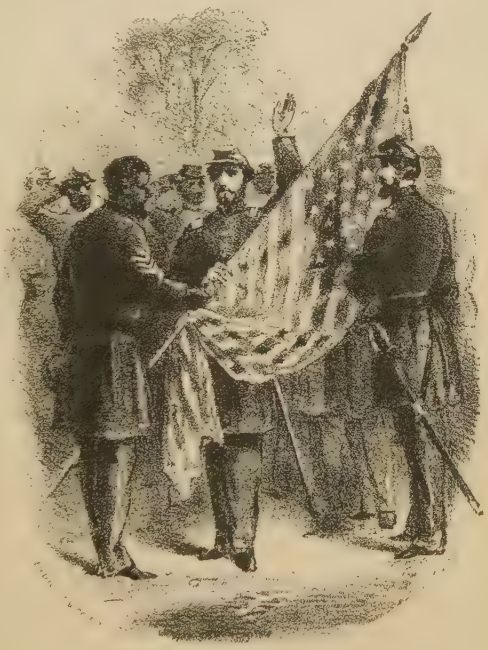
A vast number of people do not care a rap about reading. They may pretend to, but they do not. They say they cannot find time; it is the merest subterfuge. They could easily find time if they chose, but they prefer doing so many other things first. There is no great harm in this; there are other pastimes besides reading. Some people (not many) read a great deal too much, and would be all the better for doing a little observing. Mr. Bagehot said of Shakespeare that if he walked down a street he knew what was in it. One of the wisest men I have ever known could neither read nor write. Still, it remains true that unless you are fond of reading you will not read, and yet unless you read you cannot truly appreciate the work of genius. Read what you like best; do not be ashamed of your tastes, or be

The First Black Regiment

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

ON a morning in May, 1862, on Ladies' Island, in South Carolina, there stood among the deserted buildings of an ld plantation a group such as a year of civil ·ar had not before brought together. The ·reat House was unoccupied, but a double ow of log huts still remained for the negroes, nd were pouring forth all their tenants. ·bove these spread some of the vast live-aks which make that region so picturesque, ung with gray Span-sh moss, and spread-ng each its hundred eet of shade. Be-eath these stood a quad of white sol-iers and a group of egroes—men, wo-ıen, and children—stening to a speech rom a white sergeant vhom Major-General David Hunter, then ommanding the de-ıartment, had depu-ed to begin his ex-ıeriment of recruiting the first black regi-ment for the Civil War. This recruiting officer was Sergeant Charles T. Trow-bridge, of the First New York Volunteer Engineers (Colonel Serrell), who had been General Hunter's trusted orderly. He was a strongly built man of dark complexion, with rather heavy features and an air of determination and persistence; with which qualities he combined a strong sense of humor and a great faculty of dealing with the negroes, catching their dialect, and commanding their confidence. This was aided by a musical aptitude which brought him into sympathy with them; he readily joined in their peculiar songs, and knew his Methodist hymn-book by heart. On the present occasion he easily got a hearing, but as soon as he began to explain his immediate object—enlistment—he noticed that the men of military age were gradually slipping away from the group and disappearing in the woods near by. When he ended his discourse, his audience consisted almost wholly of women, old men, and children.

Trowbridge knew the condition of affairs well enough to know that this swift disappearance of the negroes was not a matter of timidity alone, but had another reason behind it. The plan of the black regiment had already got abroad; and inasmuch as most of the white officers and soldiers—even including most of General Hunter's own staff—were quite opposed to it, they had lost no time in filling the minds of the freed slaves with all manner of alarms. Indeed, the masters had been beforehand with them; they had told the ignorant blacks that Yankee men, if trusted, would undoubtedly sell them into captivity in Cuba; and had gone so far as to convince them that these white-skinned invaders actually had tails. At a later time, when a little boy from a remote plantation was brought by his father to visit my camp, he was seen staring about him eagerly, and then said to his father, "Daddy, woffor ole Mas'r use for say Yankee hab tail? I don't see no tail, daddy!" Not only this, but when the question of a black regiment was first started, the white soldiers had spread the report that the negroes would be put in the front rank in every battle, and would have to work without pay—a statement which for a time proved so far true, unluckily, as to strengthen the rest of the predictions. Moreover, when the blacks asked the very proper question



FLAG PRESENTED BY CITIZENS OF NEW YORK TO THE FIRST S. C. VOLUNTEERS

The Colonel (Higginson) commanding charging Sergeant Prince Rivers, as color-bearer, never to give it up.

whether, in case of victory, they and their families would be declared free, or sent back to their masters, this proved a question which no one could yet answer; so that, on the whole, the flight of the able-bodied men to the woods was rather a praiseworthy act in the way of caution. Nevertheless, it brought things to a temporary standstill. The recruiting officer might be never so eloquent, but it seemed difficult to reach his audience.

Dux femina facti. In this disappointing situation, one tall and erect old black woman, wearing a Madras handkerchief, rose from the step where she had been sitting, came up to him, and said briefly, "Mas'r, I'se fetch 'um." She then made for the woods, and in five or ten minutes reappeared, being followed, to his great amazement, by a string of sheepish men. She then made every one of these walk up to Trowbridge and give his name—or such approach to it as plantation life had furnished—for the muster-roll. The first on the list was one who had not, I believe, retired with the rest, and who gave his name as William Bronson. He was made First Sergeant of the first company; and, having learned to read, always signed all official documents in this manner: "William Bronson, 1st Sergt. Co. A, 1st S. C. Vols.; also A. 1. African Foundations." This was his simple way of claiming precedence on the long roll of negro soldiers, which, before the Civil War was ended, reached nearly 175,000.

Enlistments after this came in, though slowly; and at last General Hunter, always impulsive and seldom in the hands of good advisers, suddenly made up his mind to expedite matters by drafting instead of recruiting. Accordingly, squads of soldiers were sent to seize all the able-bodied men on certain specified plantations and bring them to camp. This was clearly a high-handed proceeding, and had precisely the effect intended by some who urged the plan, that of reviving in full force all the distrust of the negroes. Moreover, General Hunter had it in his own power to arm, equip, and ration his new soldiers, but he could not pay them, and the natural suspiciousness of an oppressed race very soon became a formidable obstacle. Again they slipped away right and left; desertion became chronic, and orders came meanwhile from Washington forbidding the whole enterprise and ordering the regiment disbanded.

But the best-laid schemes of military men are sometimes abortive, and through the neglect of somebody the order of disbandment failed to reach one company of the regiment, which had been sent, under the command of Sergeant (then called Captain) Trowbridge, to garrison St. Simon's Island on the coast of Georgia. The remaining companies, having remained on Hilton Head Island, were disbanded, but Trowbridge and his men took possession of St. Simon's—an island made famous, at that time, by Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble's narrative of a year spent there. On this island there were then five hundred people living and no white man.

The black soldiers were sent thither on August 5, 1862, upon the steamer Ben De Ford, Captain Hallett. On their arrival, Trowbridge received a message from Commodore Goldsborough, U.S.N., then in command of gunboats at that station, informing him that a party of Confederate guerrillas had just landed on the island, and asking him whether he would trust his men in pursuit of them. This was just what Trowbridge liked, and the Commodore said, "If you capture them, it will be a great thing for you." But they found on landing that the colored men of the island had already set about the undertaking. Twenty-five of these had armed themselves, under a leader of their own choosing, named, by a curious coincidence, John Brown; the second in command being Edward Gould, afterwards a corporal in my own regiment. The Confederates, retreating before these men, drew them into a swamp, posting themselves behind a fallen tree. At the first interchange of shots the negro leader fell dead and several on each side were wounded; after which they mutually retreated. This was the first armed encounter of the Civil War between slaveholders and their former slaves; and it is all the more worth remembering from the very fact that the men were not enlisted soldiers, had no white leader, and volunteered for the enterprise. This John Brown's father was afterwards a soldier in my regiment, and, when discharged for old age, remained as the servant of my surgeon. He might have sat for a type of Uncle Tom, both in aspect and in dignity of character; and he fully believed, to his dying day, that the song about "John Brown's body" related to his dead son and to him alone.

Trowbridge hunted the Confederates for some days among the swamps and forests of the island; finding in one place a canoe in a creek, with a fire burning near by. After-

Col. Thos. Wentworth Higginson

1st S.C. Vols

1862

COMPANY A OF THE FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA (COLORED) UNION VOLUNTEERS TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO THE UNITED STATES BEFORE GENERAL SAXTON, AT BEAUFORT, S. C.

From a sketch by Colonel Douglas Brewerton.

wards he discovered that at that very moment the guerrillas had been hid in a dense palmetto thicket close by. Their leader was named Miles Hazard, and had a plantation on the island; and the party escaped at last through the aid of his old slave Henry, who found them a boat. When the troops under my command occupied Jacksonville, Fla., in March, 1863, we found at the railway station a box of papers, among which was a letter from Miles Hazard to a friend, describing his experiences during that pursuit, and saying, "If you wish to know hell before your time, go to St. Simon's and be hunted ten days by niggers."

This occurred early in August, 1862, and for two months longer the company remained on St. Simon's Island, doing picket duty within hearing of the Confederate drums. The men's uniforms were soon worn out, and they were hardly shod at all; they had poor rations and no pay; but they kept up their courage. Often they would go on scouting excursions to the mainland; indeed, one man used to go regularly to his old mother's hut and hide under her bed while she collected the gossip of the neighborhood, and he never returned without recruits. At last the news came that General Hunter had been relieved by Major-General Mitchell, and that Brigadier-General Saxton, also their friend, had gone North; so Trowbridge prepared a report stating the conditions and services of his men, which he took to Hilton Head, in order to find out if they had been utterly forgotten. The first person he met was General Saxton, who had just returned with authority to enlist five thousand colored troops, and who told him that the "First South Carolina" was to be revived under the same name with Trowbridge's Company as its nucleus, and with him as Senior Captain. He ultimately rose to be Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, and was constantly in command of colored troops from May 9, 1862, to February 9, 1866; his term of office in such command being earlier and longer than that of any other man in the service.

The regiment thus revived was that of which I was called to take command, on November 24, 1862; receiving the summons in the camp of the Fifty-first Massachusetts Volunteers, in which I was a Captain. As we sailed up Broad River from Hilton Head to Beaufort, S. C., I saw the white tents of my future regiment gleaming under the great live-oaks on an old plantation, and as I landed I encountered a company of the men, marching up under a young Captain to be mustered into the United States service by General Saxton. They looked black enough to satisfy the most exacting abolitionist; there seemed hardly a mulatto among them, and these were, indeed, scarce in the regiment. Their faces looked impenetrable, and I wondered for the first time how I should ever know them apart—a perplexity which soon settled itself. Some of them had already been on a small expedition after lumber, under an officer detailed from another regi-

A DETACHMENT OF THE FIRST SOUTH CAROLINA (COLORED) UNION VOLUNTEERS UNDER THE COMMAND OF COLONEL BEARD REPELLING THE ATTACK OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS IN THE VICINITY OF DOBOY RIVER, GEORGIA

From a sketch by Colonel Douglas Brewerton.

ment—Colonel Beard—in which one of them had been wounded. Pointing to his lame arm, I remarked to him that perhaps this was more than he had bargained for, to which he promptly answered, "I been a-t'inkin', Mas'r, dat jess what I went for." This was my first interchange of opinions with my black soldiers. It seemed a good beginning.

The instructions from the War Department, under which Brigadier-General Rufus Saxton, Military Governor, could and did make the only remaining company of the First South Carolina the basis of the reorganized regiment, were dated August 25, 1862, and contained the following important section:

> 3. In view of the small force under your command and the inability of the Government at the present time to increase it, in order to guard the plantations and settlements occupied by the United States from invasion, and protect the inhabitants thereof from captivity and murder by the enemy, you are also authorized to arm, uniform, equip, and receive into the service of the United States such number of volunteers of African descent as you may deem expedient, not exceeding five thousand, and may detail officers to instruct them in military drill, discipline, and duty, and to command them. The persons so received into service and their officers to be entitled to and receive the same pay and rations as are allowed by law to volunteers in the service.
>
> [Signed] EDWIN M. STANTON,
> Secretary of War.

General Saxton, under the somewhat anomalous title of Military Governor, discharged functions lying between those of civilian and soldier, and partaking inconveniently of the duties of both. Not commanding his post in a military sense, he yet had now authority to enroll and train soldiers; not holding any recognized judicial powers, he had more responsibility than many lawyers on the bench. He was expected, as his ordinary duty, to act as a sort of benevolent despot over the ten thousand or more negroes on the deserted and once valuable plantations of the Sea Islands; to manage, feed, employ, and govern them. It was a matter more important than many battles; for how could the Nation provide for its millions of freed slaves unless an object-lesson could first be afforded by the proper management of thousands? Upon General Saxton, therefore, devolved this most momentous experiment.

How admirably this work was done is a chapter, as yet unwritten, of the Nation's history. The point at which it touches this narrative is through General Saxton's organization of negro regiments. This had not, in any strict sense, been done before, though General Butler had just transferred to the Union army and was filling up three colored regiments whose organization had been begun by the Confederate Government at New Orleans, and this under wholly different conditions. These regiments were composed of the free colored men of New Orleans and vicinity, a class in which there was but a small proportion of negro blood, and of which General Butler himself said, "The darkest of them was about the complexion of the late Mr. Daniel Webster." There was little in com-

mon between these comparatively educated creoles or quadroons and the dusky children of serfdom whom General Saxton was called upon to handle, and who were indeed, in common report, the most ignorant and degraded class of American slaves—men who had nearly all spent their lives on secluded plantations, and scarcely any of whom at first could read or write or had ever visited a town.

General Saxton himself was at that time in his thirty-eighth year; was a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of West Point, and

SERGEANT WILLIAM BRONSON

afterward an instructor there; had been commissioned in the Third Artillery; had taken part in the Seminole War; had served under Lyon, McClellan, and Sherman, and had commanded for a time at Harper's Ferry. He was a handsome man, with a soldierly bearing and a great love for his profession; this leading to a constant struggle in his mind between military longings and the semi-civil post which he temporarily held. He was generous, high-minded, brave, sympathetic, and over-sensitive. While at West Point he had been regarded as an Abolitionist, and, having been rather isolated by that attitude, could never feel that he carried with him into his momentous duties the sympathy of his natural mates. His very elevation of aims thus made him too thin-skinned, and he was liable to be vexed and disturbed by men incomparably his inferiors who unjustly regarded him as Quixotic. In his own semi-civil duties he was also frequently annoyed by cranks and zealots, who felt themselves ordained from heaven to take a hand in the new undertaking, and who, under the name of "Gideonites," were cordially hated, sometimes for their virtues and sometimes for their tactless and grasping spirit, by the regular army men. Saxton himself, utterly high-minded and transparent, had to steer his course as best he could among all these obstacles, and to take his black regiment with him; so that when we found ourselves unexpectedly thwarted or hampered, it was never certain that it was not traceable to some jealousy at headquarters, striking at him by interfering with his plans for us. It was among such embarrassments that the First South Carolina had to make its way.

The commissioned officers assigned to the regiment were all white, and were selected from among the best sergeants of various regiments. It was a time of transition in respect to drill, and it was first needful to bring the officers into harmonious action, and ultimately to sift them out. They were from six or eight different States of the Union, but the largest number were from an excellent regiment, the Eighth Maine. Unfortunately, the one company which had been long under drill, that of Captain Trowbridge, was in the least satisfactory condition, because the non-fulfillment of General Hunter's promises had thoroughly shaken the faith of those very men in the Government; they had been kept four months from their families and then dismissed without pay, so that chronic desertion was at first their normal state—an evil never really cured until the first pay-day. Their company officers could give them little comfort, for they themselves had not even been rationed by the Government, and had to live on their own resources or on borrowed money. The rest of the regiment, however, was in a condition of habitual cheerfulness; they were better fed and clothed than they had ever before been; while the duties of drill were a delight to them, as to children.

They learned these duties with unexpected ease; their uniformly good ear for music made them march as well in a week as an ordinary white regiment in a month or an Irish regiment in two months; and the same sense of rhythm, with a readiness of

imitation, made the manual of arms quite easy for them to acquire. Almost from the very beginning, the precision and ring of their "Present arms!" or "Order arms!" was sure to win the applause of military visitors, who, curiously enough, were ready to confound these externals with the substance of courage and fidelity. Again, they all took with enthusiasm to the mere conventionalities of military life, of which white soldiers were a little impatient; the black soldiers enjoyed parade and formalities; and their natural watchfulness and even suspiciousness of temperament made their guard duty unexceptionable. The mere habit of obedience did not, as many people supposed, make them good soldiers, for it had brought with it a lifelong habit of shirking; it was necessary to appeal to their self-respect; and I soon found that an officer who merely dealt with them in plantation fashion was sure to meet his match in obstinacy, while one who could rouse their pride and call out their affection could wind them round his finger. Comparing notes in later years, I never have encountered a really good and successful officer of colored troops who had not become attached to his men, while attaching them to him.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. T. TROWBRIDGE

In regard to the courage of these men, it was doubtless fortunate that neither General Saxton nor myself had any solicitude. This came, in my case, from some anti-slavery experiences; and in his from the more direct test of having been engaged, when a young officer, in the war with the Seminole Indians in Florida, when he observed that the negroes, who had largely intermarried with these Indians, would often stand fire when the Indians would run away. It is well known that this aboriginal race attached no shame whatever to retreat, and would often alternate it with acts of the most desperate courage. I felt how fortunate it was that my chief and I were thus secure, when the young Colonel Shaw, coming down, six months later, with his Massachusetts black regiment, frankly admitted to me that he did not consider it absolutely proved that the blacks would fight well in line of battle; and made a suggestion which would never have occurred to Saxton or to me, that it might be possible to put them between two fires so as to make retreat impracticable. I am sure that long before Fort Wagner such doubts, if he really felt any, had vanished from his mind; but the fact is worth recording as showing the Northern ignorance of the negro at that day. One would think it would have occurred to all observers that the only race which systematically organizes women as warriors could certainly produce men fit for soldiers, and that the apparent subjection produced by centuries of slavery would soon vanish with freedom. As a matter of fact, this result of slavery was perfectly comprehended by the negroes themselves. When I asked my ablest men why there had been so few slave insurrections, they always made the same answer—that they had neither the knowledge, nor the weapons, nor the mutual confidence to make any such attempt successful. Even they knew by tradition what history shows, that the really daring insurrections of the Southern blacks—those of Gabriel, of Nat Turner, of Denmark Vesey—

GENERAL DAVID HUNTER

had all been betrayed by confederates, after they had accomplished enough to leave a tradition of terror for many years. Before commanding colored troops I had myself written the history of these attempts, and they may be found described in my little volume "Travelers and Outlaws."

The daily life of the First South Carolina for the first few months was that of drill and discipline, and was a very public affair. We had innumerable visitors, and were constantly described or criticised in the newspapers of the whole country. We were not at first placed on the muster-rolls of the Department or recognized as a part of the Tenth Army Corps, though this came by degrees. We were well tented and rationed, but the guns assigned to us were very poor, and we found it at first difficult to get medicines, the surgeon's department in South Carolina being especially averse to colored troops. There was much illness for a time, until our surgeons found by experience that, while much more free from malaria than white troops, they were more sensitive to wet and dampness, pneumonia and pleurisy being their chief perils. It also turned out that what may be called the national food of the Southern negro—hominy, samp, grits—were far more healthy for them than the pork and hard bread of the rations issued; so that wise captains often sold the latter and bought the former, to the great benefit of the company fund. Camp life, as a whole, agreed with them, but the medical inspection of recruits was at first very imperfect, so that many were discharged who ought never to have been enlisted. The finest men physically were from Florida, and these men, having been pilots and fishermen, had more knowledge of the world than those from South Carolina, who had lived chiefly on isolated plantations all their days.

THE BABY OF THE REGIMENT

The great majority were jet black, the proportion of mixed blood being strikingly less than in the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Regiments, which were recruited largely from the cities, South and North. The men of the First South Carolina were a simple, childlike, honest, gentle race; there was scarcely any visible vice, or tendency to vice, about them; there never was an issue of whisky during my command of the regiment; their only excesses were in coffee and tobacco. The former they liked so strong and so sweet that no white man could drink it; and their love and longing for tobacco were like the yearning of a child for its mother. There was very little swearing, compared to an ordinary white regiment; and two ladies, wives of officers, who lived in camp at different times teaching the men to read and write, always reported that they were treated with scrupulous courtesy, and had nothing of which to complain. The severer punishments of camp life, such as gagging and tying up by the thumbs, were tried sometimes at first by company officers, by way of experiment; but it was soon shown, as I expected, that these did more harm than good, and I soon had them dropped altogether. Whether this resulted in any laxity of discipline it would not become me to say; but this could easily be determined by consulting the monthly reports of inspecting officers, always regular army men, and rarely prejudiced in our favor. As to the final test of courage, they were impetuous and excitable under fire, but always in the direction of the enemy; were gregarious and liked to hold together. They were probably somewhat more dependent on their officers than white soldiers would have been, but they never showed the white feather. As with all regiments, certain men among them were very eager for adventure, while others were more dull and stolid. If volunteers were called for, I always knew which of the men would be seen hovering near my tent eager for the chance.

The feature which most distinguished our camp from the white camps around it was its love of music. I was the first person, I think, to take down from the lips of our men those wild and often thrilling "Negro Spirituals" which have since, from the Fisk and Hampton and Tuskegee students, delighted so many audiences in England and America. As these were mainly religious in aim, however hilarious in utterance, they were something far beyond a mere indulgence or relaxation; and yet the line between the devotion and the vivacity was so hard to draw that visitors to the camp always regarded them as a sort of jocund stage-performance, nor were the men in the least offended by this point of view. The exercise was indeed called technically a *shout;* one or two men in camp, at evening, would strike up some familiar air, others would join them, a circle would half-unconsciously be formed, one after another would begin to tremble and take steps, and in a short time twenty or thirty men would be pacing round and round in a circle, always in perfect time with the music, often clapping their hands, some merely stooping and rising, others with "heel and toe," others merely capering sideways, while others outside would join in clapping their hands with cheering cries of "Wake 'um, brudder!" "Stan' up to 'um, brudder!" until some spring seemed to break or some snap come, and the whole thing would stop, amid sighs and laughter. When I wandered off in the evening, I knew

SERGEANT HENRY M'INTYRE

SERGEANT HARRY WILKINS

when I drew near the camp again from the rhythmic sound of the "shouting," even when the lights were not yet noticeable.

The effect of this spontaneous musical impulse showed itself very impressively in a great gathering held in the open air on New Year's Day, 1863, when the negroes of the Sea Islands were brought together, the Proclamation of Emancipation was read to the regiment by Dr. W. H. Brisbane, a native South Carolinian who had emancipated his own slaves, and a regimental flag was presented to us, given by friends in New York. The moment Dr. Brisbane had ended, and just as I took and waved the flag which now for the first time meant anything to these poor people, an old man's voice behind me, utterly by its own impulse, as it seemed, began to sing "My Country, 'tis of Thee!" Two women instantly joined in, and then many of the great audience, utterly displacing and postponing my address to Color Sergeant Rivers, but substituting something far more impressive than anything which I could say.

The active life of the regiment consisted at first in duty on what was called "advanced picket," or in certain specific excursions or raids into the interior, decided upon by the Department. The importance of the picket duty lay in this, that it was always believed in the Department that the Confederates were planning to recapture the Sea Islands of South Carolina, a thing which perhaps they never really contemplated, but which, if they had achieved it, would have made

short work of the prolonged siege of Charleston, and would, later, have deprived Sherman's March to the Sea of its objective point. This advanced picket duty—the official spelling was always picquet—involved the maintenance of about twenty stations, all at points of importance along the Coosaw River and covering about ten miles. We had exclusive control of a district of ten or twelve miles square, largely cypress swamp, and separated from the mainland by a river a mile wide, which became at low tide an expanse of utterly impassable mud. This river had been patrolled by gunboats until a short time before, when the destruction of one by the Confederate batteries left the whole work to be done by land. For this work the men of the black regiment were readily selected, because their knowledge of the whole region was more familiar than that of any others; and also because, as the general officers admitted, their natural watchfulness made them admirably faithful in such duty. It was very difficult on a dark night to distinguish an approaching boat from a mere mass of river-weed; and one patrol thus defined his duty, after challenging, in case a boat should come in sight: "Fus-ting I shoot, and den I shoot, and den I shoot again. Den I creep-creep up near de boat and see who dey in 'em; and s'pose anybody pop up he head, den I shoot again. S'pose I fire my forty rounds, I t'ink he hear at de camp and send more mans." It would have been difficult to announce a more vigorous plan of outpost duty; and he would have put it in practice.

The regiment was also employed on three expeditions into the interior, under my command; and these were at least supposed to be important, as otherwise they would not have been sent. Each was planned on essentially the same principle—that of selecting a night when the moon set a little before daybreak, so that the vessels would have the aid of the moonlight for several hours, and yet arrive unobserved. In each case this part of the enterprise succeeded, and we reached unannounced the point intended, on three different rivers—the St. Mary's, the St. John's, and the South Edisto. These expeditions are so fully described in my "Army Life in a Black Regiment" that I will not here enter upon the details, but they presented the most picturesque and attractive part of our whole service. Each expedition had, moreover, a character of its own—the first being a single-handed dash up the river which separates South Carolina from Georgia, an extremely rapid and narrow stream with sharp angles under wooded bluffs, giving every advantage to our opponents, who might at several points have entrapped us as successfully, by felling a few trees, as Hobson imprisoned Cervera at Santiago; the second being a large expedition with naval aid, an expedition which was intended to be, and should have been, permanent, retaking Jacksonville and making it a basis for the recruiting of colored troops and the only post on the mainland in the Department of the South; and the third being an attempt to ascend a river with steamers which the stream had not the water to float, except for an hour or so between the tides, which hour was lost by the necessity of removing, without proper apparatus, a heavy piling with which the river had been obstructed. The mere attempt at such an enterprise showed ignorance of the peculiar character of those vast breadths of soft mud which separate the Sea Islands from one another; but the attempt had the good effect of taking us higher into the interior than any one had gone before, and of bringing away many good recruits from the rice plantations which were being worked in supposed safety from attack.

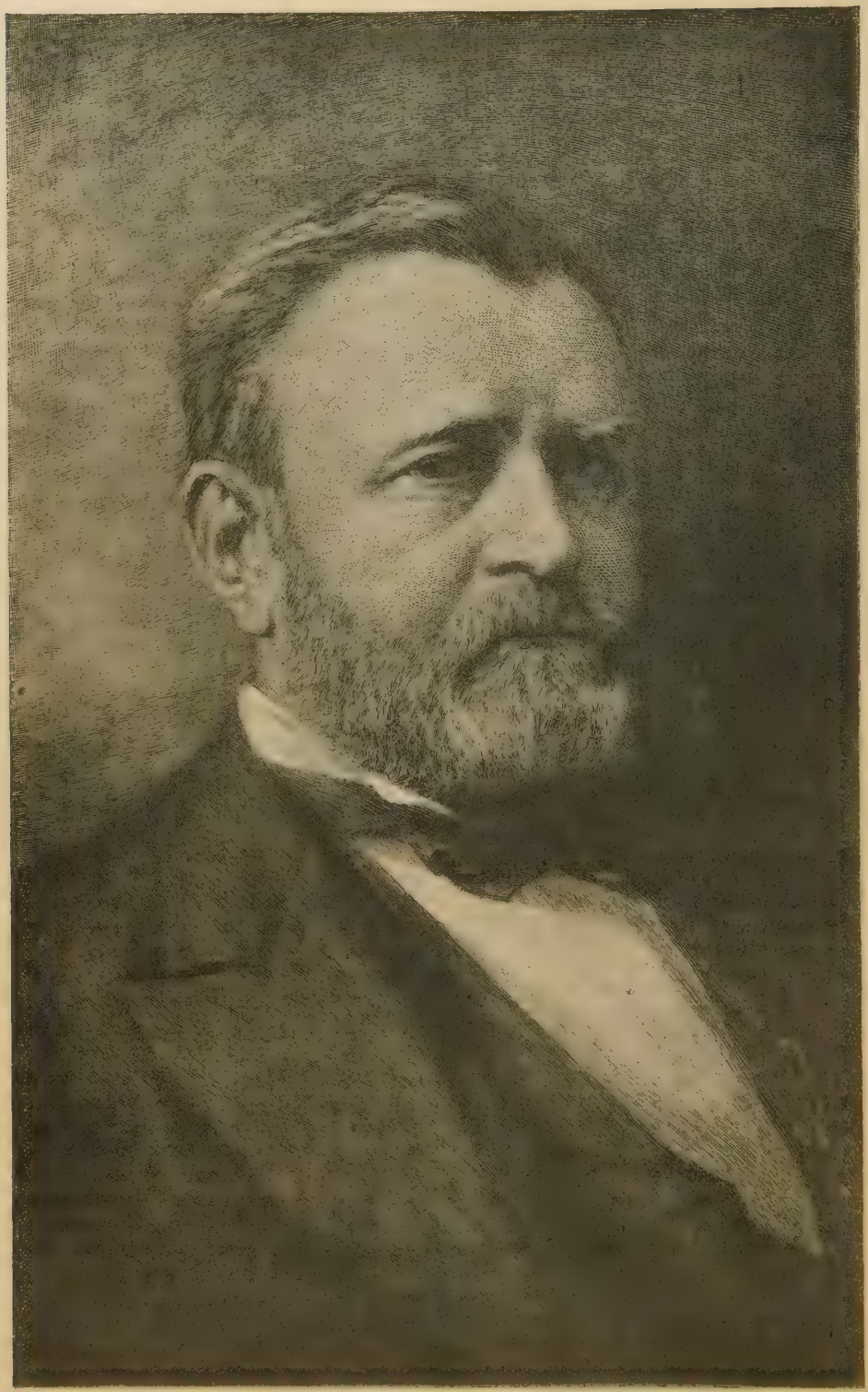
No one denied, I believe, that in all these expeditions the negro troops behaved well, or that they had one distinct advantage over white troops in their knowledge of the country. They could not perform impossibilities; but there was seldom a wood-path which somebody did not know, or a stream where some one could not be found to act as pilot. They also had a special stimulus, to which they often referred, in that, if the Union cause failed, the white officers and soldiers would simply return to their homes and live as before; whereas they themselves, on the contrary, in the same event, would relapse into slavery with their wives and children, and would live and die in that condition. Their reasoning on this subject, and, indeed, on the whole question of slavery, was extremely clear

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RUFUS SAXTON
Military Governor of South Carolina.

COLONEL SHAW LEADING HIS COLORED TROOPS
From the bas-relief by Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens.

and coherent, as it was on most ordinary questions of drill and tactics. I could at any time have filled the whole regiment with line officers by promotion from the ranks, but for their want of sufficient education; and now that the advance of schooling has removed that obstacle, it is certain that any future colored regiments should have full liberty of promotion, without reference to color.

A wound received on this last expedition laid me on my back for a time, and its remoter results required me to quit duty. In other hands the regiment was ordered into various parts of the Department of the South, and helped to garrison several cities and to hold the door open until Sherman marched through. It was finally mustered out of service at Morris Island on February 9, 1866, after a service of nearly four years. When many other colored regiments had followed it into existence whose numbering had no reference to seniority, it was rechristened the Thirty-third United States Colored Infantry, but to the men it was "De Fus' Souf" to the end of their days. Revisiting that region myself ten years later, I sought out many of the men, or they sought me out, and I found them leading in general prosperous and respectable lives, and comparing so well in their general condition with those who had not been in the service that I was satisfied that military discipline had helped and not hurt them. Some of them had been members of the Legislature; my stately color-sergeant, Prince Rivers, had been a Justice of the Peace; while another sergeant had become a prosperous livery-stable keeper, drove me out to our old camp with a far finer pair of horses than I can expect ever to own, and was described to me by his old associates as being undoubtedly "de mos' popolous man in all Beaufort, sa."



ULYSSES S GRANT

With Grant at Vicksburg

By Frederick Dent Grant

Brigadier-General United States Volunteers

I HAVE always appreciated the good fortune which enabled me to be with my father and his able lieutenants in the field during our great struggle for National existence, and to see for myself the men and the events that made so famous the chapters of our history for the years from 1861 to 1865.

In March, 1863, while I was at school at Covington, Ky., my father gave his consent to my joining him at Young's Point, near Vicksburg. I was stimulated to haste by my desire to possess myself of a beautiful Indian pony which Colonel Bowers, of father's staff, had provided especially for me.

Arriving at Young's Point, I found my father's headquarters on a steamboat at the levee. I also found my precious pony, had him saddled and bridled immediately, and joined my father on a trip of inspection to the canal. Here he found that the enemy was throwing up fortifications on the opposite side of the river, which so commanded the canal that its use would be impracticable. We returned to headquarters, stopping for consultation with several generals on the way. Here I first saw General Sherman, for whom my father had such unbounded admiration. Later, father went on board Admiral Porter's flagship, the Benton, for a consultation with his naval coadjutor. I accompanied him; but on board, the Admiral, doubtless remembering the old saying that "little pitchers have long ears," called a man to show me all over the ship—everywhere but in the cabin. Not then appreciating the reasons for this special courtesy, I enjoyed my explorations very much. It was during my absence that my father proposed the passage of the Vicksburg batteries.

The transports were protected with bales of hay packed around the boilers; calls were made for volunteers to man the boats; and the troops were reviewed. The call for boat crews was most eagerly responded to, especially by the men of General Logan's division. Some of the men advanced the most extraordinary reasons for being selected for the service, and their courage and persistency seemed truly marvelous to me. Colonel W. S. Oliver's Eighth Missouri Regiment volunteered almost *en masse*.

On the 16th of April, 1863, General Grant and Admiral Porter held a final consultation. About 10 P.M. all lights were put out, and the fleet started down the river. Suddenly a rocket went up from the shore; a cannon blazed forth from Warrentown; and a shot passed directly in front of our boat. We stopped; a lurid flame sprang up from a house at De Soto, opposite Vicksburg, then another on the river front, and soon fires were burning along the whole front of the city, and the river was lighted as if by sunlight. Six gunboats, looking like great black turtles, followed by three fragile transports, moved directly toward the Confederate batteries, which now opened fire. The Benton and the other gunboats responded, and, steaming up near the city, sent shot and shell pouring into Vicksburg. The transports kept over toward the Louisiana shore, and one—the Henry Clay—was set on fire by a red-hot shell, and burned to the water's edge. The people of Vicksburg lined the hills, and manifested great excitement. On board our boat my father and I stood side by side on the hurricane deck. He was quietly smoking, but an intense light shone in his eyes. The scene is as vivid in my mind to-night as it was then to my eyes, and will remain with me always.

As soon as our fleet passed the batteries, and firing had ceased, father's boat steamed back to Milliken's Bend. The first step of the great campaign had been successfully accomplished.

A few days later I accompanied my father, with eight officers of his staff and an escort of twenty cavalrymen, on a ride of thirty miles to visit McClernand at New Carthage. It was a hard day's journey. At the crossing of a slough, where there was but a narrow bridge, my father made one of his daring leaps, putting his horse at the opposite bank, which he just managed to reach. The rest of us preferred to wait our turn at crossing by the bridge, over which a wagon train was slowly passing. We remained that night at New Carthage, my father spending the time conversing with McClernand. The following day we returned to Milliken's Bend.

From there father moved to the head of

the army, which now had advanced to Hard Times. The problem now presented itself of getting the troops across the Mississippi River.

On the 29th of April our gunboats steamed down to Grand Gulf, and engaged the enemy's batteries for about five hours. Father was on board a little tug, which moved about amid the fleet. I had kept close to him and saw all that was going on. After a trip to the Louisiana shore we went on board the Benton, and, as we entered the porthole, I was sickened with the scenes of carnage. Admiral Porter had been struck on the back of the head with a fragment of shell, and his face showed the agony he was suffering, but he planned a renewal of the conflict for that night, in order to permit our transports to run past the Confederate batteries. During this interview with the Admiral he asked me if I wanted to stay with him, and suggested that I might fill the place of a gunner he had lost. The scene around me dampened my enthusiasm for naval glory, so I replied: "I do not believe that papa will allow me to serve in the navy."

Our troops now moved down the western bank of the Mississippi, to De Shroon's plantation, where the negroes turned out to welcome us with great rejoicing, deeming us the messengers of the Lord bringing them freedom.

The following day, April 30, we went on board the General Price, formerly a Confederate ram, and moved down to where Bruinsburg had stood. Now not a house was to be seen; fire had destroyed the whole town. The crossing of the troops continued vigorously, and, tired of watching them, I fell asleep on deck. Awakening the next morning, I found that my father had gone to the front, and the sound of cannon announced the progress of a battle. General Lorenzo Thomas told me that father had given strict orders that I should not be allowed to go ashore, but he finally permitted me to join a party in chasing a rabbit on the land, and I took advantage of that permission to push my investigation over the hills. I fell in with a wagon train and secured a ride on a mule; and after going some distance in that way I joined a battery of artillery on its way to the front, and later followed a passing regiment—the Seventh Missouri—which was soon in battle. Presently my father appeared. My guilty conscience so troubled me that I hid from his sight behind a tree. Within a short time a mighty shout announced the victory of our troops, and the horrors of a battle-field were brought vividly before me. I joined a detachment which was collecting the dead for burial, but, sickening at the sights, I made my way with another detachment, which was gathering the wounded, to a log house which had been appropriated for a hospital. Here the scenes were so terrible that I became faint and ill, and, making my way to a tree, sat down, the most woebegone twelve-year-old lad in America.

Soon an approaching horseman hailed me with a shout: "Why, hello, is that really you?" The horseman was an orderly from my father's escort, and, dismounting, he proceeded to make me comfortable, putting down his saddle for a pillow, and advising me to go to sleep. This I did, but my sleep was broken by dreams of the horrors I had witnessed. Suddenly I heard the orderly cry

out: "Look here, your father has come." About fifty yards off sat my father, drinking coffee from a tin cup. I went to him, and was greeted with an exclamation of surprise, as he supposed I was still on board the boat. In after years he often told the story of my following him to the battle of Port Gibson with more interest and satisfaction than he manifested to me at that time.

The next morning the burning question was that of transportation. Horses were scarce, but I succeeded in getting a mount. Two enormous white artillery horses had been captured the day before. I secured one of them, and Mr. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, the other. Mr. Dana, however, had the advantage of riding the horse with saddle and bridle; I had to content myself with improvising a harness made of a clothes-line and the tree of a side saddle without stirrups. Badly equipped as I was, many others were worse off in the beginning of the campaign. At any rate, the sight of a small boy on the big white horse made some sport on the road for the soldiers I passed or those who passed me.

CADET F. D. GRANT
From a photograph taken at West Point in 1857.

At Port Gibson General Logan came to see father, who complimented him highly on his operations of the previous day. On leaving, General Logan turned to me and said: "Come, my boy, and I will show you the prettiest fight you will ever see." We went down to the lower suspension bridge, to secure the crossing, as my father had ordered.

I returned to Port Gibson, and, finding that my father had left, I followed the troops which were crossing the bayou. I rode on quite a distance, and then, stopping at a house where some officers were sleeping on a porch, I crawled in for a nap between two of them. They awoke, and "said things;" but when I mentioned my name, one of them —Colonel (afterward General) Sanborn— welcomed me kindly and lent me part of his overcoat for a pillow. Becoming very cold toward dawn, I went indoors, found a bed with two occupants, and crept in between them. I slept well, but by daylight I found that my bedfellows were two large negroes. Somehow I had thought that the room seemed close.

It was now the 3d of May, and I found my father at the North Fork, watching the crossing of the troops. Finding that I was lame from the falling of my horse the day before, father, who was ever kind and thoughtful, insisted that I should take his mount, a horse belonging to General A. J. Smith. All of father's horses were at this time on the other side of the Mississippi. We moved toward Hankinson's Ferry. At the forks of the road it became necessary to clear away a body of the enemy's troops. With slight loss and the capture of some prisoners this was accomplished, and we moved into Grand Gulf. Here we found our old friend the Benton, and the gallant Admiral, who welcomed us most cordially. He gave father a bundle of dispatches, including one from General Banks, who said that he could not reach Port Hudson as soon as he had expected, and that he would have fewer troops than he had counted upon. General Grant immediately began to write dispatches, a task at which he continued till two o'clock in the morning, when he borrowed a change of linen, ordered his horse, and started for McPherson's quarters. The next day Colonel Lagow, in whose charge I had been left, started on after father, and we overtook him at Rocky Springs. Near here, General Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps, joined us, and he and father had some long conversations.

From the 7th to the 12th of May General Grant was constantly in communication with Sherman, McPherson, and McClernand, riding around from one to the other. This made his headquarters so uncomfortable and his mess so irregular that I, for one, did not propose to put up with such living, and I took my meals with the soldiers, who used to do a little foraging, and thereby set an infinitely better table than their commanding General. My father's table at this time was, I must frankly say, the worst I ever saw or partook of.

On the 12th of May the Union army was pushed forward, and at Fourteen Mile Creek Osterhaus had a skirmish to clear the road.

WITH GRANT AND SHERMAN AT VICKSBURG.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE (SEE PAGE 541).

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FREDERICK DENT GRANT
As a member of General Sheridan's staff, 1874.

We heard the sounds of battle away off to the right, and later we learned that McPherson had won the day at Raymond.

I had struck up a friendly acquaintance with one of the orderlies called "Pony." At Fourteen Mile Creek he and I rode out on an independent trip, and, seeing ten or twelve horses tied up in front of a house, we conceived the idea of capturing the mounts, and possibly the riders also, who were inside the house. Not until we had gone too far to retreat did the idea occur to us that the would-be captors might possibly become the captured. It was with great relief that we saw a man wearing a blue uniform come out of the house, and we then discovered that the party we had proposed to capture was a detachment of Sherman's signal corps. Later on, trying to get back within our own lines, we had some difficulty in convincing the pickets that we were entitled to pass.

The next day I went over the battle-field of Raymond, and here again I saw the horrors of war, the wounded and the unburied dead.

We spent the night at Raymond, and then started for Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. While passing through a piece of dense woods on the way, the enemy's sharpshooters opened fire on us. One of the staff shouted to my father that they were aiming at him. His answer was to turn his horse and dash into the woods in the direction whence the bullets were coming. Colonels Wilson and Lagow, I, the orderlies, and the escort followed, and in skirmishing fashion we advanced till we came to a large house, where we halted. Sherman's corps now came up, and McPherson was already engaged. Generals Grant

and Sherman were on the porch of the old house when our line was broken by artillery fire and our men began a retreat. The two generals immediately mounted, rode among the men, and reformed them. Meanwhile Tuttle's division had passed through the dense woods and had captured the enemy's breastworks, and, wheeling to the left, advanced up the line of intrenchments. Father accompanied them.

Thinking the battle was ended, I rode off toward the State House, where the Confederate troops passed me in their retreat. Though I wore a blue uniform, I was so splashed with mud, and looked generally so unattractive, that the Confederates paid no attention to me. I have since realized that even had I been captured, it would not have ended the war.

At this time I saw a mounted officer with a Union flag advancing toward the Capitol. I followed him into the building and entered the Governor's room, which had been hastily abandoned. Finding what I supposed to be the Governor's pipe lying on the table, I confiscated it, primarily and ostensibly for the National service, but secondarily and actually for my own private and individual use. It had the advantage of being still loaded and lighted.

Returning to the street, I saw the officer whom I had followed in the act of raising the Union flag over the building. He proved to be Captain, afterwards Colonel, Cornelius Cadle.

Father and his staff, advancing at the head of the army, soon reached the State House, where I joined them, and went with them to the Bowen House, the best hotel in Jackson, where we took the room in which General Joseph E. Johnston had slept the night before.

At Jackson we captured an important prisoner who was carrying dispatches from Johnston to Pemberton. The information gained from these dispatches caused some activity at headquarters, and the next day—May 15—the army started off in the direction of Vicksburg.

That night, while sleeping in the room with my father at Clinton, I was awakened by a great knocking. Colonel Lagow announced the arrival of a messenger from McPherson, and father seemed surprised at the news he received. He gave orders for an early start in the morning, went back to bed, and was soon sleeping quietly again. After a light breakfast before daybreak, we moved rapidly to the front, General Grant keeping well ahead of the rest of us. At Champion's farm we came upon the enemy, and were soon in the midst of terrific firing. The staff officers were dispatched to various points, and very soon father and I were left alone. Our line broke, and was falling back, when father moved forward, rallied the men, and passed over from Hovey's division to McPherson's corps, putting the latter into action. There were now 15,000 men in our line, which was about three miles long, and the battle raged fiercely along its whole extent. McPherson, dressed in full uniform, was mounted on a beautiful black horse. "Fighting Jack" Logan, also in full uniform, was mounted on a white horse, and as they passed to and fro, exposing themselves recklessly, they made a most "superb" picture.

General Grant rode to all parts of the field, giving orders to the generals, and dispatching his staff in all directions. Hovey was sustaining the heaviest part of the encounter. Suddenly hearty cheering was heard on the right of the line, and father moved over in that direction, to find 3,000 prisoners taken, with eighteen guns.

After the battle of Champion's Hill, while riding toward Edwards Station, father suddenly turned back, and I went on into a house filled with Confederate wounded. They were not feeling very friendly toward the Yankees, and they threatened to kill me. Of course I decided not to intrude, and I passed on. Further down the road, some of our own men, who did not know me, attempted to take me prisoner. Soon, however, an old soldier recognized me, and called for "Three cheers for young Grant," which were given with a will, and I began to feel more comfortable. About midnight I returned to the field, and reached a house in which I found my father and several of his staff officers, most of whom were greatly elated over their victory. I slept in the room with my father that night; he, even after the great battle and victory of that day, and with the expectation and cares of another battle on the morrow, was, as ever, most considerate of the comfort and welfare of his young son.

The next morning we made an early start, and moved toward the Big Black River. When we halted near the railway bridge, General Grant and his staff occupied the porch of a fine plantation house.

Our troops were now moving on the enemy's

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK DENT GRANT

From a photograph recently taken at Chickamauga.

line at a double quick, and I became enthused with the spirit of the occasion, galloped across a cotton-field, and went over the enemy's works with our men. Following the retreating Confederates to the Big Black, I was watching some of them swim the river, when a sharpshooter on the opposite bank fired at me and hit me in the leg. The wound was slight, but very painful; and I suppose I was very pale, for Colonel Lagow came dashing up and asked what was the matter. I promptly said, "I am killed." Perhaps because I was only a boy the Colonel presumed to doubt my word, and said, "Move your toes"—which I did with success. He then recommended our hasty retreat. This we accomplished in good order.

After the capture of the fortifications, May 17, our army bridged the Big Black and crossed during the night.

On May 18 we reached the summit of Walnut Hills, just behind Vicksburg, whence we could see the Mississippi and Chickasaw Bayou, where Sherman had fought in December. Sherman was greatly elated over the success of the present campaign, and so expressed himself enthusiastically. Several outworks were captured that day.

During the 19th father spent much of his time with McClernand on the extreme left. He feared lest Pemberton might make his escape through this thinly guarded part of our line. The 20th and 21st were spent in skirmishing and in advancing our lines as much as possible. On the 22d the great assault was made upon the fortifications. Early in the day General Grant had a narrow escape from a shell which was fired directly down a ravine which he had just entered. He was unhurt, however, but was covered with yellow dirt thrown up by the explosion. On this day I saw a sight that will probably never again be witnessed in this country—an artillery duel extending over seven miles in length. Beneath the smoke of this cannonade the Army of the Tennessee could be seen moving to the assault upon the enemy's lines, which became a sheet of fire from the forts and rifle-pits. At one point our flag was planted right at the base of the enemy's parapet.

An incident of this day's work was illustrative of youthful heroism, and of my father's tender nature. A small boy, with blood streaming from a wound in his leg, came running up to where father and Sherman stood, and reported that his regiment was out of ammunition. Sherman was directing some attention to be paid to his wound, when the little fellow, finding himself fainting from loss of blood, gasped out, "Caliber 56," as he was carried off to the rear. At this moment I observed that my father's eyes were filled with tears.

The wound I had received early in the campaign now began to trouble me very much, and, under Dr. Hewitt's expressed fears of having to amputate my leg, I remained much at headquarters. Because of this I saw a great deal of my father's methods, his marvelous attention to detail, and his cool self-possession. I also witnessed the devotion of his men to him, and the enthusiasm with which they greeted "the old man," as they called him, when he passed along the lines. Father was a splendid horseman, and visited many points of his army every day.

General Sherman commanded the Fifteenth Corps during part of the siege of Vicksburg, and the remainder of the time he had command of the troops placed from Haines's Bluff to the Big Black. His personality is too well known for me to describe it here, but it is a pleasure for me here to bear witness to my father's affection for Sherman, and his esteem for his soldierly qualities. Indeed, it gave General Grant more pleasure to see Sherman honored and rewarded than it did to receive such tributes himself. Sherman was impetuous in action, brilliant in conversation, and thoroughly versed in the art of war; but he was always thoroughly subordinate and ready to obey promptly any order given to him. Two hours' notice was amply sufficient for him to get under way to execute any desired movement. On the 15th of May he was at Jackson, Miss., and that night General Grant, desiring him to move to the front, sent him orders to that effect. On the afternoon of the 16th he arrived at Bolton with the head of his corps, having marched twenty-five or thirty miles that day; and he would have been in the battle of Champion's Hill had the enemy waited on the field a little longer. I had the pleasure of being under fire with General Sherman several times, and, like his troops, I was inspired with great enthusiasm.

The next officer in rank, the commander of the Seventeenth Corps, was Major-General James B. McPherson, the Bayard of the Army of the Tennessee. Mounted on horse-

back, young and handsome, always splendidly dressed and most courtly in manner, he was the very impersonation of a knight. General Grant always regarded McPherson as the most promising officer of his age in the army, and on his death father said that he had lost one of his best friends and the country one of its ablest defenders. McPherson's troops loved him, and one needs hear but once the cheers given by the "Army of the Tennessee," whenever his name is mentioned in its presence, to appreciate the love and devotion with which his memory is still cherished. His very taking off was illustrative of the man. When ordered to surrender before Atlanta, he courteously lifted his hat, bowed low, wheeled his horse, and dashed into the woods. But the volley that instantly followed was but too well aimed, and he fell. To me he was particularly kind, and I grieved deeply over his death.

Among the division commanders whom I was fortunate enough to see upon the field of battle were Generals Logan, Steele, John E. Smith, Crocker, A. J. Smith, Tuttle, Osterhaus, Blair, Ransom, and Hovey. I have heard my father say that with such officers an army must be irresistible. There were others, besides those I have mentioned, whose names and memories are alike honored for their services in defense of their country, one of the most distinguished of whom was our honored companion, General G. M. Dodge.

The siege of Vicksburg continued after the assaults of the 23d of May, without much excitement except such as was caused by reports that Johnston was about to attack our rear. General Grant, however, made a personal inspection trip (upon which I accompanied him) back to the Big Black, and found everything secure and well guarded under the watchful care of General Sherman. The siege went on. Our parallels slowly but surely approached the doomed city. Deserters came in more frequently, and reported the desperate condition of the garrison. Rumors also came to us that Johnston was going to make a determined effort to relieve Pemberton. These reports led to another rumor that our troops would celebrate the Fourth of July by a grand storming of the works. Doubtless this rumor found its way into the beleaguered city, for on the morning of the 3d of July a flag of truce was announced. General Grant betrayed no excitement, but in the afternoon he rode out with his staff to a point opposite Fort Hill, I accompanying them. Soon a white flag appeared over the enemy's works, and a party of Confederates was seen approaching. Firing ceased, and, under an old tree, General Grant met his opponent. The other officers separated into groups and conversed, while the works on both sides were lined with soldiers.

The consultation of the commanding generals lasted a short while, and presently both parties retired to their own quarters. Father was immediately joined by the largest assemblage of general officers which I had ever seen—the heroes of this most brilliant campaign and siege—deciding upon and settling the fate of their foes. They had conquered and taken in their power the largest number of men, the greatest quantity of war material and spoils, ever surrendered in battle.

After conversation General Grant dispatched a note to the defender of Vicksburg, and the group of officers dispersed. I remained in the tent, sitting on my little cot and feeling restless, but scarcely knowing why. Father sat at his table writing. Presently a messenger handed father a note. He opened it, gave a sigh of relief, and said, calmly, "Vicksburg has surrendered." I was thus the first to hear officially announced the news of the fall of the Gibraltar of America, and, filled with enthusiasm, I ran out to spread the glad tidings. Officers rapidly assembled, and there was a general rejoicing.

The next day, the glorious Fourth, as father was starting for the front on the Jackson road, the booming of guns was heard, apparently on our right. General Grant looked vexed, and was about to order the arrest of General Steele, whom he supposed to be responsible, saying that he "ought to know better than to allow any triumphing over conquered countrymen," when Steele himself rode up, the firing was definitely located on our left, and the salutes were stopped. Soon after, the Confederates were seen filing out of their works and stacking their arms—31,600 brave men surrendering 172 cannon and 60,000 muskets to the conquering but lenient Army of the Tennessee.

The arms being given up, the troops passed back into the city, and General Grant, at the head of the Army of the Tennessee, moved forward to take possession. His reception by General Pemberton was most frigid. With a group of Confederate officers, Pemberton was seated on the porch of a large house, but when father expressed a desire for a glass of water, he was allowed

to go to hunt for it in the kitchen. This surly reception to the man who would not allow his men to celebrate their victory was deeply resented by the members of General Grant's staff, but father was satisfied with his success in capturing Vicksburg, and manifested no resentment.

The Confederate officers who thus received him gratefully appreciated, later on, the clemency they experienced at the fall of Vicksburg, and expressed this appreciation in the most touching manner during General Grant's last illness, at the time of his funeral, and at the dedication of his tomb.

Passing through the city, where the Union flag had already been hoisted over the court-house, General Grant went on board the Benton, where Admiral Porter congratulated him upon the victory. The next day he established headquarters at the house of a Mr. Lum, who soon became his warm friend; and during my father's last illness some of the most beautiful letters received by us were from members of this charming Vicksburg family.

This ended my connection with the army for a while. From the result of exposure I had contracted an illness which necessitated my withdrawal into civilian life again, and on the 8th of July I was sent home to recuperate. I did not rejoin my father until after the battle of Chattanooga.

I remember with the utmost interest my life in camp, and with deepest affection the men whom I met in the army. Much of my time was spent among the private soldiers, who were never too tired or too worn out to comfort and pet the young boy—the son of the "old man." Young as I then was, my camp life was of such nature—I saw so much of the hardships, the self-denials, the sufferings and labors of both privates and officers, that my proudest moments are when I am associating with the old warriors, the veteran comrades of my father.

July Noontide

By Walter Malone

An Oriental Sultan, July comes
In all the glory of barbaric state,
While the bumblebees and locusts beat their drums
And shrill grasshoppers at his call await.

And, like Sultanas listening for his tread
In gorgeous harems, splendid salvias flame;
His marigolds, in yellow and in red,
Put Sheba and Semiramis to shame.

There, rank on rank, the bright geraniums burn,
With pungent, sultry, suffocating breath,
And hardy buff and orange zinnias yearn
To crown the master with a gaudy wreath.

Petunias, garnet-hued and white and pied,
From dewy trumpets to the Caliph drink;
Verbenas, closely clustered at their side,
Weave him rich rugs in purple and in pink.

Above the rest, slim oleanders rise
Like rosy-footed dancers, full of grace,
And passion-flowers with their peacock eyes
Climb on the wall, enrobed in azure lace.

The humming-bird, a corsair, flashes by,
His ruby throat glows like a wingèd blush;
The coxcomb, a muezzin there on high,
Uplifts his turban, spun of crimson plush.

July strews watermelons by yon fence
More luscious than mellifluous nectar old,
Muskmelons with their fragrant frankincense,
More tempting than Hesperian fruit of gold.

Dewberries burst with black fermenting juice,
While over-ripe raspberries fast decay,
And, like freebooters in a field aloose,
The hornets suck their sugary sweets away.

We long to leave this surfeit of perfume,
This glare of color and this blaze of heat,
And tread by pools in leafy woodland gloom
Through dewy grasses, with our cool bare feet.

There we should see marsh lilies pure and white,
And feathery ferns o'erhanging silver springs,
Brooks bubbling through the mint, the grove's green night,
And pale daturas, wan as mothy wings.

The broad-leaved papaws with the green young fruit,
Blue velvet ageratums by the streams,
Tall cottonwoods and live-oaks dark and mute,
Would be our comrades, as we dozed in dreams.

So, when with passion human hearts may burn,
And anger chokes the soul with dust and heat,
To Contemplation's greenwoods we may turn
And see her lilies in their cool retreat.

ELMWOOD: LOWELL'S FAVORITE ELM

From a copyrighted photograph by Mr. Wilfrid A. French, of Boston.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

CHAPTER X.—LOWELL'S EXPERIENCE AS AN EDITOR

LOWELL'S whole life was a literary life, from the days of the "Boston Miscellany" and of the "Pioneer." And I am well aware that these notes will be read with a certain special interest by young people who are asking themselves whether literature, as such, offers "a career" to those who are entering upon life.

It required much more resolution to determine on such a career in America in 1841 than it does now. I will attempt, therefore, in this paper, to bring together such illustrations of Lowell's life as a man of letters as we may have room for, which do not specially connect themselves with the political history of the times, or with his special work as a professor in Harvard College.

In the fourth number of this series, I have already printed some of the pathetic memoranda which show how modestly his career began. Knowing that, before he was fifty years old, this man was to rank as one of the first poets of his time, is it not pathetic to find him writing to his nearest friend to ask whether it is probable that three hundred copies of his poems can be sold?

It happened, as also has appeared in that chapter, that it was the periodical press which gave the means of physical support to the young man who was attempting this venture. In the same chapter I cited what is the really funny criticism of Willis, if he made it—when he says that a man of genius may not be a good editor. As it happened, Lowell devoted much of his after life to the steady business of editing periodicals. I mean by this, not simply the general oversight of the plan of the journal for which he was responsible, but that diligent and tedious daily work, whether of reading manuscripts, of correcting and improving them, of correspondence with writers, and of hourly in-

[1] Copyright, 1898, by the Outlook Company.

CAMBRIDGE: BRATTLE STREET

Through which Lowell went daily from Elmwood to Harvard.

timacy with publishers, which makes at once the drudgery and the pleasure of real editorial life. I observe that most young men and women who think they want "to be connected with the press" suppose that such a connection will simply compel them to go to the theater every night, and to read agreeable novels and magazines all day. I have had a good deal to do with editorial life myself, and I have not found that this general impression regarding it is correct. Certainly Lowell never "got round to it." He worked with steadfast diligence. He says in one place that he worked more than fifteen hours, on an average, every day. This means that he really read the manuscripts which he had in hand, that he really looked over the range of the world's business to see what he wanted, and that he tried to engage such authors as were best fitted for special work in the journal for which he was engaged. His acquaintance with men and women became larger and larger as he did this, and there is many a pretty story of the encouragement which he gave to young writers at the very beginning of their career.

Thus, there was a joke afterwards between him and Mr. Aldrich. When Aldrich, somewhat timidly, sent his first poem to the "Atlantic," Lowell at once recognized its worth, and sent to him the most cordial thanks. Many years after, Aldrich found himself, in turn, editor of the "Atlantic." Lowell, then at the height of his reputation, sent a poem to the magazine. Aldrich had fun enough to copy, in acknowledging the manuscript, the very note which Lowell wrote to him, most kindly, twenty years before, in which he recognized the value of his first contribution. Lowell came round to the office at once, and told Aldrich that he had almost determined him "to adopt a literary career."

As the reader knows, Lowell edited the "Pioneer" for its short existence of three months.

In the summer of 1846 he agreed to write once a week, in prose or in poetry, for the "Anti-Slavery Standard," the best of the anti-slavery journals. He was called a corresponding editor. The paper was edited by the masterly hand of Mr. Sidney Gay, afterwards the editor of "The Popular History."

Mr. Lawrence Lowell, in his interesting memoir of the poet's life, calls the few years from 1846 to 1850 the most active and the most happy of his life. "His happiness was, indeed, broken by the death of little Blanche, in March, 1847; but a new joy came to him in the birth of another daughter, Rose, toward the close of the year. Both grief and joy, however, seem to have stimulated his poetic feeling, and poems such as "The First Snowfall" and "The Changeling" show the ecstasy to which they brought his nature. During all this period he wrote incessantly, sometimes about public affairs, sometimes from a purely poetic impulse with no direct relation to the great struggle in which he was engaged, but almost always with a stern sense of his mission as a prophet and a seer. His character no less than his poetic feeling had deepened and strengthened, and poems like "The Present Crisis" attest the full maturity of his powers.

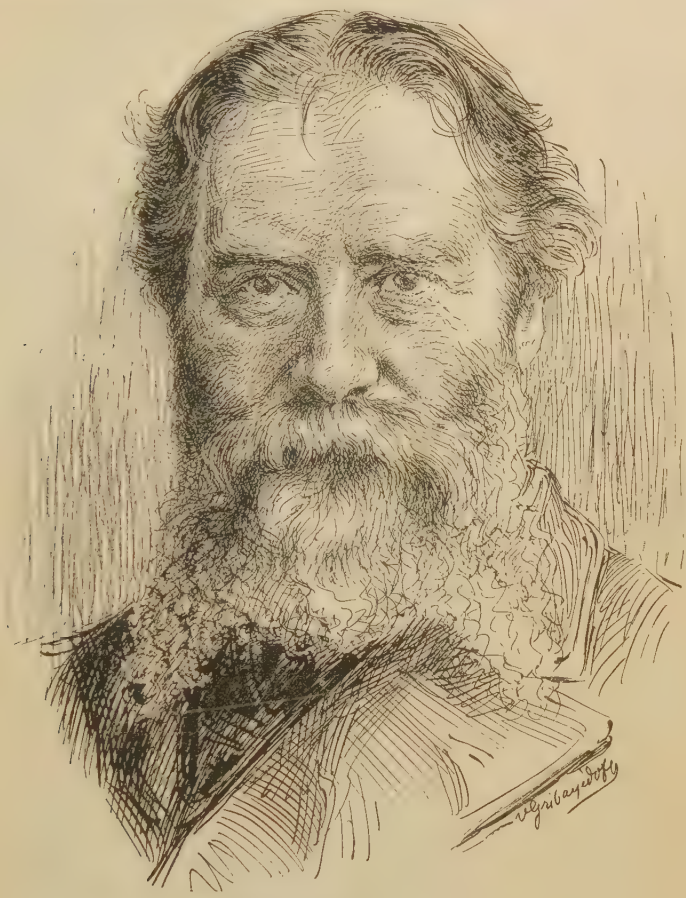
When Phillips and Sampson established the "Atlantic Monthly" in the autumn of 1857, he was its first regular editor; and there are some very nice letters of his in which he speaks of the somewhat sudden change in the methods of his daily life which come in as he walks along the river-bank from Elmwood and takes the street-car to the office in Boston. If we had room here, I could hardly print anything more interesting than specimens of the notes which he wrote to authors. They give a very pretty picture of the watchful interest which he took in each individual number of the "Atlantic." It is as the mother of a large family might not let her children go to a Christmas party without seeing that the hands of each one were perfectly clean, and that the collar of each one was prettier and neater than the others'. I think I may say that, in a somewhat varied experience in such matters, I have known no editor who had so close a watchful eye on the detail of the work of his journal.

This connection with the "Atlantic" lasted for four years, when James T. Fields, the prince among editors, took his place. In the year 1863, in company with his very dear friend Mr. Charles E. Norton, he became the editor of the "North American Review." What this meant appears from the fact that between the years 1863 and 1877 he wrote thirty-four "articles" for the "North American," besides as many more of what, in the language of that day, were called "critical notices." In the "Atlantic Monthly," between the years 1857 and 1877, he wrote one hundred and sixteen articles, prose or poetry.

There are, as I have intimated, a great many men now prominent among our men of

letters who recollect Lowell gratefully as being the Beatrice who first welcomed them into this Paradise. Without attempting to name half of them, I will say that Mr. Howells, whom he welcomes so cordially in a letter which is to be found in Mr. Norton's collection, and Mr. Aldrich, to whom I referred just now, both afterwards became editors of the "Atlantic" themselves. In their time they have passed on the welcome which the prince of American poets gave to both of them. And each of them inherited in turn the traditions of the office, as he established them.

The establishment of the "Atlantic Monthly" in the autumn of 1847 proved so fortunate an era in the history of the native literature of America that I may safely give to it



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
From a drawing by Mr. Valerian Gribayédoff.

a few sentences in these memorials. Lowell's connection with that magazine enlarged very widely the circle of his friends and the range of his life.

It was, then, two or three years since the little Eden of Boston book-selling had been disturbed in its somnolence to a sudden "new departure," if we may borrow an admirable phrase from the forgotten times when we had a mercantile marine. This "new departure" was the movement, as of a stork among a world of frogs, instituted by Phillips & Sampson, a new-born firm among booksellers.

The publishing business in Boston felt the wave of their impetuosity. It can hardly be said that the old houses waked from the decorous sleep of many years. But this new publishing house, with manners and customs wholly unknown before, suddenly appeared, to the dumb amazement of the old standbys, and to the delight and amusement of all young America, in the East.

ELMWOOD : THE DOOR FROM THE STUDY INTO THE GARDEN

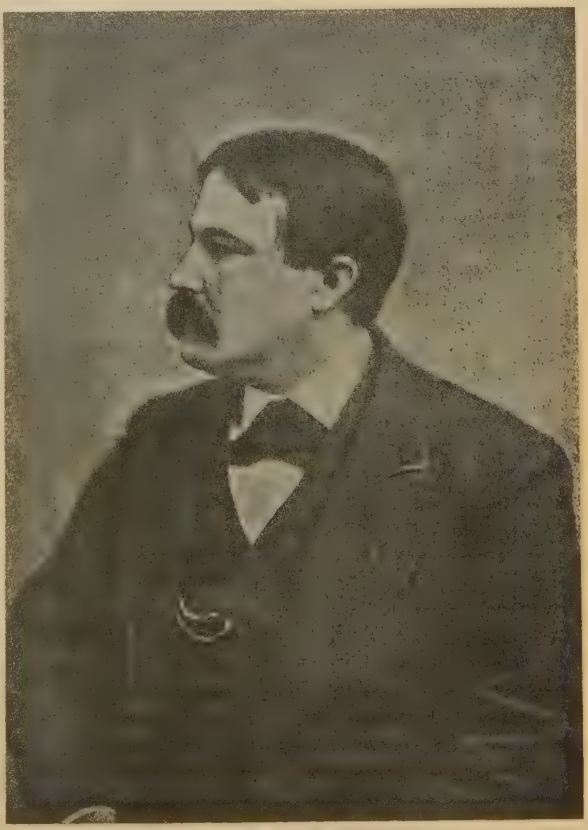
Boston had never earned for itself a distinct position as one of the publishing centers of America. It had inherited that position without earning it. Harvard College, the Boston Athenæum, the American Academy, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the New England system of lectures, and the great Free School system which gave a liberal education to any boy who would take it—these, all together, created a circle of authors. They created the "North American Review" and the "Christian Examiner." Such men as Bancroft, Prescott, Hildreth, Sparks, the Everetts, Hawthorne, Emerson, and now Lowell, came forward with books which had to be published. The loyalty of the Boston lawyers to their business, of the doctors to theirs, and of the ministers to theirs, had made it necessary that there should be printers and shops where books could be bought and sold. So the importers of English books had become, in a languid way, the publishers of books.

But they did not want to publish them. They did not expect to make money by publishing them. They did not know anything about them. Alexander Everett used to say that a bookseller was the only tradesman who knew nothing about the wares he sold. Of the Boston trade in those prehistoric days this was substantially true. But, in truth, there was not much publishing, excepting the issue of some law books and a few medical books. Hilliard and Gray, and Crocker and Brewster, attended to these affairs and cared little for any others.

All of a sudden, as a wave of water might sweep over a thick rotten ice-floe in one of Nansen's summers, a marvelous inundation swept over this decorous imbecility. That is to say, two young men formed a "publishing firm." They did not want to import books. They wanted to make them and to sell them.

Any one of the old firms regarded an author with a manuscript much as a dealer in Russian sail-cloth might regard a lady who should come into his counting-room and ask him to make her a linen handkerchief.

In such torpor appeared "Phillips & Sampson" about the year 1843. Charles Sampson (a young man when he died in 1858) used to say that he had peddled molasses candy from a tin waiter on holidays, when he was a boy. Moses Dresser Phillips had been brought up to the retail book trade in Worcester, in the shop of Clarendon Harris, who succeeded Isaiah Thomas, the publisher of the first American Bible. I do not know how these young fellows first met each other. But it was they who taught the drowsy chiefs of the little Boston book-shops the great lesson that in a nation which had taught thirty million people how to read, there were more than five hundred people who wanted to read Emerson's essays or Macaulay's history. Emerson told me himself that he had never received a cent from the publication of his essays, when Phillips & Sampson, about 1850, published "English Traits" for him. Mr. Phillips was by marriage connected with Emerson's family, and had persuaded him to leave James Monroe and give the new



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
From a photograph taken at the time of his residence in Cambridge.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON
From a photograph taken in 1870.

book to the younger firm, now well established in business.

But this new firm meant to make books which everybody must buy, and to sell them where anybody could read. They did not pretend to retail books, more than the Pacific Mills pretend to sell to a good housewife the material for a shirt or a sheet. They did mean to make them and to sell them to the retailers. So far as the Nation at large went, or a wholesale trade with dealers anywhere, they had hardly any rivals in Boston. Opposite them was the shop of Ticknor & Fields. The young, wide-awake James T. Fields, now so well known by his charming reminiscences and other essays, had entered that shop, as "youngest boy," in the later thirties. His broad and intelligent foresight was beginning to bear fruit. But Allen & Ticknor can hardly be numbered among publishers, and Ticknor & Fields did not exist as a firm until Cummings & Hilliard had become Hilliard & Gray. They published law books and medical books. Crocker & Brewster, successors to Governor Armstrong, imported and sold theological books. I bought my Hebrew Bible and my Gesenius's Lexicon from them in 1839. But, if a man wanted one of these firms to publish a book for him, why, they would have told him that he must pay for his plates and his printing. Thus Mr. Bancroft, fortunately for himself, owned the plates and the printed copies of his own History from 1833 until he died.

Charles Sampson and Moses D. Phillips made an admirable combination, and the early death of both of them made a break in the book business of Boston which it did not easily recover from. These young men were not satisfied with the gilt-edged retail "trade" of Boston and Cambridge. They went far afield with their wares. Mr. Phillips used to tell with glee the story of their first orders from San Francisco in the '49 days. "So many hundred packs of 'Highland' cards, so many of the 'True Thomas' cards, and so on till the box was nearly full, and then 'one dozen Bibles.'"

This was seed-corn, he said. And then, in 1852 or 1853, he would read you their last invoices as they answered immense orders from California. "Four hundred Byron's Poems, four hundred Scott's Poems, one hundred Cowper's Poems," and so on, in large shipments. And he would say, "That is the crop that comes from the twelve Bibles. Such an edition of the poets," he would say, "as you would not have seen in your house—

but, after all, Cowper is Cowper, and Scott is Scott."

Both these men were resolute to meet the people half-way. Both of them were Democrats in partisan connection, not because they believed in the heresies of such men as Polk and Dallas, but because they believed in the People. There was nothing of the white-kid glove, gilt-edged paper, "u in honour" nonsense about them. And as such believers they were regarded as unorthodox in the trade of that day.

Their great onslaught on decorous publishing was made when they printed and sold Macaulay's History for fifty cents a volume at retail.

Such a firm as this won its way up from selling books at auction, at retail, on winter evenings, to publishing large editions and placing them everywhere in America. And when the fullness of time for such an enterprise came, they determined to publish "The Atlantic Monthly." The plan was matured in the autumn of 1847. Through the kindness of a friend, I am able to reprint here Mr. Phillips's own description, at the time, of a famous dinner in which the enterprise was first announced—I ought not to say in public, for this was a private dinner. But I may say that that dinner-party was the first of a series which the Saturday Club of Boston has held from that day to this day.

I must tell you about a little dinner-party I gave about two weeks ago. It would be proper, perhaps, to state that the origin of it was a desire to confer with my literary friends on a somewhat extensive literary project, the particulars of which I shall reserve till you come. But to the party: My invitations included only R. W. Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, Mr. Motley (the "Dutch Republic" man), O. W. Holmes, Mr. Cabot, and Mr. Underwood, our literary man. Imagine your uncle as the head of such a table, with such guests. The above named were the only ones invited, and they were all present. We sat down at 3 P.M., and rose at 8. The time occupied was longer by about four hours and thirty minutes than I am in the habit of consuming in that kind of occupation, but it was the richest time intellectually by all odds that I have ever had. Leaving myself and "literary man" out of the group, I think you will agree with me that it would be difficult to duplicate that number of such conceded scholarship in the whole country beside.

Mr. Emerson took the first post of honor at my right, and Mr. Longfellow the second at my left. The exact arrangement of the table was as follows:

Mr. Underwood.

Cabot.	Lowell.
Motley.	Holmes.
Longfellow.	Emerson.

Phillips.

They seemed so well pleased that they adjourned, and invited me *to meet them* again tomorrow, when I shall again meet the same persons, with one other (Whipple, the essayist) added to that brilliant constellation of Philosophical,

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
From an early photograph.

Poetical, and Historical talent. Each one is known alike on both sides of the Atlantic, and is read beyond the limits of the English language. Though all this is known to you, you will pardon me for intruding it upon you. But still I have the vanity to believe that you will think them the most natural thoughts in the world to me. Though I say it that should not, it was the proudest day of my life.

In this letter he does not tell of his own little speech, made at the launch. But at the time we all knew of it. He announced the plan of the magazine by saying, "Mr. Cabot is much wiser than I am. Dr. Holmes can write funnier verses than I can. Mr. Motley

Just look for a moment at Congress,—appalled,
My fancy shrinks back from the phantom it called
Why, there's scarcely a member unworthy to frown
'Neath what Fourier nicknames the Boreal crown;
Only think what that infinite bore-pow'r could do
If applied with a utilitarian view
Suppose, for example, we shipped it with care
To Sahara's great desert and let it bore there,
~~Let them~~ hold one short session and do nothing else,
And they 'd fill the whole waste with Artesian wells.
But 'tis time now with pen phonographic to follow
Through some more of his sketches our laughing Apollo:—

"There comes Harry Franco, and, as he draws near,
You find that's a smile which you took for a sneer;
One half of him contradicts t'other, his wont
Is to say very sharp things and do very blunt;
His manner 's as hard as his feelings are tender,
And a *sortie* he'll make when he means to surrender;
He's in joke half the time when he seems to be sternest,
When he seems to be joking, be sure he's in earnest;
He has common sense in a way that's uncommon,
Hates humbug and cant, loves his friends like a woman,
Builds his dislikes of cards and his friendships of oak,
Loves a prejudice better than aught but a joke,
Is half upright Quaker, half downright some-outer,
Loves Freedom too well to go stark mad about her,
Quite artless himself is a lover of art,
Shuts you out of his secrets and into his heart,
And though not a poet, yet all must admire
In his letters of Pinto his skill on the liar.

"There comes Poe with his raven like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
With a touch of the Tartar, a trace of the Turk,
And an air altogether divine to New York,

can write history better than I. Mr. Emerson is a philosopher and I am not. Mr. Lowell knows more of the old poets than I." But after this confession he said, "But none of you knows the American people as well as I do."

This was the truth, and they knew it was the truth. The "Atlantic," at that moment, asserted its true place. It was not "The *Boston* Miscellany;" it was the journal for the Nation, which at that time had no Pacific slope which needed to be named.

Yet I have guessed that, in the fact that "the Atlantic States" were then contributing the capital and the men who were forming the Pacific States, we find the origin of the very fortunate name of the magazine. The civilization of the smaller Atlantic Basin was beginning to assert itself in that great Pacific Basin which implies, when we speak of it, half the surface of the world. And of such an assertion the Atlantic was to be the mouthpiece. But this is my guess only. I never talked with him about the name, and I do not know who suggested it.

I always thought that, at the beginning, Mr. Phillips meant to edit the magazine himself. I do not believe that it occurred to him, before he began, that a magazine office is a place to which every prophet, every poet, and every fool in the land thinks he may send what he chooses to write, and supposes that he is "entitled" to have it read, not to say printed and circulated. I think he thought he was to ask John, James, and the others, for whom he was publishing books, to send articles fit for the magazine, as Mr. Prescott, for instance, sent a chapter of his Charles V. He did not think that Tom, Dick, or Harry had any "rights" in the business. Perhaps Mr. Underwood or some one in the office was to read the proofs.

But very soon this simple Arcadian notion vanished. And very soon Lowell was the working editor of the magazine.

Let me say a word about any presumption that Lowell was a mere figurehead, and that some one else did the work. Trust me, for I know. I have worked under many editors, good and bad. Not one of them understood his business better than Lowell, or worked at its details more faithfully. I think he hated to read manuscripts as much as any man of sense does. In those days there was practically no typewriting. I think that, like any man of sense, he would prefer to write an article than to read the average "contribution." But he had said he would do it,

ELMWOOD: THE LAWN

and he did it—up to time, so far as I have seen, careful in detail even to the least detail, and he had no reason to be ashamed of his work when he was done.

In those days people of literary aspirations, especially young people, read the English magazines almost religiously. Indeed, "Blackwood" and "Frazer" and sometimes the "Dublin University Magazine" were worth reading. I am afraid that, for all I have said or implied about the American or Atlantic basis of the new magazine, the original cover was, in a way, an imitation of "Blackwood." The color was, as it is, a sort of tawny brown. It was more tawny then than it is now. Did it just suggest the "tawny lion pawing to be free"? I do not think Phillips thought of this. Perhaps Holmes and Lowell did. Where "Blackwood's Magazine" had and has a medallion head of some body, we put on the cover of our "maga" the head of John Winthrop, from the old portrait said to be by Vandyke—I do not know why.

JAMES T. FIELDS
From a photograph taken in England by Mrs. Cameron.

Now this was as bad a mistake as the New Yorkers made in calling their magazine the "Knickerbocker." That is, it gave a local emblem to a National magazine John Winthrop was a great man. But his greatness belonged to Massachusetts, and not to the Nation. West of the Hudson River there were not a thousand men in the country who knew anything about him.

But this mistake was not held to. After two years the "Atlantic" had full reason to show that it stood, not for Massachusetts, but for "We, the people of the United States." And the National flag was substituted for the head of a Massachusetts Governor. Why it was taken off, I never knew; I doubt if any one else does. One is pleased to see, as this sheet passes the press, that it has appeared again.

In the war the magazine was loyal from hub to tire. Some capital contributions to history are embalmed in it I remember he late C. William Loring's capital paper on Antietam, a good companion to Dr. Holmes's "Search for the Captain."

It may be amusing to preserve one or two reminiscences of the delay with which magazines then appeared, at which writers meekly complained.

The admirable Theodore Winthrop was killed in a miserable outpost skirmish above Hampton. Then, and, alas! not till then, the "Atlantic people" remembered that they had some capital manuscripts of his, which had been seasoning in the safe, doubtless paid for when they were accepted, but "crowded out" till then. Then they were pushed into type as soon as might be. But death came before the "Atlantic" took the credit, which it deserved, of discovering the author.

I tell this, with a little venom, because I myself suffered a little from what I think Hamlet calls the pangs of delay of magazine men. I had written for the Ohio canvass of September, 1863, a story called "The Man Without a Country." It was "rushed

through," that it might be in time to defeat Vallandigham in the election of October. And by such swiftness of proofs and revises, unexampled before, it got itself printed in the December number of the same year, when poor Vallandigham had been well beaten and forgotten!

Ah, youngsters of 1898, how little do you know of what you enjoy in these days of "quick proofs, no revises, fast coaches." The rule for an editor is to send back to each author every manuscript which he has by him, and to trust to February to fill the appetite of March. One does not care to have his eggs too old.

It is to go back a little from the birthday of the "Atlantic" to speak of the first of the "Biglow Papers" the year before. The series ran for nearly four years.

It was in June, 1846, in face of the almost unanimous hatred of the Mexican War among Massachusetts people, that a regiment was raised in Boston and the neighborhood for that war. Lowell saw a recruiting officer in the street, and was roused to much the sort of wrath which fired the average Boston gentleman in 1773 when he saw a lobster-back loafing in the same street with as little reason. He wrote for the "Courier" what he calls "a squib" which was the first of the Biglow Papers. Mr. Lawrence Lowell reminds us that he did not follow up its success at once. The third paper was published a year and a half after the first. After this the poems of the first series appeared in rapid succession.

In the period between the middle of 1847 and the end of 1849 he wrote most of the Biglow Papers of that series, he continued his regular work for the "Standard," and wrote the "Fable for Critics" and the "Vision of Sir Launfal." Mr. Lawrence Lowell says that the last was written in forty-eight hours, during which he scarcely slept or ate; and he considers it the most generally popular of the poet's longer poems.

Success gave him new stimulus, and in a happy home he worked with all the help which love and true sympathy could give him. To enter into the spirit of that life, one must make real what Mr. Lawrence Lowell has so well expressed. "He was, no doubt, to some extent a martyr for his political opinions, but no martyr was ever so high-spirited, so jovial, and so charming. As he said himself, he was curiously compounded of two utterly distinct characters. One half was clear mystic and enthusiast, the other humorist; and the humor, which is the best balance-wheel vouchsafed to man, prevented his remaining narrow or fanatical."

"On July 1, 1851, he embarked on a sailing vessel for Genoa, and passed most of the following year in Italy. A great part of the year was spent in Rome, with his lifelong friend, William Wetmore Story." But the charm of the earlier years was broken. His little Rose died in 1850; Walter, his only son, died two years later; Mrs. Lowell's health, always delicate, gave way, and she died in 1853, on the 27th of October, after they had returned to America.

His duty as Professor at Cambridge began in September, 1856. Of some details in his discharge of this I will speak in another chapter. He would refer, sometimes, to a certain "numbness" in literary effort which came from the monotony of a teacher's duties. But, as Mr. Lawrence Lowell says, when we remember that most of his prose books were written in the twenty years of his professorship, that in the same time he wrote "The Cathedral," the second series of the Biglow Papers, the great "Commemoration Ode," and several of his best shorter poems, we feel that we must not take too seriously what he said of the numbing effect of the classroom.

Of the "Cathedral," after nearly thirty years, I may perhaps mention a contemporary criticism. When it was published, I was the editor of "Old and New." My theory was, and is, that generally a book should be reviewed by some one in sympathy with the author. So I sent "The Cathedral" to Mr. Waldo Emerson, hoping that he would write a review of it for our magazine. He returned the book the next day, saying that he could not write the article. When I met him next, I expressed my regret; and the philosopher said simply, "But, I *like* Lowell, I like Lowell." To which I replied, "Yes, and you like the poem, do you not?" "I like it—yes; but I think he had to pump." The figure is best understood by those of us who know the difference between "striking oil" and digging an artesian well for it and putting in valves and pistons with a steam-engine. Probably Lowell would have enjoyed the criticism as much as any one.

Lowell's own inside view of editing, and of the "Atlantic," the early career of which he directed, peeps out again and again in his letters. If it were well to print here some of

his private notes to contributors, they would, as I have intimated, show an almost motherly care of the new-born magazine. The first number is dated December, 1857, and in that month he says, "Even the Magazine has its compensations." Let the reader remember that the new duty he has undertaken, the "avocation," is superimposed on his "vocation"—the regular work of a full college professor. "First, it has almost got me out of debt, and, next, it compels me into morning walks to the printing office. [This was the Riverside Press, not far from the College.] There is a little foot-path which leads along the river-bank, and it is lovely, whether in clear, cold mornings, when the fine filaments of the bare trees on the horizon seem floating up like sea-mosses in the ether sea, or when (as yesterday) a gray mist fills our Cambridge cup, and gives a doubtful loom to its snowy brim of hills, while the silent gulls wheel over the nestling cakes of ice which the Charles is whirling seaward."

MOSES DRESSER PHILLIPS

If other editors had a morning walk like this, and had the eyes to see and the ears to hear, it might be well for other readers.

When one remembers that the Autocrat's papers were going on in the "Atlantic" at this time, that Motley and Prescott were publishing bits of their Histories in it, that Longfellow wrote almost regularly in these numbers, and that younger writers, now well known, were winning their spurs in these first two volumes, it is easy to see that the work of the editor, who was easily chief among them, was interesting and inspiring to him. People were not then used to such papers as his on Choate and Cushing. He writes this scrap in October, 1858:

"Phillips was so persuaded of the stand given to the Magazine by the Choate article that he has been at me ever since for another. So I have been writing a still longer one on Cushing. I think you will like it—though on looking over the Choate article I am inclined to think that, on the whole, the better of the two.

"The worst [of editing] is that it leads me to bore my friends when I do get at them. To be an editor is almost as bad as being President."

[To Mr. Higginson, then forty years younger than he is now.] "As for your own contributions, I may say to you, as I always have to Mr. Underwood, that they are just to my liking—scholarly, picturesque, and, above all, earnest—I think the most *telling* essays we have printed." And when he resigns the charge to his friend Fields—his warm friend till death—in May, 1861:

"I was going to say I was glad to be rid of my old man of the sea. But I don't believe I am. A bore that is periodical gets a friendly face at last, and we miss it on the whole. . . .

"Well, good-by—delusive royalty! I abdicate with what grace I may. I lay aside my paper crown and feather scepter."

And in the same note he says he shall always gladly do what he can for the "Atlantic," a promise which he well fulfilled The second series of the Biglow Papers was published there.

In a way, perhaps, he had a right to feel that he, earlier than any one else, had the credit for the first fortunes of the "Atlantic," and to be proud of them. To become the editor of the aged "North American," hand in hand with his near friend Mr. Norton, was a wholly different thing.

I am sure that there is somewhere, among his by-letters, an outburst as to what he will do "if he shall ever edit the 'North American.'" I think most youngsters of his time—who were born with a pen in hand—indulged in the same dream, if they were bred within sound of the college bell at Cambridge.

In those prehistoric days the "North

American," to the notions of the few hundred people who had ever heard of it, was wholly different from what any journal is now to any reader. Four times a year only—quarterly!—think of that, young contributors to The Outlook, who can hardly live until Thursday, to know if that horrid man has refused your poem, or if that charming and sensible editor has printed it! Read Mrs. Lyman's Life, or any other good sketch of New England life in the twenties of this century, and see how people wrote or spoke of the arrival of the new "North American"—with the interest with which the inhabitants of Saturn might speak of the regular decennial fall of some well-timed aerolite!

The "North American" is now so different from what it had been in 1864, when Lowell took charge of it with Mr. Norton, that its accomplished editor will pardon me if I say ten words about its infant issues, to the young writers of this generation. It was founded—modestly, yes, but with determination—among a little confident circle of the well-trained youngsters of Boston, at a moment when Boston counted, perhaps, fifty thousand people. These were people who had time to read, and time to write, and thought themselves, strange to say, the rivals and equals of anybody in the world. The "Quarterly" was the then regnant fashion. The Edinburgh "Quarterly," the London "Quarterly," were the arrogant dictators of English literature. "Go to, now! We will dictate also! We will have a 'Quarterly' of our own!" For one, I like what the vernacular calls the dander of that determination.

And some plucky and loyal bits of good American sentiment and statement got themselves into the juvenile "North American." But it was awfully proper. Its editors were more anxious about making their "Quarterly" respectable in the eyes of their ten English readers than of the thousand American readers, more or less, who paid them five dollars a year for their editing.

And the remainder of the people of England and of the people of America did not know that any such "Quarterly" existed. There had never risen for it any publisher who "knew the American people."

In one of the changes of literary "property," the dwindling "list" of the now venerable Review fell into the hands of people who had courage to give Norton and Lowell the charge of it. Soon after, Fields & Osgood bought the Review.

"Norton and I have undertaken to edit the 'North American,'" Lowell writes. "A rather Sisyphean job, you will say. It wanted three chief elements to be successful. It wasn't thoroughly, that is thick and thinly, loyal—it wasn't lively—and it had no particular opinions on any particular subject. It was an eminently safe periodical, and accordingly was in great danger of running aground."

To this eminently safe journal Mr. Norton and Lowell undertook to give loyalty and life. To the little circle which followed in the steps, now faltering, of the Mutual Admiration Club, they added contributors from all latitudes and longitudes. Thus the new departure is marked by letters asking for articles—to Motley in Vienna, Howells in Venice, Stedman, who was a new writer for them; and, as the reader has seen, Lowell's own work was in amount what one would hardly have wished for had the Review furnished his only occupation.

It will be more convenient to speak of his editorial connection with the "Anti-Slavery Standard" in our next chapter, which will refer to politics and the war.

[To be continued in the August Magazine Number]

Freedom

By James Russell Lowell

Who cometh over the hills,
Her garments with morning sweet,
The dance of a thousand rills
Making music before her feet?
Her presence freshens the air,
Sunshine steals light from her face,
The leaden footstep of Care
Leaps to the tune of her pace,
Fairness of all that is fair,
Grace at the heart of all grace!
Sweetener of hut and of hall,
Bringer of life out of naught,
Freedom, O, fairest of all
The daughters of Time and Thought!

—*From the "Ode to Freedom."*

Under the White Rose-Tree

An Idyl of the Civil War

By Samuel Minturn Peck

PROFESSOR WINSTON had dwelt the greater part of his forty-five years at Oakville, and the little West Alabama town was very dear to him. He loved the soft blue Southern skies above it, and the wide-spreading water-oaks that shaded its streets. He loved its quaint old gardens, with their spicy musk-roses, fragrant honeysuckle, and the languid tiger-lilies that swayed over their shadow-flecked walks. He loved its mocking-birds, that nested in the fig-trees and myrtles and sang all night. He loved the old town so well that even its faults and blemishes were dear to him. He liked to hear even the grunting of the village hogs that roamed the streets as fancy led them, and the klinkity-klank of the cow-bells at evening was pleasant to his ears.

Consequently, on a bright April morning in 1865, as the little man stood in front of the post-office and listened to the great news of the impending raid, he was not deficient in patriotism, although in the hour of municipal peril the first thought that entered his bachelor breast concerned the safety of his much-beloved watch.

The dear old watch whose faithful heart had throbbed so long against his own—would the Yankees rob him of it? The Professor left the excited throng and started homeward.

Across the street from the Professor's home, in a vine-embowered cottage, had lived for many years Miss Melinda Price. Dwelling full half a mile from the post-office, Miss Melinda frequently deplored her inability to keep as well informed in regard to the doings of the day as her friends in the immediate vicinity of that vortex where a buggy or a wagon passed every fifteen minutes.

This morning, as usual, Miss Melinda was half an hour behind time. Only a dim echo of the momentous tidings had reached her, and she was standing at her gate in great perturbation as the Professor approached.

"What is this I hear, Professor?" said the little spinster, with a frightened smile. "Have we lost another battle?"

"Yes; worse than that," replied the Professor, so gravely that Miss Melinda's smile vanished, and she caught her breath. She knew the Professor was not an alarmist, and she listened eagerly to his brief statement of facts.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed in dismay.

"We can do nothing," said her neighbor. "There is some talk of a defense, but it is foolish to attempt it. There are none in the town to make resistance but old men, children, and one-armed and one-legged soldiers."

"I know," said Miss Melinda, "but it is dreadful to wait like sheep in ignorance of what we are to suffer. Perhaps the raiders will destroy the town."

"They will scarcely do that."

"If not, they will carry away everything of value. My cousin in Virginia wrote me that the Yankees took her carriage-horses, and some stragglers robbed her of all her silver plate, and carried off even her husband's watch."

The Professor's heart sank within him.

"Are you not going to hide your watch?" added Miss Melinda, catching sight of the professor's watch-chain.

"I was thinking of doing so," said the little man, steadying his voice.

"I certainly should, Professor. Fortunately, I sent my silver forks and spoons to a friend up in the hills as soon as I received my cousin's letter. I kept nothing but my gold thimble that belonged to my grandmother."

"It is difficult to decide upon the method of concealment," said the Professor, taking the watch from his pocket and gazing at it tenderly. "It is the loudest ticker I ever heard," he continued, with pride. "At night it can be heard all over the house."

"Then you must not hide it in the house," said Miss Melinda. "However, it would not be heard after it had run down."

"Run down!" exclaimed the Professor, in a shocked tone. "It has not run down in thirty-five years."

"If I were you, I should bury it." Miss Melinda spoke in a solemn whisper, and looked around as if she feared an eavesdropper.

"Bury it!" echoed the Professor, experiencing another shock.

"Yes."

A brief silence ensued, during which the Professor grew reconciled to Miss Melinda's plan of concealment. Then he looked at his little neighbor, and for the first time since he had heard of the approach of the raiders his watch left his mind. He noticed that Miss Melinda had blue eyes, and that they were very pretty.

Miss Melinda was looking in the distance. A new thought had also come to her, but it did not concern the Professor's eyes. She had known for years that they were dark gray and very pleasant to look at. Then, either because of her new thought, or because she had become conscious of the Professor's admiring gaze, she blushed, and the pretty pink tint took away fifteen from her forty years.

"Where shall I bury it?" asked the Professor, mentally noting the blush for further meditation.

"Anywhere," replied Miss Melinda, adding in her confusion an embarrassed little dimple to the Professor's list of her attractions.

"Shall I bury it under the white rose-tree near the summer-house?"

"Under the white rose—the very place; I can see it from my window."

Then the little woman summoned courage to make known the thought that had caused her blush.

"Would you—would you mind hiding my gold thimble with your watch?" she asked, shyly.

"Certainly not; I should like to do so," and a blush of pleasure suffused the Professor's face in turn.

Miss Melinda tripped away to bring the little gold heirloom, and, watching her till she had disappeared in the house, the Professor jauntily tapped the heel of his boot with his walking-cane as he used to do when a college boy, and as he had not done for thirty years.

After Miss Melinda had given her thimble to the Professor, and he had gone away with it, she felt very strangely. At first she ascribed her singular emotions to her fright, for she was truly afraid of the raiders. But, then, she asked herself, if it were only fear that she felt, why was she not unhappy? Fear does not usually bring happiness, and Miss Melinda was forced to admit that she was not in the least miserable.

Another queer circumstance. Instead of thinking of the approaching enemy, as all Oakville was doing, she found the Professor occupying more and more of her mind. This caused her a little discomfort till she explained it to herself in this way. Her grandmother's thimble was her most highly prized possession, and now that it had passed temporarily into the Professor's keeping she could not naturally think of one and not think of the other. This explanation afforded her much satisfaction, and, having reached it, she gave her whole mind to her thimble.

When the Professor reached his study he closed the door, which was a signal to old Nancy, the cook, and the lot-boy, Jim, that he did not wish to be disturbed. Then he took from his pocket a little case scarcely an inch cube in size and covered with blue satin. It was so dainty that he felt as if he were handling a butterfly. Before going further, he spread his handkerchief over an old, musty Greek volume that lay open upon the table. Very gently he placed the case upon the handkerchief, and pressed a tiny spring. As he did this the cover of the case flew back, disclosing Miss Melinda's thimble.

He took it out with the greatest care, and turned it round and round. It seemed to him the smallest thimble he had ever seen. On one side near the rim was graven a tiny heart with a spray of forget-me-nots lying upon it.

"A lover's gift!" whispered the Professor. "It must be an hundred years old."

He had not believed a thimble could be so pretty. Then he looked across the street at Miss Melinda's cottage, and it seemed to him as if he were rousing up, like Rip Van Winkle, from a benumbing sleep of twenty years; only, unlike Rip, he was waking up with a sensation of youth and happiness which was at once strange and familiar, and as sweet as the breath of the first hyacinth in the spring.

Soon his revery was broken by the noise of horses and wagons and loud voices in the street. People were carrying their baled cotton into the hills to conceal it from the Raiders. This reminded the Professor that he also had something to do.

He could not put Miss Melinda's thimble and his watch in the ground with nothing to guard them from the rain and dampness.

He looked about him a few moments in vain. There was nothing the right size. A happy thought came to him. He would use his tobacco-box. It was of tin, and had

a top. He wrapped the thimble-case in tissue-paper, placed his watch in an envelope, put them both in the box, and tied it up. This was all he could do at present, for he did not dare to bury the box by day, for fear of being seen.

The Professor had faith in the honesty of old Nancy; but of her grandson, Jim, he sighed to think he was doubtful. Jim's record did not yet include watches, but he held the negro idea that personal property out of place might be regarded as lost; and that a thing lost became the property of the finder was Jim's firm belief.

So it was not till ten o'clock that night that the watch and thimble were interred under the white rose-tree.

Two hours later Oakville was roused from its beauty-sleep by a discharge of musketry and the tramping of many horses in its streets.

The foe had come.

When morning arrived, Oakville found itself a conquered city. However, few if any of its fears were fulfilled. The commander of the Federal cavalry, realizing that municipal authority was necessarily suspended by martial law, stationed sentinels through the town at the houses of leading citizens to protect their property.

One soldier was deemed sufficient to guard the cottages of Miss Melinda and the Professor.

When Corporal Jones arrived, Miss Melinda was much flustered; but as the Corporal was a well-conducted young man, and never entered the house save at meal-times, her fears soon subsided. The Professor had called after breakfast to give her the particulars of the concealment, and to say that all was, so far, well. Further, he had said he would come every day till the Federals were gone and their treasures exhumed.

"War," said Miss Melinda to her knitting, "is not so dreadful when one has a sympathetic friend to share its hardships."

But the Professor greatly missed his watch. So much had he relied upon it that he had let his clock run down years ago.

Suppose Corporal Jones should ask the time! He made haste to wind the clock.

Corporal Jones, however, was not inquisitive. He passed most of his time sitting on the veranda smoking or walking in front of the house. The Professor noticed approvingly that the Corporal never smoked at Miss Melinda's cottage. Indeed, so well behaved was the young soldier that the Professor was almost sorry he had concealed his watch, and he nearly decided to dig it up, when he suddenly thought that if he did so he must return to Miss Melinda her thimble, and there would be no excuse for the daily morning calls that he looked forward to with so much pleasure.

Thus the bright April day waned to even, with peace and love following in the wake of war.

Jim's mind alone remained perniciously active.

Had Jim been reared from birth by old Nancy, his morals would have been better. The Professor had bought him by Nancy's entreaty to keep him from going the old woman knew not where.

"Marse Richard's mighty tuck up wid Miss Melindy," said the boy to Nancy. "He's been to see her dis mornin', an' sense he come back he des looks ober der all de time."

"Don't you pester 'bout Marse Richard. Ef it hadn't been for Marse Richard you might 'a' been sole off into de black swamp to shake to death wid de chills."

"Well, I'se free now. Marse Linkurn's sot me free."

"Free, is yer?" said Nancy, contemptuously, as she wiped a plate. "Free or no, yer got to work for yer livin'. Jes lif' yerself up and fetch me some stove-wood."

The boy went to the wood-pile muttering to himself.

Jim was peculiarly gifted. His mental endowment fitted him to become equally eminent as a detective or a thief. His knowledge was that of an Indian. He noticed everything and forgot nothing. Just now he was in doubt whether to go away with the Raiders, or to remain and taste the sweets of freedom at Oakville. For Jim, with more shrewdness than many of the whites, believed the raid foreshadowed the end of the war.

Further, Jim had been to Zion, the negro church, a few nights before, and the negro preacher had taken for his theme the spoiling of the Egyptians. The white slaveholders were the Egyptians, and the negroes were the Israelites, whose past labors entitled them to something more than freedom. With this sermon fresh in a mind stimulated by the excitement of the raid, Jim was ripe for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

From a corner in the wood-pile Jim had witnessed Miss Melinda's interview with the Professor the day before. What was it Miss Melinda gave the Professor so carefully? It was small, but it might be very valuable.

It might be a diamond! Jim's eyes grew big at the thought. His ideas were misty in regard to precious gems, but he knew they cost a great deal of money.

What was the Professor going to do with this unknown thing? Here was a mystery going on right before him that he might turn to his advantage, for was not Miss Melinda an Egyptian?

Jim did not think this out in five minutes. He arrived at these conclusions after twenty-four hours of brain-work, and the result was a firm resolve to watch the Professor day and night.

The night after the arrival of the Raiders began very peacefully for the Professor. He retired at ten o'clock. All lovers are not wakeful, and he soon went to sleep. But his slumber was not dreamless; a throng of fancies passed in succession through his brain. He saw Miss Melinda. She was garbed in white and wore a bridal veil. But how strange—instead of orange-flowers her wreath was of blue forget-me-nots! He went forward to lead her to the altar, and she burst into tears and asked him for her thimble. Then all turned dark, and he seemed to hear the ticking of his watch. It grew louder and louder, till the ticking took the form of words: "You—have—not—wound—me—wound—me—wound—me!"

He sprang suddenly from the bed.

"My God! I haven't wound my watch!"

He sat upon the side of the bed in a cold sweat. He always wound his watch at ten o'clock. What time was it now? He struck a match and looked at the clock; ten minutes to eleven. He did not know how long the watch would go without being wound. Perhaps only an hour.

His lonely life had made him morbid. He felt as if the watch were dying, and imagined he could hear the ticks growing more and more feeble, like the passing throbs of a human heart. The thought was anguish; he could not bear it. He must go wind the watch at all risks; but at night in the darkness he might go without being observed.

He dressed hurriedly, opened the door softly, and looked down the veranda.

Corporal Jones was just knocking the ashes from his pipe. Was he going to light up again? No; he put the pipe in his pocket and lay down on his blanket. At the end of five minutes he had not stirred, and the Professor, supposing he was asleep, tipped carefully from his door. When he had turned the angle of the house, the little man breathed a bit easier, and threaded his way briskly through the shrubbery to the white rose-tree.

The Professor was wrong; Corporal Jones was not asleep. As soon as the Professor had gone around the corner of the house the soldier rose from his blanket and watched him by the dim light of the stars until he saw him digging beneath the white rose-tree. Before the Professor returned to his room the Corporal lay down again in his blanket.

With a feeling of unutterable relief, the Professor went to bed again.

When he had become still, Jim crept out from the wood-pile, and rolled over and over among the chips in silent laughter. By and by, when he had given partial relief to his inward joy in this vicarious manner, he slowly rose to his feet and readjusted his one "gallus" over his shoulder. Then he brushed the chips and pine from his kinky head, and cautiously approached the Professor's back window and peeped through the shutters. The Professor was evidently asleep, for Jim raised his hands and made the patting motion familiar to those who have watched a woman cradle a sleeping child.

The boy then started to the flower garden. To reach it he must come nearer the front of the house. He knew that the Corporal had spread his blanket on the front veranda, and it were wise to be careful. On occasions like this Jim rejoiced in his black skin, that made detection difficult.

He crept on all fours till he reached the garden. Then, with a last look at the veranda, he glided through the bushes like a black snake.

The rose-tree was an easy bourne. Its snowy blossoms wet with dew gleamed in the starlight like tiny elfin lamps, and the grass beneath was white with the shattered petals. As he reached it he bent his black woolly head close to the turf in search of the buried treasure, but he relied more upon the sense of touch than sight. So intent was he upon his quest that he did not hear the jingle of a spur twenty feet away.

His long, monkey-like fingers glided over the grass, seeking a soft spot. When it was found, he scratched up the dirt like a terrier dog hunting a rat; but just as his long finger-nails scraped the top of the tobacco-box and the spoils of Egypt were almost in his grasp, a big, muscular hand gripped him by the nape of the neck.

The Professor slept long and soundly. He usually rose at six o'clock, but it was nearly seven when he was awakened by a loud knocking at his door.

"Who is there?" he exclaimed.

"It's ole Nancy, Marse Richard," replied a voice broken by sobs.

The Professor sprang out of bed and jumped into his trousers.

"Oh, Marse Richard, Marse Richard!"

"What is the matter, Nancy?" he asked, opening the door in his shirt-sleeves.

"Marse Richard, I tried to wait till yer riz, but I couldn't wait no longer."

"Speak, Nancy; in heaven's name, what has happened?"

"Oh, Marse Richard! he's gone, he's gone!"

"Who is gone?"

"Jim, my onliest grandchile."

The word "gone" is a word of ominous import to all who have hidden treasures. At its first mention the Professor gave a start, but when it was repeated and coupled with Jim's name, a fearful suspicion chilled his blood.

After much questioning he gathered all the facts known to the old woman. They were few. She knew not when Jim had left. She had not seen him since the evening before.

"Perhaps he has only gone down-town to look at the Raiders," said the Professor, as much to still his own misgivings as to cheer old Nancy.

"No, Marse Richard; Jim ain't slept last night. His bed ain't been touched. No, Jim's gone!" wailed the old creature.

The Professor had finished dressing, and his apprehensions had become unbearable. Trying to assume his usual manner, he strolled toward the flower garden as if merely to take the air. When screened by the shrubbery, he hastened his pace and approached the spot where his every thought centered. At the first glance his fears increased. The ground appeared broken and uneven. In his haste the preceding night, could he have left the place in that untidy state? He knelt beneath the rose-tree with shaking knees.

The box was not there!

The Professor was standing under the yellow jasmines on Miss Melinda's front veranda. The worst had been told. Two drops glistened on Miss Melinda's lashes, but they were not tears of regret for the loss of the precious thimble, but of sympathy and sorrow for the Professor.

"And the worst is, I can make no effort for their recovery. In order to do so I must confess to Corporal Jones that we suspected him and his comrades of being thieves and robbers."

"Then the Corporal doesn't know of our loss?" said Miss Melinda, lifting her sympathetic blue eyes to the Professor's gaze.

"I haven't told him."

A silence.

"Ah, Miss Price! prudence whispered me yesterday to exhume the box, and I refrained because—"

Another silence.

"Because?" echoed Miss Melinda, gently.

"Because, if I did so, I must return your thimble, and that would end our secret."

Miss Melinda blushed.

"But there's another, a dearer secret, if I dared tell it to you!" exclaimed the Professor, fired by the blush.

There was a quick step and a jingling of spurs on the pebbled walk, and Corporal Jones stood before them.

He lifted his hat to Miss Melinda and bowed.

"The brigade is leaving, and I come to bid you good-by."

He turned to the Professor.

"And to return to you this box that I secured from a thief last night."

He bowed again and was gone.

The International Patriotic Air

America—God Save the Queen

THAT the national hymns of England and the United States should be sung to a common air; that the patriotism of the two countries should find in song the self-same musical expression; that "My Country, 'tis of Thee" and "God Save the Queen" should be undistinguishable in their orchestral form—this surely has, if not significance, at least a pleasantly friendly and harmonious unity. Now that Great Britain and the United States are drawing closer, each to the other, in international relations, there is special meaning (unintentional but no less genuine) in this common possession of a beautiful tune. On the following page we present, side by side perhaps for the first time, the words of the two national anthems beneath the music to which both are sung, while opposite will be found a facsimile of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," written for The Outlook by its author, the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, on April 4, 1893, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and two and a half years before his death. The hymn was written in 1832.

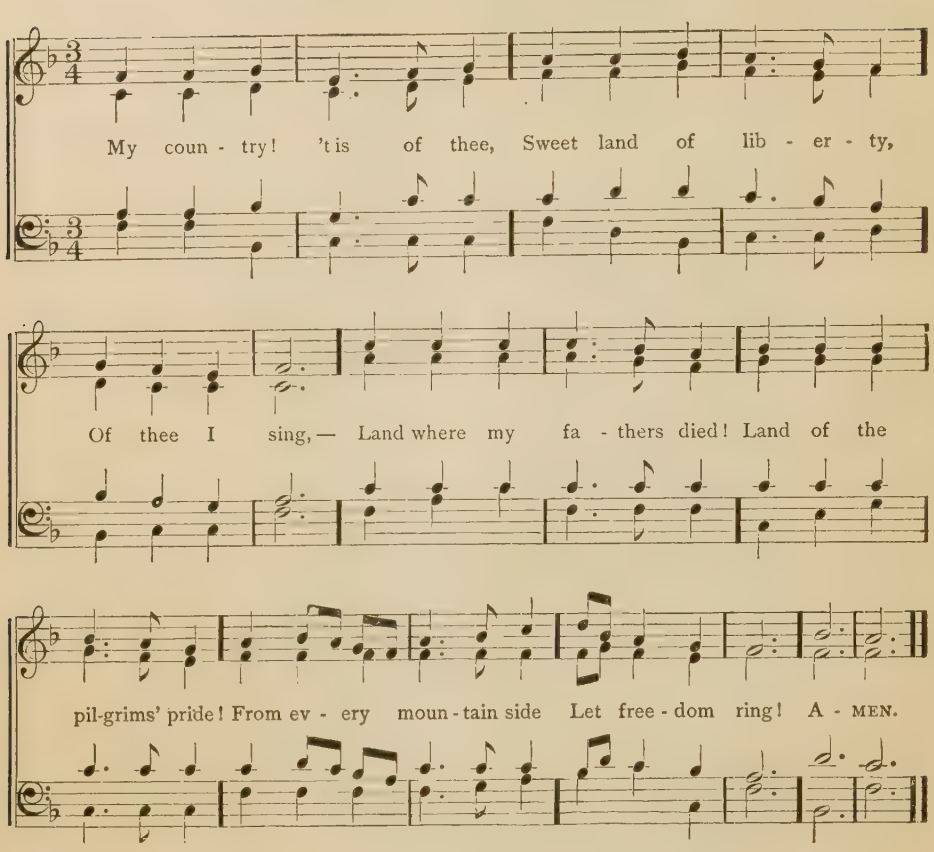
The way in which this particular melody became accepted for use as the music for the patriotic hymns of two great countries is a curious one—or, rather, it is curious that so little is really known about the matter. In Great Britain the words and music of "God Save the King" were both ascribed to Dr. John Bull—and, with that name, he certainly *ought* to have been the author. Dr. Bull flourished about 1565 to 1590, and was a university professor of music, and a favorite of James I. But of late years the belief has gained ground that the author of both words and music was Dr. Henry Carey, who lived a little over a century after Dr. Bull. A good authority on musical matters asserts that the hymn was composed as a birthday song for George II. After all, it is more than probable that the music itself had a German origin.

It is quite certain that Dr. Smith did not take his tune from English sources. Readers of The Outlook will remember that he once told in its pages the full story in a delightfully pleasant and simple narrative. He found the music in an old German collection of songs, set to some kind of a German patriotic song, was inspired to write a patriotic hymn of his own, picked up a bit of waste-paper, and in half an hour "America" was written. It remains to-day unchanged and just as it was written on that piece of waste-paper, five or six inches long and two and a half wide. The author gave it to Mr. Lowell Mason, who was then greatly interested in church choral music, and it was first sung on Fourth of July (1832) at a children's celebration in the old Park Street Church in Boston. Mr. Mason was just then introducing singing into the Boston public schools, and soon found that "America" was a great favorite with young and old. Its popularity soon became universal. Dr. Smith received translations of it (with changes) in Latin, Italian, Swedish, German, Burmese, and other languages. In the Civil War "America" was an inspiration and a solace. Dr. Smith writes: "At a reception which I attended once in San Francisco, I heard General Howard, whose empty sleeve spoke volumes, tell, with a tremor in his voice and tears on his cheeks, how he had heard it on battle-fields and in hospitals, by day and by night, the poor mutilated soldiers, as soon as their wounds were dressed, lifting up their voices in harmony and singing yet another pæan for their country, for which they were proud to suffer and to die; and the words seemed even to recall the dying to life."

It was a gratifying thing to the author that October 21, 1893, his eighty-fourth birthday, was also the great Columbus Day of the World's Exposition at Chicago, and that the American National Hymn—for such we think it truly is—received special honor and emphasis, and was sung throughout the country, "a joyful pæan of thanksgiving and a pledge of infinite promise." No one was ever more modest than the author of this hymn, which bids fair to outlive many literary productions of more elaborate and ambitious aim. Dr. Holmes thus referred to him in his Harvard class reunion poem "The Boys:"

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith!
But he chanted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country, of thee!"

THE NATIONAL ANTHEMS


My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing,— Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
pil-grims' pride! From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring! A - MEN.

AMERICA

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
  The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
  To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King!

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our Empress Queen,
  God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
  God save the Queen!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies
  And make them fall.
Bid strife and envy cease,
Brotherly love increase,
Filling our homes with peace,
  Blessing us all.

Through joy—through sorrow's hour,
Thou, Lord, her guiding Power
  Ever hast been.
Still bid Thine orb of day
Beam where her footsteps stray;
Still let Thy favoring ray
  Shine on our Queen.

America

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, — thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
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Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith.

WRITTEN FOR THE OUTLOOK, MARCH 4, 1893

Christian Work in Our Camps

By Anna Northend Benjamin

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

THE query is made every day in the minds of thousands, Is our army strong, well disciplined, and brave? How does it compare in these respects with the armies of other civilized countries? How many ask, Is it a moral, is it a Christian army?

The regular soldiers are all sorts and conditions of men. Here and there are men of some culture—the sons of officers, boys who have the fever for soldiering, men who have been disappointed in business or other personal affairs. But there are no distinctions made among those who enlist in the ranks. They are all common soldiers. They must live together, and fare and share alike. A certain percentage of foreigners drift in. Most of these are Irish; next to them in numbers are Germans. There are men from the lowest walks in life—hoboes who give up their lazy wanderings and become men again, and toughs who have failed to fit into any other niche. Then there are clerks and men of more or less education and respectable parentage, who generally leave Christian homes to enlist.

While the body of the army is composed of such diverse elements, there are certain characteristics which belong to the average man of the ranks, and may, therefore, be said to be characteristics of the army as a whole. These are good humor, generosity, bravery, kindness of heart, and a propensity for seeing the funny side of things. They are always either joking or growling. To growl is part of the soldier's creed, and means nothing; his joke and his growl are often closely allied, and merge into each other. While there is a good deal of drinking in the army, there is very little drunkenness. Gambling is forbidden, but sometimes surreptitiously indulged in. The men are not unusually profane.

While the Government has been supplying the regulars and volunteers with the necessary food, arms, and equipments for the prospect-

MEN GATHERED ON THE SEATS IN FRONT OF THE REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION TENT WHERE RELIGIOUS MEETINGS ARE HELD

A DAY MEETING IN THE UNFINISHED TABERNACLE AT TAMPA HEIGHTS CAMP

ive campaign, certain good Christians have seized upon the period of waiting to equip the soldiers in a spiritual way, and to inaugurate a work among them which will last throughout the war.

The Army Christian Commission began its work in the Civil War. Since then, during our thirty years of peace, there has been no use for such an organization. It has now been revived and reorganized. In Tampa, a so-called "tabernacle" has been thrown up on the Heights, where services for the soldiers are held daily. The Young Men's Christian Association has sent workers down here, who soon established other places of meeting, so that, in the course of a few weeks after the troops began to gather here, at least three services a week were being held in the seven separate camps in and near Tampa.

General Howard—an old campaigner himself—Mr. Dwight L. Moody, and Mr. A. C. Dixon came down to start the work. Mr. Sankey came later for two weeks, and traveled about from one camp to another with his organ in a cart. Clergyman from neighboring towns and the regimental chaplains co-operated, and soon the work was in full swing.

The soldiers responded like men who were starved. Never have evangelists met with more encouragement. There was no need to go out into the highways for lack of guests bidden to the feast. The great tabernacle was crowded every night when the service began, at six-thirty, just after "retreat." The seats were filled. Men stood, and lay upon the ground outside. Hymn after hymn was sung, and all who knew the hymns (and it is surprising how many did) swelled the chorus until it rose and resounded among distant tents and camp-fires, and drew others irresistibly within the fold.

Hundreds have not been ashamed to acknowledge their Christianity, and have eagerly pressed forward to receive the literature which has been distributed among them. Fifty thousand tracts and sermons, ten thousand song-books, and eleven thousand Testaments have been given out. Many more thousands could be used in this way. When one of the preachers was distributing Testaments, the crowd around him was so great and so clamorous that he was almost carried off his feet. Finally one of the men called out: "Look out, you fellers, or you'll knock the parson down!"

When reading and writing rooms were opened on the main street of Tampa, the soldiers crowded to them. Writing-paper and envelopes are distributed free, and stamps are sold. The men write there all day long, and about 5,000 sheets of paper are given out in twenty-four hours. The best periodicals are on the reading-table, and it is always surrounded.

Four Association tents have been pitched

in the camps of as many regiments, and each is in charge of a secretary, who is thus enabled to get a personal hold of the men. The tents are about thirty feet long by twenty wide, and are furnished with long tables, on which are writing materials and reading matter. Benches are built at either side. The tents are as crowded as the rooms in town, and the regimental secretary is kept busy.

Outside of the tent a rough board platform and seats have been put up. Daily services are held here, and enthusiastically attended. As soon as possible, every regiment in the army will be provided with an Association tent and secretary.

INTERIOR OF ASSOCIATION TENT

The men are from the Sixteenth Regiment of Infantry (Regulars).

This is a mere outline of the work—which is now well under way—of the Army Christian Commission. Of the other side—the results of the work—exact figures will never be known. God only knows how many hearts are truly touched, and how lasting will be the repentance, the new resolutions and faith. But we can judge somewhat by what we see.

We must bear in mind, first of all, that a large number of the men, both regulars and volunteers, were leading active Christian lives when the Commission began its work. Many of them were members of some Church, or of the Young Men's Christian Association. In a large number of cases it was like feeding the men on food which they had been accustomed to, and which they were eager for. But many more have acknowledged themselves touched for the first time. They have come eagerly forward and asked for more; they have attended the morning Bible class conducted in camp, and have promised to lead new lives.

There has been an utter absence of scoffing, and, instead of a shamefacedness about their attendance at service which might be expected from men who are as anxious to hide emotion as the proverbial soldier, they display a simple-minded earnestness and frankness which is not only highly encouraging to the workers, but gives a higher impression of the men who compose our army.

In some cases opposition has been met with in the officers. One Colonel sent the band to play near by during the meeting. The men paid absolutely no attention to it, being apparently oblivious of its presence. This was largely due to the fact that the band was a part of their daily life. Soon the nuisance was discontinued. In most cases, however, the Colonels and officers give their hearty co-operation. As both Secretary Alger and General Miles thoroughly indorse

the movement, they cannot very well do otherwise.

The fact must not be overlooked that there are many men in every regiment who never have and never want to attend the meetings, who prefer to spend the same hours in the "canteen," or saloon, and who probably make fun of their comrades. These men are in the minority, but they are there. The regimental secretary does his best to get hold of them. The first step is to get them to use the Association tent. They are treated so well here that their interest may be roused, and they will take the next step and attend a meeting.

It must also be borne in mind that there are many men who attend the services and who enjoy the singing, upon whom no particular impression is made. At any rate, they are kept away from the "canteen," and, whether they know it or not, something positive, something good, has come into their lives.

Many are the expressions of gratitude which come to the ears of the secretaries.

"You don't know how much we fellers appreciate this," is said many times a day. In buying stamps they often wish to leave change, "for the cause," but it is not taken, lest the idea should go abroad that they are expected to pay for what is so freely given.

The regimental chaplains are not idle, but the number of regimental chaplains has been greatly overestimated, and the Commission, with its powerful backing, can accomplish many things which are out of the reach, almost out of the sphere, of the chaplains.

This work will be conducted in every portion of the army of the United States wherever it may remain for any length of time. When the troops embarked at Tampa, men were on hand giving out Testaments and other books, and the soldiers, with more thought than ever before of what might be soon in store for them, accepted them with pitiful eagerness. With the landing of our army of invasion in Cuba itself, which will doubtless have taken place before this is read, and with the more extended operations planned to follow the capture of Santiago, opportunities as well as difficulties will multiply.

It would be well if all could remember, both officers and men, that one of the greatest conquerors of modern history, Gustavus Adolphus, the "Lion of the North," with all his troops, bent his knee to God Almighty before he rushed, victorious, into battle.

Tampa, Fla.

SOLDIERS AT DINNER

From the Seventeenth Regiment of Infantry (Regulars).

A Painter of Soldiers

By Jeannette L. Gilder

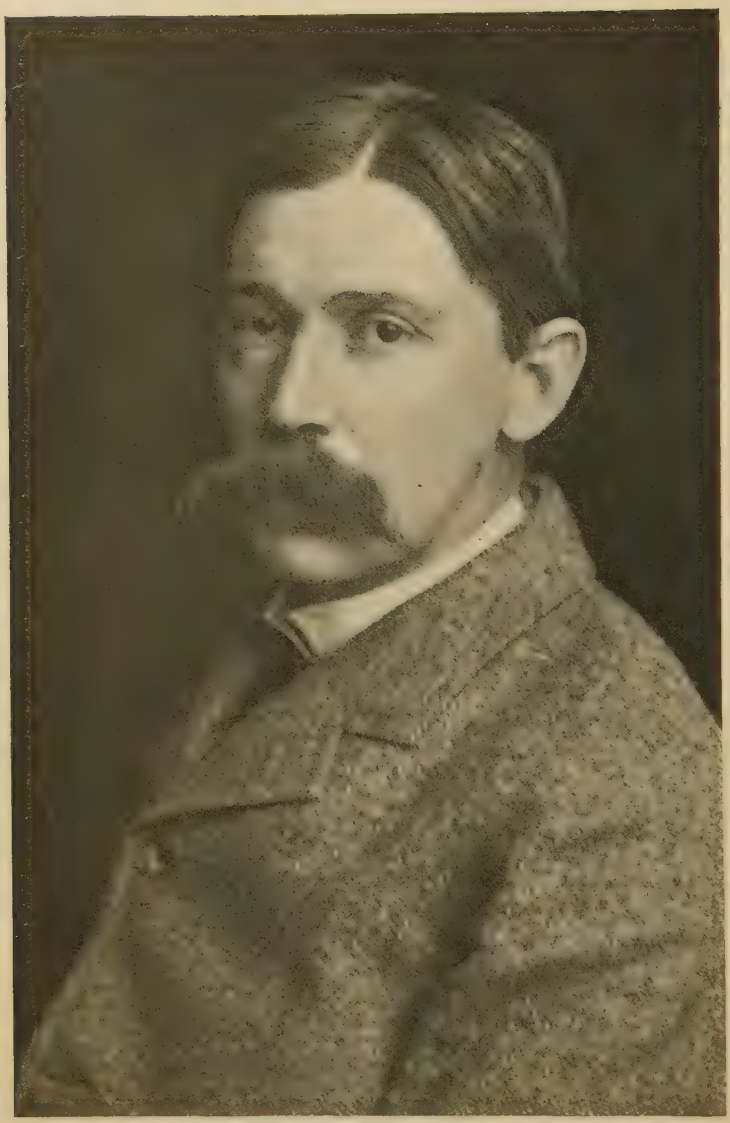
"ONE Hundred and Seventieth Street and Amsterdam Avenue!" That was the address of Mr. Gilbert Gaul, given me at the National Academy of Design. It took my breath away, but I decided to give the better part of a day to getting there. The first thing to do was to make sure of finding Mr. Gaul at home, and this I did.

It takes just one hour to get from Twenty-third Street and Broadway to One Hundred and Seventieth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, but you can go all the way in the Broadway cable-car, or in the Third Avenue cable if you happen to be on the east side of town. I took the elevated road to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and the cable from there. That was because I did not know the easiest way. Amsterdam Avenue as far out as I went was a new country to me. Mr. Gaul lives on the west side of the avenue, opposite a wood which on the afternoon of my call was white with dogwood blossoms. I remarked upon its beauty, and was glad to hear that it was part of the new park lands, so that Mr. Gaul's studio windows will look out upon that rural landscape as long as he continues to live where he does at the present time.

As Mr. Gaul is the Detaille of America, and as war pictures are the only kind in which there seems to be any great public interest at the present moment, it occurred to me that the public would be interested to hear something about this painter and his work. Mr. Gaul is a young man, being, I should say, still in his early forties, and he has lived in New York all his life except when he is off sketching on the frontier or in Mexico. He began his art career as a painter of rather sentimental pictures—old men and old women in ragged coats; but the public, which is usually quick to appreciate sentiment, did not like it in rags, so Mr. Gaul's pictures remained unsold. One day he painted a soldier, and it took the public fancy; since then he is not allowed to paint anything else. He seems to be reconciled to his fate, for he likes soldiers, as who should not? and he likes Indians, too, for they are very picturesque. None of Mr. Gaul's pictures are "studio" pictures. All his sketches are made from life out on the frontier, where he has lived at the army posts for months at a time. Of course he does not paint his pictures out in the open; he uses a camera and a color-box, and makes his notes from life, but paints his picture in his studio, where he has enough old uniforms to fit out an awkward squad. Indeed, his whole house has a military appearance, for swords are crossed over the drawing-room mantelpiece, and the centerpiece of the dining-room ceiling is made of muskets grouped so as to form a circle. The old uniforms are, however, relegated to the studio, which is on the second floor. There, there are more swords and muskets, and a half-finished battle picture stands upon the easel. Mr. Gaul has no finished pictures in his studio, for the excellent reason that everything that he paints is disposed of before it is begun. These are harvest-times for the painter of military subjects, but then this painter is always busy, for if the demand for paintings is at all slack, he has more orders than he can accept from publishers and editors. The "Century's" war papers kept him busy, and he has contributed

THE SHARPSHOOTER

THE CAPTAIN



GILBERT GAUL

a great many illustrations to "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." Over the mantelpiece in the studio is a sketch called "On the Trail." It was made from life, in Georgia, on one of the roads that Sherman marched over. The men in the picture belonged to Morgan's Raiders. They look peaceful enough in the sketch, but I fancy that they were anything but peaceful at one time in their lives.

Mr. Gaul's studio is not the studio of a dilettante. There are no fal-lals in it, no draperies for effect, no bric-à-brac. It is a working studio. The only hint at play is a small chest of drawers that is so besmeared with paints that there is not a square inch of the original color to be seen. It looks as though the artist had thrown the contents of his palette at it, and I feel pretty sure that it was the repetition of this pastime that gave it its present coat of many colors.

Mr. Gaul is very careful in the details of his work, and he says that he has to be, for no one is more particular than a soldier. He wants every button to be just where it

belongs, and if it is not there, he asks the reason why.

As he has seen so much of the Indians, I asked Mr. Gaul what he thought of them. He said that they were a good deal like the white men—that some were very good fellows and some were very bad. Personally, he had always been treated with the greatest fairness by them. Once he and a cousin, who was with him, were the only white men in a camp of Sioux Indians. Of course they were entirely at the mercy of the Indians, and they knew it; so did the Indians. Mr. Gaul was talking with a chief, Yellow Wolf I believe was his name, when the latter said to him, "Let me have your gun." Mr. Gaul thought for a moment. Then he decided that it was a trial of faith, and that he would gain more by yielding gracefully than by making any show of resistance; so he drew his revolver, or "gun," as they say in the West, from its holster, and handed it to the chief. Yellow Wolf examined it carefully, and returned it to Mr. Gaul with a smile. "Let me see your gun," said the artist; and the Indian handed it over without hesitation. After that Mr. Gaul knew that he was safe, but it was only three weeks later that the awful Sioux outbreak occurred.

As an illustration of the pride of the Indians, Mr. Gaul tells an anecdote of a chief called Red Skirt. Provisions were very scarce in the reservation, and Red Skirt used to come up to the Army Post for food. He never asked for any, but would sit quietly on the front porch of a certain officer's quarters until the lady of the house invited him around to the kitchen to get something to eat. He accepted graciously, but always took away what was given him, either to eat by himself or to share with his squaw. One day the lady saw him going around to the back of the house, where the baby lay asleep in his carriage. She followed him and saw him bend low over the sleeping child, then walk hurriedly away. She hastened to the child, thinking that Red Skirt might have been up to mischief. Instead, she found a piece of silver clasped in the baby's hand. The old chief was too proud to accept of food when he was really in need of it, and it soothed his feelings to feel that he had paid for it.

The specimens of Mr. Gaul's work that I have chosen to represent it give as good an idea of it as black and white can. To do him justice the picture itself should be seen, for his color is half the battle—I was going to say, but caught myself in time.

War-Songs of the Revolution[1]

By Hamilton W. Mabie

THE experience through which the Nation is passing gives peculiar interest to the songs in which the spirit of the men of 1776 found expression. The fact that none of those songs save one—"Yankee Doodle"—has survived, and that they must be sought in the yellow pages of newspapers more than a century old, or in collections of verse which long antedate our time, shows clearly that the forefathers of the Revolutionary period were men given to action rather than to the practice of the arts. Among the large mass of spirited or humorous lyrics which saw the light between 1770 and 1783, not one rises to the dignity of poetry; only one has kept its place in spite of its inferior art. "Yankee Doodle" caught the popular humor at a fortunate angle, but was not an original product of the Revolutionary period. It had crossed the sea with many other colonial possessions. There is, indeed, very little literature to be found in the early writing on this continent Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, and John Woolman present claims which the student who is bent on literature and not on illustrations of the literary development of the country must consider; the great mass of colonial writing has only historical interest.

It does not follow, however, that the art of writing and the instinct for style did not exist among the Colonists. The literary impulse, under the sharp pressure of great public

[1] Readers of The Outlook who care to familiarize themselves more thoroughly with the subject of the songs of the Revolution will do well to read a very interesting chapter on that subject in Professor Moses Coit Tyler's "Literary History of the American Revolution" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and to consult a copy of that somewhat rare book, Frank Moore's "Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution," published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., in which these examples of Revolutionary lyrical writing and many others will be found.

experiences, sometimes takes other directions; and the soundest, strongest, most characteristic writing of the period must be sought in state papers and in the long and able discussions of the questions at issue which preceded the opening of the war. Some of these presentations of the wrongs and the aims of the Colonists show conspicuous ability in matters of style as well as in development of argument. They gave direction to the thought of the country, they cleared the ground for final action, and they stated the case of the Colonists with such effectiveness as to command the attention of Europe. Pamphleteers like John Dickinson, Thomas Paine, William Livingston, the first Governor of New Jersey, and Samuel Adams; preachers like President Witherspoon, of Princeton, President Langdon, of Harvard, Provost Smith, of the old College of Philadelphia, President Ezra Stiles, of Yale, Samuel Cooper, of Boston. George Duffield, of Philadelphia, rendered signal service to the cause of independence through the press and from the pulpit.

Under the stress of the time, satire became a very effective weapon of attack and of appeal; and ability of no mean order used this form of verse with patriotic fervor and literary effectiveness. Philip Freneau showed instinct and skill which in a happier time might have ripened into a poetic gift of distinct quality; his earlier verse has genuine poetic value. Francis Hopkinson and Jonathan Trumbull are also names which suggest literary work of interest and importance.

The songs which ran through the country and were caught up by the troops and sung in public places were notable chiefly for humor, directness, and strong feeling; they were often coarse and abusive; they were sometimes pathetic and musical. They were the product of patriotic rather than of poetic feeling; but they have the value of what the novelists call "human documents;" they disclose the deep feeling, the ardent devotion, the spirit of sacrifice, which gave the struggle its most heroic aspect; they bring out the homely humor of a people to whom humor has always been a prime resource; and, as was inevitable, they partake of the bitterness of a struggle which arrayed kinsmen against each other. The heat has died out of these fires of hate, as it has died out of the kindred fires once kindled between England and Scotland, between the Puritan and the Cavalier in the mother country, between the descendants of the Colonists in this country a century later. The bitterness of ancient strife is often turned to sweetness by the alchemy of time; which, by the disclosure of the deeper forces, the dissipation of prejudice and misunderstanding, and the general widening of vision, sets old-time antagonisms in a kindlier light and a truer perspective. For the men of to-day these old songs revive the heroism of struggle without recalling its vanished hate.

Among the songs of sentiment, "Collinet and Phebe," which first appeared in the "Pennsylvania Magazine," by the aid of a taking melody, attained wide popularity, and continued to be sung long after the surrender at Yorktown had brought the war to an end:

As Collinet and Phebe sat
  Beneath a poplar grove,
The gentle youth, with fondest truth,
  Was telling tales of love.

Dear blooming maid, the shepherd said,
  My tender vows believe;
These downcast eyes and artless sighs
  Can ne'er thy faith deceive.

Though some there are, from fair to fair,
  Delighting wild to rove,
Such change thou ne'er from me canst fear;
  Thy charms secure my love.

Then Phebe now, approve my vow,
  By truth, by fondness press'd;
A smile assume to grace thy bloom,
  And make thy shepherd bless'd.

A blush o'erspread her cheek with red,
  Which half she turn'd aside;
With pleasing woes her bosom rose,
  And thus the maid replied:

Dear gentle youth, I know thy truth,
  And all thy arts to please;
But ah! is this a time for bliss,
  Or themes as soft as these,

While all around we hear no sound
  But war's terrific strains?
The drum commands our arming bands,
  And chides each tardy swain.

Our country's call arouses all
  Who dare be brave and free!
My love shall crown the youth alone
  Who saves himself and me.

'Tis done! he cried; from thy dear side
  Now quickly I'll be gone;

YANKEE DOODLE, OR THE SPIRIT OF '76

From the copyrighted photograph published by Messrs. E. E. Soderholtz & Co., 367 Fifth Avenue, New York City, from the painting by Mr. A. M. Willard.

From love will I to freedom fly,
A slave to thee alone.

And when I come with laurels home,
And all that freemen crave,
To crown my love, your smiles shall prove
The fair reward the brave.

The "Freeman's Journal, or New Hampshire Gazette," had the journalistic good fortune to print a number of lyrics which arrested attention and were sung in camp and at the fireside. A typical example of these songs is found in this "War Song," published in 1776:

Hark, hark! the sound of war is heard,
And we must all attend;
Take up our arms and go with speed,
Our country to defend.

Our parent State has turned our foe,
Which fills our land with pain;
Her gallant ships, manned out for war,
Come thundering o'er the main.

There's Carleton, Howe, and Clinton too,
And many thousands more,
May cross the sea, but all in vain,
Our rights we'll ne'er give o'er.

Our pleasant homes they do invade,
Our property devour;
And all because we won't submit
To their despotic power.

Then let us go against our foe,
We'd better die than yield;
We and our sons are all undone,
If Britain wins the field.

Tories may dream of future joys,
But I am bold to say,
They'll find themselves bound fast in chains,
If Britain wins the day.

Husbands must leave their loving wives,
And sprightly youths attend,
Leave their sweethearts and risk their lives,
Their country to defend.

May they be heroes in the field,
Have heroes' fame in store;
We pray the Lord to be their shield,
Where thundering cannons roar.

No incident of the Revolutionary struggle was richer in suggestion for the poet than the heroic death of the gallant young Nathan Hale. Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten that Dr. Edward Everett Hale was the speaker at the unveiling of the Hale monument in this city several years ago. The theme naturally took the form of

A BALLAD

The breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines,
A-saying, "Oh! hu-ush!" a-saying, "Oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are here, and with them appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home,
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook.
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gaily forsook; he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had beat.
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking-place,
To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he pass'd thro' the wood; as he pass'd thro' the wood;
And silently gain'd his rude launch on the shore,
As she play'd with the flood; as she play'd with the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will.
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell; in that little stone cell.
But he trusted in love, from his Father above.
In his heart, all was well; in his heart, all was well.

An ominous owl, with his solemn base voice,
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard by.

"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die; for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrain'd—
The cruel gen'ral; the cruel gen'ral—
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gain'd,
And said that was all; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side; down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride; his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent.
He pray'd for his mother, he ask'd not another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr, the tragedy shew'd,
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave."

The battle of Trenton was prolific of satires, songs, epigrams, and descriptive poems; of which the following is a good example:

BATTLE OF TRENTON

On Christmas Day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fix'd,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay,

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we pass'd the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumb'd with frost.
Greene, on the left, at six began;
The right was led by Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets storm'd, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scamper'd here, some scamper'd there,
And some for action did prepare;
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen
In center, front, and rear was seen,
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

William Billings, of Massachusetts, is said to have been the earliest native writer of music in America, and was known widely as a composer. His verse was animated by ardor of patriotism rather than by poetic fervor, but his tunes made his occasional pieces welcome, especially among the troops from New England:

A HYMN

Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And slavery clank her galling chains;
We fear them not; we trust in God—
New England's God for ever reigns.

Howe and Burgoyne, and Clinton too,
With Prescott and Cornwallis join'd;
Together plot our overthrow,
In one infernal league combin'd.

When God inspir'd us for the fight,
Their ranks were broke, their lines were forc'd;
Their ships were shatter'd in our sight,
Or swiftly driven from our coast.

The foe comes on with haughty stride;
Our troops advance with martial noise;
Their veterans flee before our youth,
And generals yield to beardless boys.

What grateful offering shall we bring?
What shall we render to the Lord?

Loud hallelujahs let us sing,
And praise his name on every chord.

Among the convivial songs of the Revolutionary period Mr. Henry Archer's "Volunteer Boys" holds a first place:

VOLUNTEER BOYS

Hence with the lover who sighs o'er his wine,
Chloes and Phillises toasting,
Hence with the slave who will whimper and whine,
Of ardor and constancy boasting.
Hence with love's joys,
Follies and noise,
The toast that I give is the Volunteer Boys.

Nobles and beauties and such common toasts,
Those who admire may drink, sir;
Fill up the glass to the volunteer hosts,
Who never from danger will shrink, sir.
Let mirth appear,
Every heart cheer,
The toast that I give is the brave volunteer.

Here's to the squire who goes to parade,
Here's to the citizen soldier;
Here's to the merchant who fights for his trade,
Whom danger increasing makes bolder.
Let mirth appear,
Union is here,
The toast that I give is the brave volunteer.

Here's to the lawyer, who, leaving the bar,
Hastens where honor doth lead, sir,
Changing the gown for the ensigns of war,
The cause of his country to plead, sir.
Freedom appears,
Every heart cheers,
And calls for the health of the law volunteers.

Here's to the soldier, though batter'd in wars,
And safe to his farm-house retir'd;
When called by his country, ne'er thinks of his scars,
With ardor to join us inspir'd.
Bright fame appears,
Trophies uprear,
To veteran chiefs who became volunteers.

Here's to the farmer who dares to advance
To harvests of honor with pleasure;
Who with a slave the most skillful in France
A sword for his country would measure.
Hence with cold fear,
Heroes rise here;
The ploughman is chang'd to the stout volunteer.

Here's to the peer, first in senate and field,
Whose actions to titles add grace, sir;
Whose spirit undaunted would never yet yield
To a foe, to a pension or place, sir.
Gratitude here,
Toasts to the peer,
Who adds to his titles "the brave volunteer."

Thus the bold bands for old Jersey's defense.
The muse hath with rapture review'd, sir;
With our volunteer boys, as our verses commence,
With our volunteer boys they conclude, sir.
Discord or noise
Ne'er damp our joys,
But health and success to the volunteer boys.

Robert Burns made a contribution to the songs of the struggle which is familiar to all readers of his poetry, but which may be reprinted because it is so wholly akin to the sentiment of the songs of native origin, although far superior to them in force, originality, picturesqueness, and satirical power:

A FRAGMENT

When Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our helm thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man;
Then up they gat the maskin'-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
And did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then through the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man;
But yet, what-reck, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept at Boston ha', man;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blood to draw, man:
But at New York, wi' knife and fork,
Sir-loin he hackèd sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur and whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;

Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
And did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man:
And Sackville dour, wha stood the stoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man;
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
And Charlie Fox threw by the box,
And lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man;
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man.
For North and Fox united stocks,
And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
Till the diamond's ace, of Indian's race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man;
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
And Scotland drew her pipe and blew,
"Up, Willie, waur them a', man!"

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee Dundas aroused the class,
Be-north the Roman wa', man;
And Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspirèd Bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes, cried, "Willie, rise!
Would I hae fear'd them a', man?"

But, word and blow, North, Fox and Co.,
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Southron raise, and coost their clase
Behind him in a raw, man;
And Caledon threw by the drone,
And did her whittle draw, man;
And swoor fu' rude, through dirt and blood,
To make it guid in law, man.

The men who fought together so long, and often under such desperate conditions, found it hard to separate when the hour for the dismissal of the American forces arrived. Colonel David Humphrys, the author of the following verses, was a man of Connecticut origin, a graduate of Yale College, and became an aide-de-camp and personal friend of Washington. He held various diplomatic appointments after the close of the war; among them that of Minister to Spain. He was an industrious writer.

ON DISBANDING THE ARMY

Ye brave Columbian bands! a long farewell!
Well have ye fought for freedom—nobly done
Your martial task—the meed immortal won—
And Time's last records shall your triumphs tell.

Once friendship made their cup of suff'rings sweet—
The dregs how bitter, now those bands must part!
Ah! never, never more on earth to meet;
Distilled from gall that inundates the heart,
What tears from heroes' eyes are seen to start!

Ye, too, farewell, who fell in fields of gore,
And chang'd tempestuous toil for rest serene;
Soon shall we join you on the peaceful shore,
(Though gulfs irremeable roll between),
Thither by death-tides borne, as ye full soon have been.

A Story About Phillips Brooks

The "Church Union" tells a pretty story about Phillips Brooks:

A lady was traveling from Providence to Boston with her weak-minded father. Before they arrived he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion; that some absolute duty called him.

His daughter endeavored to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair when she noticed a very large man watching the proceedings intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eyes he rose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "you are in trouble. May I help you?"

She explained the situation to him.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him, and the large man, leaning toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage, received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had cordially shaken her hand, and was about to close the carriage door when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door, she said:

"Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service, may I not know whom I am thanking?"

The big man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away.

The Supernatural[1]

By Lyman Abbott

IT is not easy to formulate in a sentence that change which has come over my thought, and, as I believe, the thought of the present generation, respecting God's relation to man. Shall I say we are coming to think of God as dwelling *in* man rather than as operating *on* man from without? This might be taken to imply a denial or at least a doubt of God's personality and of man's personality as distinct and separate from God's, and this implication I vigorously and energetically disavow. If I speak of God in man, it is as one speaks of one soul working within another, so that the two personalities intermingle, the two lives are intertwined. Perhaps it will be better to attempt no formal statement of the general principle; rather to illustrate it by special applications.

Revelation, then, appears to me less a sudden disclosure to man of God, as some one external and before hidden, than a gradual awakening in man of that spiritual life which alone can take cognizance of God. Revelation is the unveiling of God. There has been a great deal of discussion about the nature of inspiration. Dr. McConnell, of Brooklyn, called attention, a year ago last winter, to the fact that the word inspiration occurs but twice in the Bible,[2] and only once in such connection that it can be deemed to refer to Scriptural teaching. The claim of the Bible writers for themselves is not that they were inspired by God, but that they have made a revelation of God. What does this mean?

Revelation is unveiling, and discovery is uncovering; two words more nearly synonymous I do not know where to find. The revelation of God is simply the unveiling or the uncovering or the discovery of God. What the Bible writers claim for themselves is this: "We have been studying life, history, nature, our own personal experiences; and we have found some truths about God, and we tell you what they are." The word discovery is used for science; the word revelation for theology; but they mean substantially the same thing—the unveiling of the secret of life. Science goes a little way in the search and stops; the prophet goes further, and discovers behind all the forces and all the laws which science has discovered the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness—in a word, God. Discovery is the revelation of the laws and forces operating in nature. Revelation is the discovery of Him who is the Lawgiver and the Force-producer. Discovery is revelation in the physical realm; revelation is discovery in the spiritual realm. The man of outsight, with skill in the observation of the sensuous world, is a discoverer; the man of insight, with skill in the perception of the invisible world, is a revelator.

God has given to different nations different missions. He has given to Rome the mission of teaching the world the meaning of law; to Greece the meaning of art and philosophy; to the Hebrew race the meaning of religion. He has given this race this message: Tell the world what you can learn of God and his relation to men. The Hebrew people have added nothing to the architecture, the art, the philosophy of life; but they have been a prophetic race—discoverers of God. In this race there were pre-eminently religious men, who saw God more clearly than their fellows, and God's relation to mankind more clearly, and God's relation to human events more clearly, and told their fellows what they saw. And, from all their telling, natural selection says the scientist, providence says the theologian—I say the two are the same—elected those that had in them the most vital truth, the most enduring, the most worthy to endure. Thus we have in the Old Testament something like twoscore of writers, the most spiritually-minded of a spiritually-minded race, telling us what they have discovered concerning God. This is the Bible. It is the gradual discovery of God in the hearts and through the tongues of prophets who were themselves members of a prophetic race.

God is always revealing himself, and always has been revealing himself. He has always been knocking at the door; he has always been standing at the window. He has always been showing his character. They who have seen it best and most clearly, and had power

[1] Being the second half of an address delivered before the alumni of Bangor Theological Seminary, May 18, 1898. See last week's issue of The Outlook.

[2] Job xxxii., 8; 2 Timothy iii., 16.

to tell us what they have seen, are the world's prophets. What is distinctive in respect to Hebrew law is not its universal applicability to the human race—there is a great deal in the Hebrew law to which we no longer pay any attention; it is the recognition of the fact that God is the great lawgiver. What is peculiar in the Hebrew history is not its narration of great battles, great statesmen's endeavors and achievements; it is the history of the dealing of God with a particular people. God is as truly with the American race as he ever was with the Hebrew race; as truly with Abraham Lincoln as he was with Moses. The difference between the Hebrew race and the American race is the difference between the Old Testament Scriptures and the modern newspaper. The modern newspaper is enterprising, and it gathers news, and gathers gossip that is not news, from the four quarters of the globe; but it fails to see God in human history. The Old Testament prophets did not show the same enterprise, did not have the same wideness of view; but they did see God in human history, and have helped us to see him. That vision of God is equally characteristic of the fiction of the Bible—Ruth, Esther, Jonah, the parable of the prodigal son—there are some people who think it is irreverent to suggest that there is any fiction in the Old Testament, but quite right to find it in the words of Christ in the New; and of the drama of the Bible—the epic drama of Job, the love drama of the Song of Songs. In these is seen a manifestation, a revelation of goodness and truth and righteousness, and, above all, of a personal God dealing with men. This is the characteristic of the Hebrew poetry. We find more beautiful phrasing in Wordsworth, or in Tennyson, or in Longfellow, or in Whittier, but nowhere do you find in literature, ancient or modern, such discoveries of God as in the Hebrew Psalter. The "Eternal Goodness" may seem to you more beautiful than the One Hundred and Third Psalm; but would Whittier have written "Eternal Goodness" if he had not read the One Hundred and Third Psalm?

But if this be so, and the Bible be a revelation and disclosure of God, why not new revelations? why not new disclosures? why not a new Bible? If the American continent was discovered by Columbus, why does not some one discover a new continent? Because we have discovered all the continents there are. What is it that this Bible tells us about God, the Infinite and the Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness? Sum it all up, put it in the briefest statement; what does it tell us respecting God?

God is love. Love is service. The highest manifestation of service is self-sacrifice. The highest self-sacrifice is the laying down of one's life for the sake of the wholly undeserving.

Is there anything to be added to that message? Can you conceive of any statement respecting the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, beyond these four declarations—first, this Infinite and Eternal Energy is love; second, this love shows itself in unpaid service; third, this service runs beyond all self-glorification into self-sacrifice; and, last of all, this self-sacrifice shows itself in laying down life that the undeserving may walk along the prostrate form up to the eternal heights of glory? If any one has another revelation, let him bring it.

But there is opportunity, infinite opportunity, for added disclosure of God, added revelation of God, in the unfolding and application of this truth to the experiences of the nation, the church, and the individual. If it were not so, you and I could not go on preaching upon this Bible. If there were not revelations in the Bible that the Bible writers themselves did not fully comprehend; if there were not revelations in the Bible that all the past has not discovered; if we were not continually finding new meanings in old texts; if God was not continually rewriting his Bible in our experience, and giving us a new message to new generations, we might well close our church doors and stop our preaching. We preachers are not to stop at the revelation which God has made of himself to others; we are to take that revelation that he may be revealed to us and by us. The Bible is a guide to a revelation, not a substitute for it. Only as we so use the Bible that we stop not at the book, but go through the book to the God who gave it forth, are we worthy to be prophets and preachers in this nineteenth century.

The forgiveness of sins is, in my thinking of it, no longer an exceptional, episodical manifestation of a supernatural grace; it is the revelation and effect of the habit of mind of the eternal Father toward all his children. The

laws of forgiveness are a part o the laws of the Almighty and the All-gracious. It is said that the violation of natural law is never forgiven. It is said that if you put your finger in the candle it will burn, pray as you will, and if you fall from your horse you will break a bone, however pious you may be; whether the bone breaks or not depends, not upon your piety, but upon your age. Is it indeed true that there is no forgiveness in natural law? What a strange-looking audience this would be if there were none! The boy cuts his finger and nature begins to heal it; he breaks his arm—nature begins to knit the bone; he burns his finger—nature provides a new skin. Nature, that is, God, implants in man himself the help-giving powers that remove disease; and, in addition, stores the world full of remedies also, so that specifics may be found for almost every disease to which flesh is heir. The laws of healing are wrought into the physical realm; they are a part of the divine economy; and shall we think that He who helps the man to a new skin and to a new bone cares nothing for his moral nature, and will not help him when he has fallen into sin?

Forgiveness of sin is not remission of penalty. It may include that, or it may not; but it is not that. Redemption is not letting a man out of one place and putting him into another; it is not barring the doors of hell and throwing open the doors of heaven. The phrase used in the Greek Testament for the forgiveness of sins is two Greek words meaning sending away of sin; and I believe I am right, though I make the statement with some hesitation, that that Greek phrase, the sending away of sin, is never used in classical Greek to signify forgiveness, and is always used in the New Testament Greek to signify forgiveness. Two men are arrested and brought before a New York court; one is sent to Elmira Reformatory, where he must stay until he is cured; one is sent to Sing Sing for ten years. The one who is sent to Sing Sing has political influence and gets a pardon after he has been there three months, and comes out to plunge into thievery again; the other man stays ten years in Elmira Reformatory, and comes out an honest man, to live an honest life. Which of these men is redeemed?—the man who escapes the penalty and continues in the sin, or the man who is delivered from the sin and bears the penalty? Forgiveness is not remission of penalty, though it may include that. Forgiveness is remission of the sin itself; and God is always lifting off the sins of he world. Though your sins be as scarlet, they"—*the sins themselves*—"shall be as white as snow." "This is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of"—penalty? No!—"the remission of sin." I no longer believe that Christ died that he might bear the penalty which a just God must inflict because law required it; I believe he died that he might give life by his death, the remission, not of penalty, but of the sin itself. "Behold," says John, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. Oh, how we belittle Scripture! I used to think that text meant, Behold, the Lamb of God which takes away some sins from some men, in some parts of the world. No! He is the Lamb of God, who is taking away *the* sin from *the* world, and when his work is done the end will be a sinless world.

I no longer think of sacrifice as one act done on man's behalf by the Son of God to propitiate divine wrath or satisfy divine law. I believe not less but more profoundly in sacrifice since I have come to think of it as the law of spiritual life, and of Christ as the Lamb of God slain from the foundation of the world. For the phrase "suffering love" appears to me to be tautology. Love must suffer so long as the loved one sins or suffers. So long as God is love and his children sin and suffer, God suffers with and for them. The sacrifice of Christ is the revelation of a sacrifice which will not end till sin and suffering shall be no more. From the hour when Eve looked with puzzled anguish into the unresponsive face of Abel, marble-like in the mystery of death, and then went out in the unutterable longings of a mother's heart after the fugitive brother, down to this hour, love has suffered for the stricken and for the sinful, and through anguished and broken hearts has poured itself out in sacrifice to save. Vicarious sacrifice is the law of life; that is, it is the law of God's own nature. The divinest thing man ever does is to suffer for another; and the divinest form of sacrifice is that suffered for the unworthy; and its greatest triumph is won when, through sacrifice, the unworthy becomes worthy. The long history of love's sacrifices seems to me the history of God's love dwelling in human hearts and inspiring human lives to their highest and divinest service; and the sacrifice of Christ seems to me the climacteric expression of that love, the supreme revelation of God's life, the supreme gift of God's life. The sacrifice is

offered not by nor on behalf of man to God, but by God for the life of man; it is not the condition on which God grants forgiveness, but the method by which he forgives—that is, delivers his children from the death of sin by imparting to them the life of holiness. As the truth of God is revealed in all the teachings of prophets, as the benevolence of God is revealed in all the philanthropies of the humane, so the deeper love of God is revealed in all the sacrificial love of earth's vicarious sufferers. And as Christ is the consummation of the revelation of the truth of God by his teaching and of the benevolence of God by his service, so is he the consummation of the deeper love of God by his suffering and sacrifice.

Incarnation: what is that? God was in Christ. Why? Christ said of himself, "I am the door." A door is not to be simply looked at; you push it open and go in. Why was God in Christ? Why was Christ a door? In order that through Christ God might enter into the human race and the human race might enter into Christ.

In my friend's house on the Hudson River is a window framed in as though it were a picture; one opening the door and coming into that room and looking, sees, as though hanging on the wall, a picture, including the mountains, the valley, the river, the distant city. I imagine two persons coming in and looking at that picture; one saying, "This is an image of the landscape hand-painted;" the other: "No, that is the real mountain, the real valley, the real river, seen through a glass." The one no less than the other thinks the real is represented. That seems to me fairly to represent the difference between the *liberal* Congregationalist and the *orthodox* Unitarian. The orthodox Unitarian looks at the picture on the wall and says: "That is not the image of God, but it looks exactly like him." Now, I am orthodox; I believe that through the window I see God himself in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is the image of God, the reflection of God, God manifest in the flesh; that is, such a manifestation of God as is possible in a human life. I never say, I never should say, Jesus Christ is God, because what I said a few moments ago, and you then agreed with me, I repeat now, when some of you will not agree with me: GOD IS MORE THAN THE SUM OF ALL HIS MANIFESTATIONS. Jesus Christ is one of the manifestations of God, but God is more than the sum of all his manifestations.[1] You hear a great preacher like Phillips Brooks, and you say, "I have heard Phillips Brooks." I beg your pardon—you have heard one little bit of Phillips Brooks. He is a great deal more than any sermon he ever preached; and if you gather all his sermons together and read them all, still there are in him resources that you have not seen. When I look at the one transcendent historical manifestation of God in Jesus Christ tabernacling in the flesh, there is no praise I would give to the Father that I will not give to him, no prayer I will direct to the Father that I will not direct to him, no reverence I will show to the Father that I will not show to him; and yet, when I am asked of my philosophy, Is Jesus Christ God? I reply, God is more than the sum of all his manifestations, and, therefore, God is more than Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is God manifest in the flesh, and God entering into that flesh in order that he may enter into the whole of humanity; God in man.

The question is sometimes asked—it was asked, I remember, a few years ago of a young theological student in this very State of Maine—"Do you think the divinity of Jesus Christ differs in kind or differs in degree from the divinity in man?" He replied, "In degree." For that he was sharply called to an account by the "Advance," and we asked in The Outlook, "Will the 'Advance' tell us how the divinity in man differs in kind from the divinity in God?" and never got an answer. There are not two kinds of divinity. If there are, then there are two kinds of God. That is polytheism. There is only one divine patience, one divine righteousness, one divine justice, one divine love, one divine mercy. The divinity in man is the same in kind as the divinity in Christ, because it is the same in kind as the divinity in God. We are made in God's image. That means that we are in kind like God. It is sin, and only sin, which makes us unlike him. We are children of God. That means that our natures are themselves begotten of him, flow forth from him. A sinless man would be the image of the Eternal Father, because the child of the Eternal Father, begotten of God. God has come into Christ and filled that one

[1] The question of the tri-personality of God—the Trinity of Person as distinguished from the Trinity of manifestation—including the question of the conscious pre-existence of the Logos, it did not come within the province of this address to discuss. Personally I accept the Trinitarian view of tri-personality; that is, that the Trinity of manifestation apparent to us has a basis in a Trinity of Person necessarily hidden from us.

life full of himself, so that when you look at it you look through the glass and see the Father; and this he has done in order that he may come into your life and my life; in order that he may dwell in us and fill us full of himself.

If one objects to the statement that God is incarnating himself in the human race, I will not use the phraseology, because I will not shock people's minds needlessly; but I believe that God came into Christ and filled Christ full of himself in order that he might come into us and fill us full of himself. And so I dare to try to go where he leads; and when he climbs those mountain heights, stands so far above me, and still beckons and calls down to me, and says, "Lyman Abbott, follow me," I believe I can, or he would not call me; he would not tell me to go if he would not give me the power to go. And so I dare to pray, though as with bated breath, the prayer which Paul has taught us: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God."

It seems to me, then, that the relation of nature and the supernatural to Christian thought has undergone a great change in the last half-century; and that it is a change which promotes Christian life, because it brings God nearer to us in our Christian thought, and makes religion seem more natural and more real. In the thought of to-day God is not apart from nature and life, but in nature and life: creation is continuous; all events are providential; revelation is progressive; forgiveness is through law, not in violation of it; sacrifice is the divine method of life-giving; incarnation is not consummated until God dwells in all humanity and Jesus Christ is seen to be the first-born among many brethren. Then, when God's work is done, and he is everywhere—as he is now everywhere but in the hearts of those who will not have him—when he is in all human hearts and lives, as he has been in all nature and in all history, then will come the end, and God will be all and in all.

Books and Authors

The Burns-Dunlop Correspondence[1]

The correspondence of Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, now published in full for the first time, is of unusual significance, not only for the light it throws upon previous editorial confusions or mistakes relative to dates and texts, and upon obscure incidents in the life of Burns, but chiefly for its illumination of the poet's character, and for the illustration of a friendship singular in literary annals.

The two volumes contain ninety-six letters or parts of letters from Burns to Mrs. Dunlop, thirty-eight of which, belonging to the Lochryan MSS., are now published for the first time, together with those that appeared previously under the editorship of Currie, Cromek, and Scott-Douglas. They contain, besides, ninety-seven letters of Mrs. Dunlop to Burns, belonging also to the Lochryan MSS., and never before published. This important body of correspondence, including MSS. of several of the Poems, is edited with remarkable clarity and acumen by William Wallace, the editor of "Robert Chambers's Life and Works of Robert Burns." In his preface he calls attention to the richness of the new matter in biographical details. Of the several facts revealed, not the least important is that it was "within the bounds of possibility that Burns might have been a military officer and alternatively a professor in the University of Edinburgh;" also that the author of the "Wealth of Nations" would have been glad to have appointed him to the place of salt-officer in the customs service. Much fresh knowledge is gained of Burns's connection with the excise, and of the events of the last years of his life. Besides these biographical details there are others of an editorial value, by which mistakes in dates and in the readings of the poems are rectified, making the work of unusual importance to the student of Burns.

The supreme office of these letters, however, is their illumination of the poet's personality through his friendship with an eighteenth-century gentlewoman, who was neither a wit, nor a beauty, nor a bluestocking. This Mrs.

[1] *Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop.* Correspondence now published in full for the first time, with Elucidations by William Wallace. In Two Volumes. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5.

descriptions of the National Military and Naval Academies, for two reasons: first, because in the education furnished by these schools is to be found the secret of American efficiency in the fierce contests of arms; and, second, because there has perhaps never been a more impressive concrete illustration of the vital importance of education. The pernicious idea that one man is as good as another, no matter what differences of training exist between them, has never received a more crushing blow than in the history of this war. Match man against man, other things being equal. and the trained man holds success in the hollow of his hand

Courage, character, health, readiness to work. are all essential to success; but without specific skill in doing a specific thing they leave a man as ineffective as a locomotive which is derailed. The pluck of the men on our ships is magnificent; but it was not pluck which destroyed the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila and in that hot chase along the southern coast of Cuba; it was gunnery training at Annapolis and gunnery practice on the high seas. American alertness and readiness are very effective qualities, but they cannot rain balls with unerring accuracy on the decks of a flying ship at a distance of a mile and a half. That deadly certainty of reach and force was gained by long, patient, wearisome drill; the dull drudgery of practice against the monotony of which the American temperament so often revolts. Reinforce American alertness with the skill of eye, hand, and brain which come from infinite patience in practice, and you secure the man of skill trained to succeed under all conditions; leave the American alertness undisciplined, and you produce the man who may succeed if conditions are favorable. The future belongs to the most thoroughly educated race; for education is the key to the wisest use of the materials and processes of nature and of life.

It will be said, however, that character rather than training is the key to success on land and sea; but what is character but the final result of educational processes? Back of the sailors and soldiers in both armies and both navies are the people from whom they are drawn; and the differences between these peoples are largely differences of educational opportunity. In Spain, the Inquisition, or the spirit which it bequeathed; in America, the public school. In Spain, repression of individual energy, suppression of individual action, limitation of individual knowledge; in America, steady encouragement of individual effort, rich reward of individual energy, the open door to every kind of knowledge. In Spain, tutelage to the priest; in America, self-dependence, freedom, and the widest reach of individual development. In Spain everything is done to suppress individuality; in America everything is done to liberate it. In Spain institutional life keeps men ignorant; in America institutional life is a national education.

The political character of the English-speaking peoples is the product, in large measure, of the education of a free political life. There may be a race instinct at the root of it, but its development is the rich result of fifteen hundred years of constant appeal to individual intelligence, energy, and effort. Such an education goes deep because it is so largely unconscious; it accumulates an immense capital of force, self-respect, moral aptitude, and political power. The man born into such an educational inheritance starts in life at an immense advantage; for he inherits the aptitudes and opportunities which fit him for the most effective use of special training.

Behind the man at the gun is not only the technical school which makes him an expert in its use; there is also that magnificent school of tradition, inheritance, political order, and access to knowledge which give him steadiness. alertness, a quick eye, and an organism which is the responsive instrument of his mind. First, the man, fashioned by the deepest educational influences; second, the gunner, trained to do his work with consummate skill—that is the moral of the war so far.

He who runs may read! The discipline which fits a man to handle a gun with such precision and agility that no ship can live long under his fire must be paralleled in every kind of work if the great resources of the American continent are to be husbanded and the great forces of American character made effective. The country needs more and better education in the professions, in business, in agriculture, in manufacturing, in mining, in finance. It cannot succeed in the tremendous competition for commercial supremacy in the modern world, nor in the working out of its own destiny, by native sagacity and alertness alone; it must command all the resources of science and of technical skill. It must have better-educated men in its public life; more thoroughly trained men in its civil

MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U.S.A.
Commanding the Army

service; more adequately equipped representatives abroad. It costs as much to build a modern cruiser of the first class as to organize and endow a college; the cruiser goes the way of all things made with hands; the college is imperishable. The country needs the cruiser for the present; but it needs still more that education which makes the cruiser invincible. The brutalities of war cannot outlast the twentieth century; in the nobler rivalries of peace the school, the college, and the university are to be the nurseries of those higher skills and successes which enrich and broaden the civilization of the race. The future belongs to the nation which learns the truth and makes the most of it.

George Kennan's Story of the War[1]

IX.—At the Front and in Siboney

[The following extracts from a personal letter of Mr. Kennan, at Siboney, to the Editors of The Outlook, under date of July 8, are of strong interest, as showing the personal difficulties under which a correspondent at the front labors, and the uncertainty of communication with this country, as well as for the items of news included: "When I arrived here from Key West, there was no post-office nearer than Port Antonio, Jamaica, about a hundred miles away. Mails were being forwarded from Admiral Sampson's fleet in Government dispatch-boats—that is, official mails—but I was all the time from twelve to fifty miles from the fleet, and I had no means either of communicating with it or of knowing when the Government dispatch-boats would sail. Through the courtesy of Captain McCalla, of the Marblehead, I was allowed to send you a cable from Guantanamo Bay on the 26th of June, the day after my arrival on the coast. The Haytian cable had then just been repaired. Since then a line of telegraphic communication has been opened to this point, but they refuse to accept private or press telegrams, and even the Red Cross has to send its dispatches through the War Department in Washington, addressed to a War Department official. A little more than a week ago the first United States post-office on the island of Cuba was opened at Baiquiri, six miles east of Siboney by road; but it did not help me much, for the reason that I couldn't get there and back without walking twelve miles over a bad road in intense heat, and I didn't care to run the risk of such exposure until I had become a little accustomed to the country and the climate. . . . The launch [the Moynier, gift of The Outlook's readers] has not yet arrived, but we are expecting it every day. It was to be here not later than July 10. I am going back to the front to-morrow, and hope to enter Santiago with the army when it goes in. Ten thousand women, children, and old people of both sexes have fled from the city in anticipation of a bombardment, and are now at Caney, on the extreme right of our army, where the Red Cross is trying to feed them from a base of supplies about eighteen miles distant. We are now feeding refugees at Guantanamo Bay, Siboney, and Caney, along a line nearly sixty miles in length; we have a hospital of our own here, and a Red Cross emergency station in the hospital camp of the Fifth Army Corps at the front."]

Siboney, Cuban Coast,
Twelve miles east of Santiago,
Friday, July 8, 1898.

I HAVE just returned from the front, where I have been for the past week. Miss Barton, Dr. Hubbell, Dr. Egan, and I rode out to the coast after dark last night in an old army wagon, leaving the field hospital of the Fifth Army Corps about seven o'clock and reaching here soon after ten. The surf raised by a strong southeasterly wind was rolling so high on the strip of beach behind which this village stands that we could not get off on board the State of Texas, nor even communicate with her. It was extremely tantalizing to us, tired, hungry, and camp-soiled as we were, to see the lights of our steamer only a quarter of a mile away, to know that almost within reach were a cool bath, a good supper, a clean bed, and all the comforts, if not the luxuries, of life, and yet to feel that, so far as we were concerned, they were as unattainable as if the ship were in the Bay of San Francisco.

Siboney is a wretched little hamlet contain-

[1] Copyright, 1898, by the Outlook Company.

ing only ten or fifteen abandoned and incredibly dirty Spanish houses, most of which are now used either as hospitals or for government offices. None of them contain sleeping accommodations, even of the most primitive kind; all of them are crowded; and if one arrives in the village, as we did, at a late hour of the night, there is nothing to be done but bivouac somewhere on the dirty, flea-infested floor of an open piazza, or lie out on the ground. One of the largest and most commodious buildings in the village, a one-story house with a high front stoop or porch, was used, apparently, during the Spanish occupation of the place, as a store or shop. It now shelters the "United States Post-Office, Military Station No. 1," which was transferred from Baiquiri to Siboney two or three days ago. In front of this building our army wagon stopped, and we men went in to inquire for mail and to see if we could find a decently clean place for Miss Barton to sleep. She was quite ready to bivouac in the army wagon; but we hoped to get something better for her. Mr. Brewer, the postmaster, whom I had met in one of my lecture trips through the West and more recently in the field, received us cordially, and at once offered Miss Barton his own cot, in a room that had not yet been cleaned or swept, back of the general delivery department. By the light of a single candle it seemed to be a gloomy, dirty, and barn-like apartment; but the cot was the only thing in the shape of a bed that I had seen in Siboney, outside of the hospitals, and we accepted it for Miss Barton with grateful hearts. The employees of the post-office were all sleeping in camp-chairs or on the counters and floors. Where Mr. Brewer went when he had given his own bed to Miss Barton, I don't know. I left her writing orders and telegrams by the light of a flaring, guttering candle about eleven o'clock, and went out on the piazza to take a more careful survey of the premises and make up my mind where I would sleep.

Lying across the high stoop on the floor was a long white object, which appeared, in the darkness, to be a woman in her night-gown with her head raised a little on the sill of a disused door. I stepped over her once in going down stairs to the street, and wondered what calamity of war had reduced a woman to the necessity of sleeping in such a place and in circumstances of such hardship and privation. I was just discussing with Dr. Hubbell the possibility of getting the United States Signal Corps man in the telegraph office to signal our steamer for a boat, regardless of the high surf, when the long white figure on the floor rose, with an unmistakably masculine grunt, and remarked, with a slight English accent, that he did not think there was any possibility of getting off to a ship in a small boat, inasmuch as he had been trying for twenty-four hours to get on board of his own vessel and had not succeeded yet. The figure proved to be that of Lord Alfred Paget, naval observer for the British Government, and what I had taken in the darkness for the white gown of a woman was his white duck uniform. After discussing the situation for a few moments, and declaring discontentedly that our Engineer Corps had had time enough to build six piers and yet had not finished one, he lay down on the floor again, without blanket, pillow, or overcoat, rested his head on the sill of the disused door, and apparently went to sleep, while I debated in my mind the question whether I had better sleep with him on the floor of the piazza, and take the chance of getting yellow fever from a possibly infected building, or lie out on the ground, where I might be stepped on by prowling Cuban refugees, or run over by a mule-team coming in from the front. I finally decided that sleeping accommodations which were good enough for Lord Paget were good enough for me, and, just as the moon was rising over the high, rocky rampart east of the village, I rolled myself up in my blanket and lay down on the floor against the piazza rail. Dr. Hubbell slept on the counter of the money-order division of the post-office, while Dr. Egan, without blanket or pillow, stretched himself out on the dirty planks below.

We were all up at daybreak, and, making my toilet by tightening my belt and putting on my mud-spattered pith helmet, I went down to the water's edge to try to find some means of communicating with the ship. During my absence at the front there had evidently been strong winds and heavy seas, for the strip of beach was covered with the wrecks of lighters which had been smashed while trying to land supplies in the surf, and a large steam lighter-launch, loaded with twenty tons or more of hard bread, beans, etc., was lying on the bottom, half submerged, about fifty yards from shore, with the sea breaking over her. The small temporary pier at which I landed when I went to the

front had been completely demolished and swept away, but another stronger one was in process of construction.

The most serious embarrassments with which the army of invasion has had to contend since it reached the coast and began its march on Santiago are: first, the extreme difficulty of landing supplies in a place like this, where there is neither pier nor shelter, and where the beach is lashed a large part of the time by a high and dangerous surf; and, second, the difficulty of getting these supplies to the front over a single line of very bad road, with an insufficient number of mules and army wagons. General Shafter's commissaries and quartermasters have done all that they could do since they arrived, and, under the circumstances, have succeeded fairly well; but if these two difficulties had been foreseen and provided for, there would not now be so many smashed lighters and launches on the beach, and the soldiers at the front would not have been so much of the time on short rations, nor have been compelled to boil water and cook their rations in coffee-cups and tomato-cans, as they are now doing. The difficulty of landing supplies on this exposed and surf-beaten coast might have been anticipated, it seems to me, and provided for. The war-ships of Sampson's and Schley's fleets were here long before General Shafter's army left Tampa, and their commanders must have seen, I think, that to get supplies ashore through the surf at any point between Santiago and Guantanamo Bay would be extremely difficult and hazardous, and would probably require the use of special engineering devices and appliances. The prevailing winds here are from the east and southeast, and from such winds the little indentations of the coast at Siboney and Baiquiri afford no protection whatever. A strong breeze raises a sea which may amount to nothing outside, but which is very troublesome, if not dangerous, to loaded boats and lighters as soon as they reach the line where it begins to break in surf. The water is very deep close to shore; it is difficult, therefore, to construct a pier of any great length; and even if there were a long and solid pier, small boats and lighters could not discharge cargo upon it with any safety while they were being tossed up and down and dashed against it by a heavy sea. I am not an expert in such matters, but in watching the landing of supplies here, both from our own steamer and from the army transports, it has seemed to me that what is known, I believe, as a "cable hoist" might have been used to advantage if it had been provided in time. It is a contrivance resembling the cable and car employed by life-saving crews on our coasts to bring shipwrecked sailors ashore under similar conditions; or, to use a comparison that is more familiar, it is a reproduction on a large scale of the traveling cash-boxes on wires used in large department stores. If a suitable transport were anchored outside the line of surf, fifty or seventy-five yards from the beach, and a steel cable were stretched from it to a strong mast on shore, I do not see any reason why cargo might not be carried over the cable in a suspended car or cars with much greater rapidity and safety than it is now carried in lighters. Such devices are used, I think, at several points on the western coast of South America for putting guano and phosphates on board of vessels where communication with the shore is hazardous and uncertain on account of swell or surf.

The second difficulty, viz., that of transportation to the front, might have been avoided by bringing here a larger number of wagons and mules. Our army before Santiago has suffered for want of a great many things that the soldiers had with them on the transports, but that were not landed and carried promptly forward. Among such things are large tents, rubber blankets, camp kettles, and large cooking utensils generally. "What's the use of telling us to drink only boiled water," said an officer of the Seventh Infantry to me, "when we haven't anything bigger than a coffee-cup or an old tomato-can to boil it in, or to keep it in after it has been boiled? They tell us also that we must sleep in hammocks, not get wet if we can help it, and change our underclothes whenever we do get wet. That's all very well, but there isn't a hammock in my company. I haven't any rubber blanket or spare underclothes myself, and I don't believe any of my soldiers have. They made us leave everything that we could possibly dispense with at Tampa, and then, when we got here, they didn't land and send with us even the indispensable things that we had on the transports."

The complaint of the officer was a perfectly just one, and I have heard many more like it. The insufficient and inadequate provision for the care and feeding of the wounded at the field hospital of the Fifth

Army Corps, which I have tried to describe in previous letters, was due largely to the inability of General Shafter's commissaries and quartermasters to cope successfully with the two great difficulties above indicated, viz., landing from the steamers and transportation to the front. The hospital corps had supplies on the vessels at Siboney, but, as everything could not possibly be landed and carried forward at once, preference was given to ammunition and rations for able-bodied soldiers rather than to tents, blankets, and invalid food for the wounded. I do not mean to be understood as saying that the hospital corps had, even on the transports, everything that they needed in order to enable them to take proper care of the eight hundred or one thousand wounded who were thrown on their hands in the course of forty-eight hours. I do not know whether they had or not. Neither do I mean to say that the commissaries and quartermasters did not do all that they possibly could to land and forward supplies of all kinds. I mean only that, as a result of our inability to surmount these difficulties promptly, our army at the front was not properly equipped and our wounded were not adequately cared for. The hospital corps and quartermasters and commissary departments of the army, however, were not alone in their failure to anticipate and fully provide for these difficulties. The Red Cross itself was in no better case. There was perhaps more excuse for us, because when we fitted out we did not know where the army was going nor what it proposed to do, but we had been assured by the Surgeon-General and by the General in command that, so far as the care of sick and wounded soldiers was concerned, our services would not be required. We expected, however, that they would be, and, could we have known in what field and under what conditions our army was going to move and fight, we should probably have had, in some directions, a better, or at least a more suitable, equipment. If we had had here last week half a dozen army wagons, an equal number of saddle-horses, and forty or fifty mules of our own, we should have been in much better condition than we were to cope with the difficulties of the situation. But for the assistance of the army, which helped us out with transportation, notwithstanding its own limited resources, we should not have been able to establish a Red Cross station at the front in time to co-operate with the hospital corps after last week's battle, nor should we have been able to send food to the ten thousand refugees from Santiago who fled, hungry and destitute, to the right wing of our army at Caney. For an opportunity to get into the field we are indebted to General Shafter, to his hospital corps, and to the officers of his army, and we desire most gratefully to acknowledge and thank them for the helping hand they extended to us when we had virtually no transportation whatever of our own.

We now have a Red Cross station in the field hospital of the Fifth Army Corps at the front; a hospital of our own here with twenty-five beds attended by six trained nurses under direction of Dr. Lesser, and we have had entire charge of one ward of thirty beds in the general hospital directed by Major Legard. We are feeding refugees at several points on a line extending east and west nearly sixty miles from the right wing of our army at Caney to the naval station at Guantanamo Bay. At the latter place we have landed fifteen thousand rations to be distributed under the general direction of Captain McCalla, of the cruiser Marblehead, and General Perez, commanding the Cuban forces in the Guantanamo district. To the refugees from Santiago at Caney—about ten thousand in number, and mostly women and children—we have forwarded, chiefly in army wagons furnished by General Shafter, about eighteen tons of foodstuffs, and are sending more as fast as we can land it in lighters through the surf. Our field of operations is constantly growing wider, and if half that we hear is true our resources will soon be taxed to their utmost limit. General Perez writes to Captain McCalla that there are two hundred thousand people in eastern Cuba suffering for food. I have not implicit confidence in Cuban estimates, but that the distress is very widespread there is no doubt. We are expecting every day the arrival of the steamer Red Cross and the steam launch Moynier with more hospital and medical stores.

I am going to our advanced line of trenches in front of the Rough Riders' camp to-morrow (the Rough Riders are always as near the enemy as it is possible to get), and from there, if there is no immediate prospect of a battle, I shall go to Caney, where the Santiago refugees are, on the right flank. I will send another letter out at the first opportunity.

GEORGE KENNAN.

Education at West Point

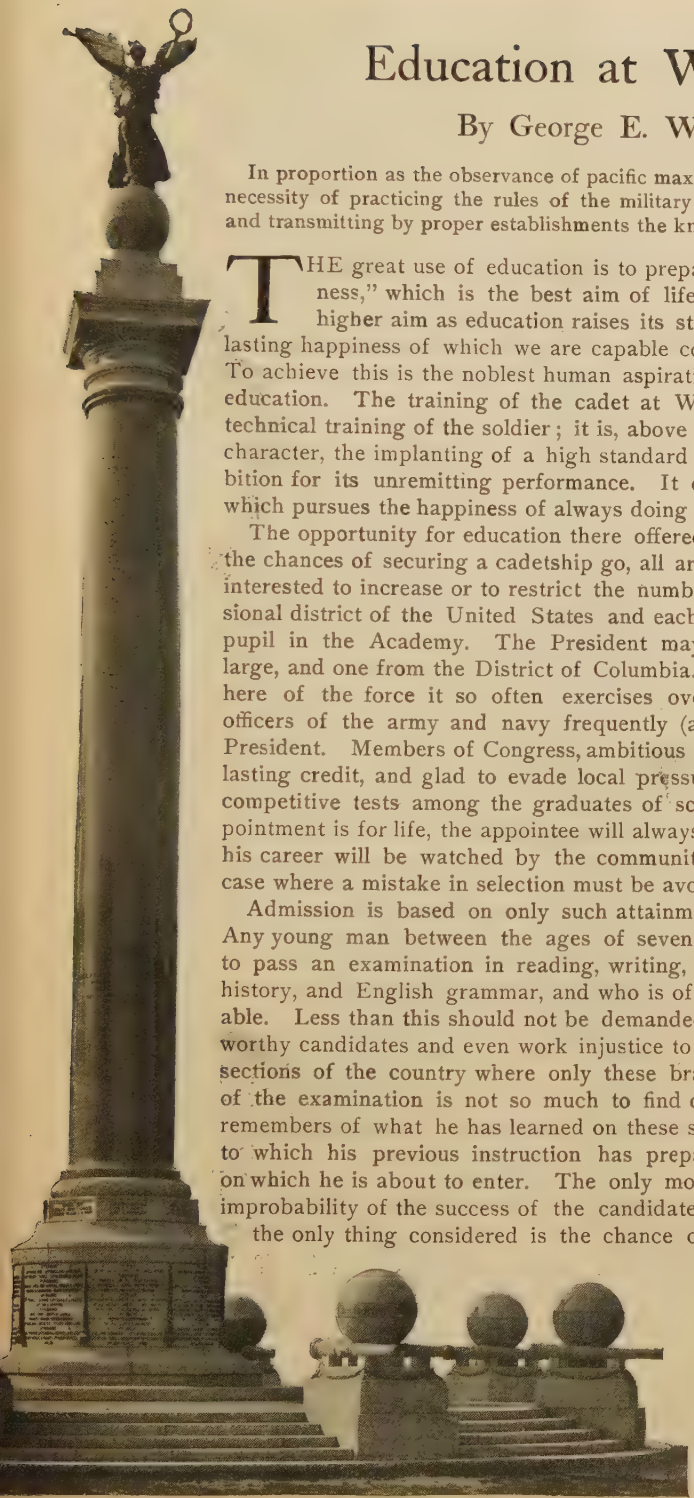
By George E. Waring, Jr.

In proportion as the observance of pacific maxims might exempt a nation from the necessity of practicing the rules of the military art, ought to be its care in procuring and transmitting by proper establishments the knowledge of that art.—*Washington.*

THE great use of education is to prepare us for "the pursuit of happiness," which is the best aim of life, and which becomes a higher and higher aim as education raises its standard. The most complete and lasting happiness of which we are capable comes from a sense of duty done. To achieve this is the noblest human aspiration, as it is the crowning glory of education. The training of the cadet at West Point is only incidentally the technical training of the soldier; it is, above this and above all, the forming of character, the implanting of a high standard of duty and the inciting of an ambition for its unremitting performance. It develops an intelligent manliness, which pursues the happiness of always doing one's best.

The opportunity for education there offered is open to all classes. So far as the chances of securing a cadetship go, all are born free and equal. No one is interested to increase or to restrict the number of admissions. Each Congressional district of the United States and each Territory is entitled to have one pupil in the Academy. The President may appoint ten from the country at large, and one from the District of Columbia. Political influence seems to fail here of the force it so often exercises over other appointments. Sons of officers of the army and navy frequently (and properly) find favor with the President. Members of Congress, ambitious that their nominees should do them lasting credit, and glad to evade local pressure, often leave their selection to competitive tests among the graduates of schools of their districts. The appointment is for life, the appointee will always be in a conspicuous position, and his career will be watched by the community from which he comes. It is a case where a mistake in selection must be avoided, if possible.

Admission is based on only such attainments as are within the reach of all. Any young man between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, who is able to pass an examination in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, American history, and English grammar, and who is of sound body and mind, is acceptable. Less than this should not be demanded; more than this might exclude worthy candidates and even work injustice to some classes or perhaps to whole sections of the country where only these branches are taught. The purpose of the examination is not so much to find out what a young man knows or remembers of what he has learned on these subjects, as it is to test the degree to which his previous instruction has prepared him for the educational work on which he is about to enter. The only motive for exclusion is based on the improbability of the success of the candidate in his academic course; that is, the only thing considered is the chance of his being able to maintain his position among his fellows and to repay the Government for his cost by profiting from his advantages.



ONUMENT TO FALLEN OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE REGULAR ARMY

Professor Michie, who has been at the Academy for thirty-one years, and who takes strong personal interest in all of the cadets, says:

"When the results of the en-

INSPECTION

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

trance examination are announced, and the candidates are drawn up into line to receive their first instruction, it is a pathetic sight to look upon their earnest faces, and one well calculated to arouse our deepest emotions. In dress, appearance, culture, and material condition they are representative types of every section of the country and of every class of our people. But from this moment the cherished associations of birthplace and home pass little by little into that inner sanctuary where the love of mother abides, and the newer affections of service and country are gradually implanted."

That the examinations are not too severe is evidenced by the large number of those admitted who cannot stand the strain of the subsequent course.

Admission is followed by a probationary period of six months, when those who have shown by their proficiency that they have a good chance of maintaining a fair standing in their class are regularly installed, and enter upon a course of education, of military drill and training, and of physical development, lasting, with little intermission, for three and a half years.

Simple though the requirements for admission are, fully one-third of the candidates are excluded for inadequate preparation. Once admitted, the competition is sharp and severe, and innate mediocrity stands no chance. More than one-half of those who enter the Military Academy fail to keep up with their classes, and many drop by the wayside because of insufficient preparation, or of a lack of capacity, or of the persistency and industry needed to meet the exactions of the very severe course of study and training. Here, as elsewhere in life, "equality" means only the equality of opportunity. Wealth, social standing, influence, and favoritism can secure no advantage. The poor youth from a remote agricultural region meets the son of the millionaire of the city on an absolutely equal footing, and they have throughout the course the same privileges and opportunities. There is a fair field and no favor, and the best man wins by his own unaided effort. Those who have money are not allowed to use it. Each candidate admitted is required to deposit his private funds with the quartermaster and commissary of the corps, to be returned to him at the end of the course. His pay is $45 per month. Of this $4 is retained for his final equipment as an officer after graduation, and a further saving is urged upon him to pay his traveling expenses during vacation. Each cadet keeps a pass or check book, and is credited in it with the amount of pay due him by law, and is charged with all articles procured by him from the storeroom. He is charged with subsistence, clothing, bedding, text-books, washing, gas, brooms, buckets, brushes, policing barracks, use of dictionary, soap, printing, and such other articles as are considered necessary for him to have. A strict supervision is kept over the account of each cadet, in order that he may not expend all of the pay allowed him. More than this he cannot spend, and he handles no money; as a matter of fact, he has no pockets.

Education at West Point is far more serious business than education in civil life. The four years' hard work is interrupted only by a vacation of two months in the second year and two months' relief from study while in summer encampment during the other years. Even during the camp period military instruction and drill are rigorously prosecuted. Thoroughness, rather than extension of attainments, is the principle controlling education here. "To learn a few things and learn them well" is the rule of the Academy, and Professor Michie sets this forth as a good rule in the instruction of youth generally. He says that normally no cadet has "more than two distinct studies per day in which he will have to prepare himself for recitation, requiring six hours of severe mental preparation and two and one-half hours in the recitation, to exhibit his efficiency thereon. Of the remainder of the sixteen hours which constitute the official day, three hours are allotted to meals and recreation, and four and one-half hours to drill, parade, and guard duty. He is allowed no cuts or other like indulgence. A steady pace is kept up, and woe betide the unfortunate one who lingers by the way. Justice and judgment are served out impartially at the coming examination. The steady goer, the patient plodder, the indefatigable student, is certain of success; but the fitful worker, the careless trifler, or the indifferent scholar soon finds that his military career is ended. The thing of most value that he acquires at West Point is the knowledge of the existence of his rational faculty, and how to make use of it. He who learns this well will, in the present age, always be certain of success in the vocations of peace or the operations of war."

"PREPARE TO MOUNT"

From a copyrighted photograph by S. R Stoddard.

The course of study covers Civil and Military Engineering (theoretical and practical), Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Mathematics, Drawing, Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, the French and Spanish languages, Law and History, and Ordnance, Gunnery, and Tactics.

The cadets study in their quarters, two rooming together. The rooms are simple, simply furnished, without pictures or other decoration, and the cadets take turn, week and week about, in "policing" the quarters. Visiting in quarters is not allowed. There is no occasion to watch them while at study, for the requirements are so severe that there is no time for idling. The military spirit and method are maintained in every detail of the work. For example: The class is divided into sections of not more than twelve cadets each. The section-rooms are well ventilated, and furnished with individual desks and seats. Blackboards line two walls of the room. The instructor sits on a raised platform, and is in his place before the section enters the room. The eight o'clock assembly having been sounded in the area of the barracks by the trumpeter, and the sections duly formed, each is marched by its section marcher to the proper room in the Academy building, where ranks are broken, caps hung on hooks in the hall outside the door, and the members enter the section-room. The last to enter is the section marcher, who stands in the open door until the members of the section have passed to their desks, where each stands at "attention." He then closes the door, faces the instructor, salutes, and reports, "All are present, sir," or "Cadet Blank is absent, sir," as the case may be. The section is then seated. The lesson for the next day is announced, it having been previously recorded on the blackboard behind the instructor's desk; the question is then put, "Are there any questions on the lesson of the day?" The utmost freedom is permitted for every member of the section to make known now every difficulty he has experienced in studying his lesson. The instructor who is accomplished in his art will, by a judicious explanation or a helpful suggestion, seek to lessen the step by which the student may be able to pass from what he comprehends to that which was before obscure, the aim being to make the student feel that the elucidation has in the main been accomplished by himself. By this means the self-reliant faculty is cultivated. After all the difficulties have been satisfactorily removed, the instructor proceeds to portion out the lesson of the day and of the previous day among ten members of the section, reserving the remaining two for a searching examination by questions. The ten are sent to blackboards, where first they are required to write their names in the upper right-hand corner, and then put their work down in a neat and orderly manner, and in logical sequence, so that the instructor can, by a glance, note their progress and proficiency. When the cadet is ready to recite, he takes up a pointer, faces the instructor, and assumes the position of a soldier. This is

the general rule, which, however, is departed from when a portion of the section-room time is to be employed in working out practical examples or in using the apparatus upon the experimental table; in such cases he is permitted to leave his blackboard after his work is made ready for recitation, and when his turn comes to be called on he resumes his place and position.

The manners of the section-room are polite, formal, and soldierly. The instructor opens with, "Are you ready, Mr. Blank?" then, "Proceed, sir." The cadet then begins, "I am required to demonstrate the" (here follows the proposition given him). He then proceeds in a logical manner to point out the data he may assume, the successive steps in his reasoning, and the conclusions which legitimately follow. If he be perfect, he will meet the cross-examination of his instructor at every point, and will be entitled to the maximum mark on the lesson of the day. The marks are recorded in a section-book kept by the instructor, and at the end of the week are transferred to a weekly report made out by him and submitted to the Superintendent of the Academy through the head of the department. These reports are open to the inspection of the cadets on the following Saturday, and they can then compare their standing with that of their comrades in the same section and in different sections.

In assigning subjects for recitation, the general practice followed is to give them out in such a way as to impress the cadets that strict impartiality is the rule, and that each shall have about the same task, the main thing being to secure from each the full time for study upon the lesson of the day, and to make the penalty of negligence so severe as to be almost prohibitory. In delineations upon the blackboard colored chalks are used, so that the drawing will exhibit neatness as well as an intimate knowledge of the subject. The head of each department employs the three hours during which the recitations continue in visiting the different sections, so that he may thoroughly examine at least twice a week every man in the class. His purpose is to keep himself well informed of each man's progress, to study the students' characters, to encourage the modest, and to

ARTILLERY PRACTICE

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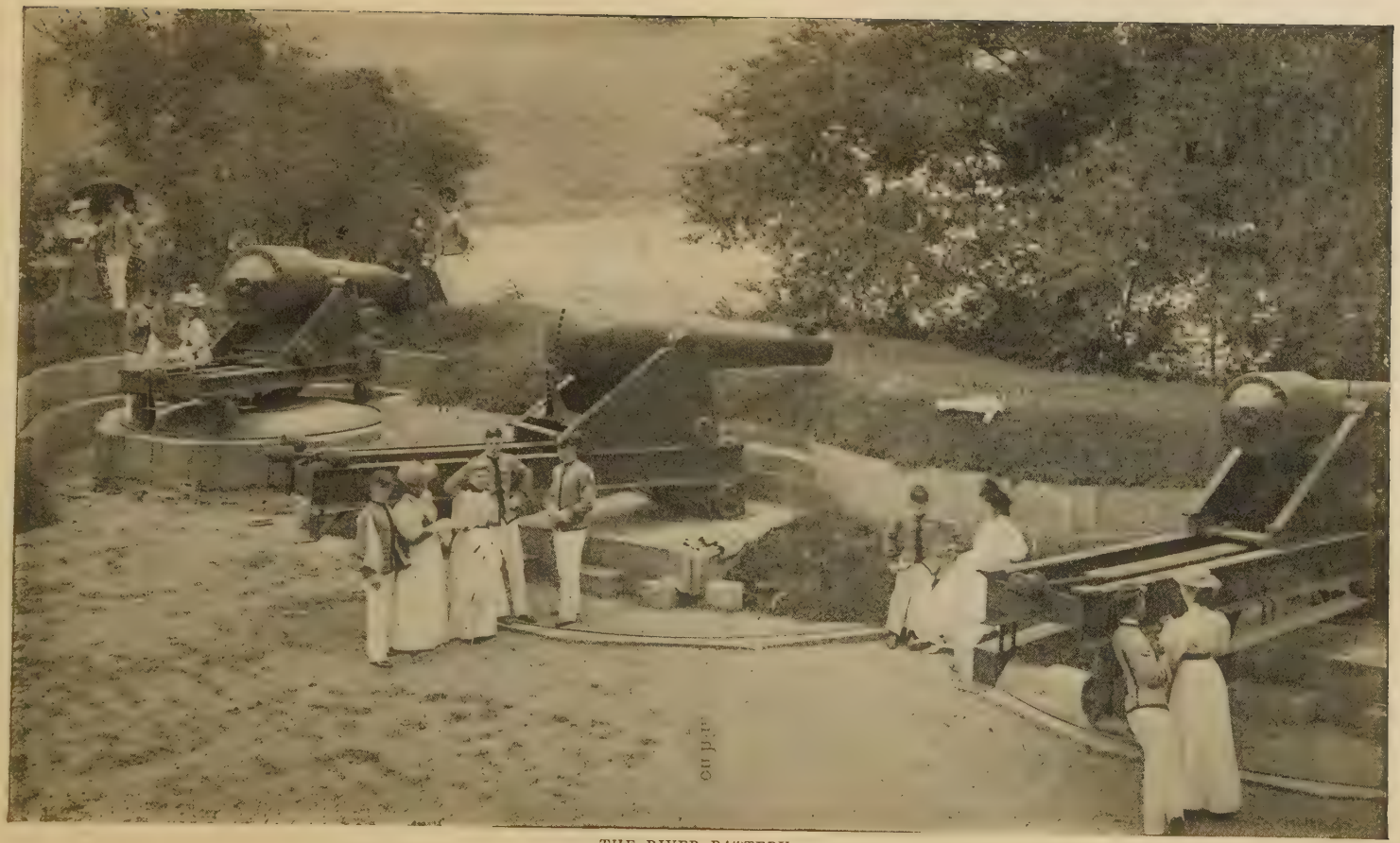


THE RIVER BATTERY

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York

temper the choleric and presuming. He consults freely with his assistants upon the proper transfers from one section to another, and in case of non-agreement defers action until further evidence brings concord of opinion. When the trumpet sounds recall in the Academy building, the instructor dismisses the section as the last note ceases. It is then formed in the hall by the section marcher, and marched by him to the area of the barracks, where it is finally dismissed.

The more practical instruction in drill, field and camp duties, infantry, cavalry, and artillery tactics, pontoon and spar bridge building, is as thoroughly carried on as is the theoretical instruction already described. The limits of space make it necessary to confine the account of this department to the following extracts from the report of Lieutenant-Colonel Mills, Commandant of Cadets (1896):

"The present course designs to give to the cadet the elements of a military education, as comprehended in the drill regulations of the three arms of the service and in the other manuals and lectures referred to in the theoretical course; and in the practical work to impress upon him a thorough knowledge and appreciation of discipline and of military police, both in barracks and in camp; to educate him in the important qualities of attention to detail and of promptness in all his work; to give him the physical training necessary for the work and hardships he may be called upon to endure; and, in conjunction with the other departments, to instill into his mind during his four years at the Academy a proper spirit of subordination and obedience to authority, and to develop his confidence and capacity for command.

"The physical training, so far as it relates to the work of the gymnasium, aims at the following results:

"1. To counteract by judicious and well-regulated exercise the immense mental strain which the successful mastery of the academic course makes necessary.

"2. To improve the physical and general carriage, develop strength, health, and endurance, and

"3. To develop agility, activity, and grace; also self-reliance, self-control, precision, and accuracy. . . .

"Each class spends three of the four summers in camp, a total of about two hundred and ten days. The remainder of the four years, with the exception of two and one-half months on furlough at the end of the second year, is spent in barracks. . . . The companies have separate quarters in barracks, separate tents and company streets in camp, and separate tables at meals.

"The tents used in camp are the regulation wall-tents with flies. Two cadets live in each tent, except members of the fourth class, most of whom live three in a tent. Two cadets live in a room in barracks. Cadets are allowed in camp only the minimum of bedding, clothing, etc., needed for the climate and season, and consistent with a neat and soldierly appearance at all times. The commandant of cadets and the four assistant instructors of tactics, with an assistant surgeon, live in camp.

"All regular drills in camp are finished before 1 P.M. During the academic term the practical work in the department is done between the hours of 4 and 6 P.M., with the exception of a portion of the cavalry exercises and the military gymnastics. Two dress parades are held daily in camp, at troop and retreat, except on Saturday, when it is replaced by an inspection at 2 P.M. A complete guard is maintained at all times in camp, and the instruction in this duty is most thorough. During the term in barracks a guard is posted in the divisions of barracks during study hour in the evening only to preserve quiet and to prevent cadets from visiting or from leaving the barracks without authority.

"The method of instruction, broadly stated, may be said to be based upon the principle of requiring each cadet to learn by actually performing them all the duties of a private soldier in the different arms of the service, beginning with the drill of the recruit, and thereafter the duties of the different grades of non-commissioned officer and of an officer, in so far as the conditions surrounding the course will permit.

"Each cadet has at some time during the course the opportunity of exercising command in all the grades of non-commissioned and commissioned officer, up to and including that of a captain of a company. The method is progressive, and follows the logical principle of assigning to a cadet supervision and command in any drill or exercise as soon as practicable after he has himself become proficient in it.

"The officers of the department are assembled daily by the commandant to receive any instructions he may desire to give them upon the drills and duties of the day; to hear reports and observations of the previous day;

GUARD-MOUNTING
From a copyrighted photograph by S. R. Stoddard

to point out and correct errors, if any have been made; to interpret tactical and other doubtful points, and to adopt absolutely uniform teaching and practice, so that all cadets, though the battalion be divided for purpose of administration into four companies, shall receive the same and uniform instruction throughout, so far as it is practicable. . . . It is thus, by constantly and unceasingly, patiently, and earnestly placing before the cadet his obligations to duty and impressing upon him the qualities of mind and character that constitute the high-minded, truthful, and conscientious officer, that the commandant of cadets, in my judgment, fulfills the most important part of his many responsible duties."

The admirably equipped gymnasium is built in connection with a large swimming-pool, the whole under the control of a competent instructor. It was the writer's good fortune to watch the working of the swimming-school. A certain proportion of the newly admitted cadets "know how to swim," but they find here that their knowledge is very primitive. They are swung with a belt and cord, and are made to learn over again under a careful teacher, supervised by the instructor, until they become regular and uniform in all their movements. They are then allowed to swim independently, and their exercise is kept up, week after week, until they can swim strongly and at full speed for ten minutes at a stretch. Here, as in all else, the perfection of attainment is limited only by the capacity of the individual. Every man is made as good as he is capable of becoming.

It may be by some questioned whether or not it is necessary, in order that a young man may become a good officer, that he should know as much or be able to do as much as he is made to do and is taught at West Point; but that it is, for other reasons, a great thing for the country at its own expense to maintain one young man from each Congressional district throughout the land subject to such complete training and development, no one can question. Were the graduates of the Academy to make no other return to the country than to go back among their own people as an example of what may be done by proper intellectual and physical education, the maintenance of the West Point Academy would still be justified.

Many may still ask, What is the use of such terrible severity, formality, and rigidity of requirement—of such education? The use must be measured by the result. The writer was a member of the Board of Visitors to the Military Academy some years ago, and, as its secretary, prepared the report of the Board to the Secretary of War. The following answer was there given to this question:

We have carefully watched the various examinations and exhibitions, and, not speaking of the members of the class in higher standing, but considering only those of average grade, we have seen young men who four years ago came here from country schools and from rural occupations, educated

CAVALRY DRILL "BY FOURS"

From a copyrighted photograph by S. R. Stoddard.

barely well enough to be admitted, far from erect in their bearing, often slouchy and delicate in physique, and incapable of enduring fatigue or of continued physical activity—we have seen these young men, erect, bright, clean-cut, and intelligent, standing square upon both feet for ten or fifteen minutes while giving an intelligent demonstration of abstruse scientific problems, or passing examinations in other branches most creditably; going through the evolutions of dress parade as well as soldiers who have no other duty and no other training; handling a light battery in active drill evidently without fatigue and without hesitation; performing equally well in cavalry drill, at target practice with siege-guns and seacoast guns and mortars, at pontoon and spar bridge building, and in every branch of the duty of a soldier acquitting themselves with the skill of veterans and with the intelligence of educated men.

Their exercise in the gymnasium and fencing-school is excellent. In the riding-school the exhibition was an astonishment to all who saw it for the first time. A near approach to perfection in such horsemanship as is indispensable to a well-trained cavalry soldier was to be expected, but the bareback riding, mounting with one hand, vaulting into the saddle and over the horse, mounting and dismounting at a gallop, taking the belt with saber and revolver from the ground when in motion, performed by the whole class present—these and other exercises, when considered in connection with all else that a cadet must learn to do with his head and with his body, were more than remarkable.

As this development of the individual has as its primary purpose the creation of the officer, the "use" of it must find its final demonstration in war, where the efficiency of the whole army is put to the supreme test, and where the interest of the Nation, if not its very life, depends on its meeting that test triumphantly. The two military proverbs, "A good colonel makes a good regiment," and "The captain is the mother of the company," are demonstrated to be true in every war, especially here where the volunteer force is such a pre-eminent factor.

It was shown in the War of the Rebellion that regiments largely officered by men who had been trained to the proper care of their commands, especially in the matter of food, clothing, shelter, sanitary regulations, and discipline, could be depended upon to turn out eighty-five or ninety per cent. of their full force as effective for duty, while a regiment officered mainly by men from civil life—especially with a colonel of no special training for his duties—would, after a few months, seldom exceed sixty-five per cent. of effectives. Furthermore, the ignorance and inefficiency that put on the sick and absent list thirty-five men out of each hundred showed itself in the condition of the remaining sixty-five, whose lack of vitality, vigor, and discipline greatly lowered their value in war. Regiments so officered and in such condition were by far the greater source of our enormous pension list, for comparatively few of

the names on this list are those of men who were wounded in action, nor were any very large proportion of those disabled by disease members of regiments intelligently and properly cared for by competent officers. The relative economy in the matter of clothing and transportation was even greater.

As a matter of fact, it is not more important that an officer should know how to lead his men in battle than that he should know how to take care of them in camp and on the march. At West Point the latter is as thoroughly taught as is the former, the necessity for maintaining an effective force as well as for using that force effectively. The cadet is a soldier; he is not only taught, he is trained in and inured to every duty of the enlisted man; when he is given charge of enlisted men, he not only knows how he should control them and care for them, but he knows how they want him to care for them. He knows how to save their lives up to the moment when they must needs risk them, and he knows how then to make that risk heroic and effective.

When the Mexican war broke out, there were nearly six hundred graduates in service, and in civil life there were about the same number of graduates, or of cadets who had nearly completed their courses. These latter were available for the command of volunteer troops. General Cullom tells us that in that war "our small but heroic American army, in less than a year and a half, though opposed by the quadruple force of the enemy, won thirty victories, captured forty thousand soldiers, took a thousand cannon and an immense amount of small arms and munitions of war, carried ten fortified places and the capital of the enemy, and extended our conquests over the immense territory of Mexico and California."

General Scott said: "I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might and probably would have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or a skirmish."

The effect of the education at West Point is precisely the same as that of the education at Annapolis. Captain Evans is said to have ascribed the destruction of Cervera's fleet "to God and the good gunners." The "good gunners" filled every rank from admiral to ensign. The spirit and the habit of the army, as well as of the navy, was illustrated by Captain Sigsbee's orderly, who, after the explosion under the Maine, came to him, saluted, and reported, "The ship is sinking, sir." This was his duty, and he had been trained to do his duty, to the last gasp if need be. The same training is given, as the alphabet of the course, to all military and naval cadets, and it is never forgotten.

The product of both institutions, the product of such education as theirs, the world over, is a man who thoroughly "realizes the existence of his rational faculty and how to make use of it," and whose mind and body have both been trained to the prompt and deft handling of the material available to meet every situation, no matter how suddenly its conditions may be presented.

But the best remains yet to be told. This school is the nucleus for a completeness of training and development of character, and for an encouragement of a delicate sense of honor *and of fidelity to trusts* of which the moral influence on the community at large must be out of all proportion to the cost and care of its maintenance. There is driven into the souls of these young men a conviction that an officer cannot lie, cannot steal, cannot prevaricate, cannot mislead, cannot do anything not becoming a dutiful officer and an honest gentleman. The conviction remains with them for life, and imposes its restraints on them after they leave the service, as it exerts its influence on others with whom they come in contact wherever they may be. The value of this leaven diffused, even in very small proportion, among all the people of all parts of the land cannot be overestimated.

It is no argument, nor is it true, to say that not much headway seems to be making against fraud and deception among the people, for the eradication of evil is slow work. The work goes on silently, but effectively, nevertheless. Neither is it an argument to say that army officers are sometimes convicted of dishonesty, for we must regard the proportion of defection, and we must remember that most of these men come originally from surroundings in which there prevails only an average moral tone—and sometimes a low average at that. Remembering this, it is enough to say that the cases in which graduates of West Point have been so convicted make barely two per cent. of the whole number of graduates.

FENCING DRILL

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

WEST POINT GYMNASIUM

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

The moral tone of the Military Academy is established, and it is self-perpetuating. It, and its propagation, are inherent in the esprit-de-corps of the body of cadets. The officers, the professors, and the instructors are naturally not negligent in the inculcation of a high sense of honor and duty, nor in punishing obvious infractions of the moral code. Very much, however, is left to the body of the cadets, and it is a rule never to question the truth of a cadet's statement, without clear proof that it is false. He is left to his own sense of shame and to the discipline of his comrades. One cannot be a liar without being found out by his fellows, sooner or later. When he is found out, he is sent to Coventry, with a suddenness and a persistency that open to him a new view of the obligations of cadet life. For example, during study hours the cadets are under guard in their quarters. The guard on post has the power to restrain them. When one has a need to go out, he salutes the guard and says, "It is all right, sir," and he is allowed to pass. A newcomer may think it a smart device thus to get relief from restraint and to go for a stroll. He has only given his own interpretation to "all right." In the language of the guard it means only one thing, and in the code of the corps the cadet has lied to the sentinel. No fuss is made about it, and no official discipline may be applied; but the atmosphere about that young man changes. It turns somber and chill; first-class men, who may have had a pleasant word for him, and whose favor is one of his highest ambitions, salute him stiffly and look on him coldly; the clouds thicken about him; his friends find it not wise to be too conspicuously intimate with him. When he finally emerges from his isolation, he knows what it means to violate the standard set up for their own guidance by those who value the honor of their corps as the very apple of their eye. Men who are not amenable to such influences sooner or later meet their fate at the hands of a court martial, and the army is purged of them.

"Athletics" of the usual university gate-money order have never been permitted at West Point. There is a good football team, and there is much enthusiasm about it. It has—and it needs—no "training," for the men are kept as hard as nails by their daily military exercise. The team works for about twenty minutes twice a day in recreation time, and for an hour or two on Saturday afternoon. The officers and the cadets sub-

scribe to a fund which is sufficient for the actual outlay, including the payment of the expenses of teams invited to play at the Point. The cadets are not permitted to play elsewhere, nor is the team allowed to neglect its studies and drill in any way because of its interest in the game. It has a very good record for its playing, nevertheless.

In his address to the graduating class of 1884 Colonel Houk said that the work and influence of the Academy had "combined to make this body of young men, now before me, in all the essentials of a true incipient manhood, about as good a sample of the race as can be found assembled together anywhere in the world."

The writer has the advantage of a long personal acquaintance with Admiral Dewey—the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship. With only his inborn good qualities, conspicuous though these are, he would never have astonished the world as he has by his unprecedented achievements. Those inborn qualities were hammered and tempered into hard steel and polished by education at Annapolis, and developed by years of devoted service, until Dewey himself, as the world now knows him, meets every problem with a quietness and a precision and certainty of result that seem almost automatic. Had he been subjected to the education of the Military Academy, he would have been essentially the same man—minus the opportunity. It is unfortunate that the personal illustrations of this paper have to be drawn so largely from the navy. The only general officer in the regular army who has had a West Point training is Merritt, and he has been sent to Manila. No accomplished soldier will pretend that we had an ideal commander at Santiago. At the same time, no one who knows those of our generals who have been in the army since the War of the Rebellion can fail to accord them all the skill and capacity of which they were capable.

There were retired officers available for service in the Supply and Transportation Bureaus who would have saved us from the criminal and fatal blunders that were made. The Senate was ready so to amend the law that these men could have been put on duty, but it was found that no such amendment could pass the House. We know the result: a great victory was achieved—but in spite of what cruel blunders and at the cost of what brutal suffering!

An attempt has been made to show that education at West Point is cheap. It is not. Like all good things, it is costly; like all exceptionally good education, it is enormously costly. Nearly four thousand cadets have been graduated since the opening of the Academy in 1802. There is a way in which the accounts may be made to indicate a cost of less than $4,000 for the four years' course of each cadet, but a fair computation of the value of the magnificent plant and permanent facilities, the interest on the cost of these and the cost of their maintenance, the services of officers and attendants, and the maintenance of the Academy as a military post, may fairly be estimated to bring the cost well up to $5,000 per year, or $20,000 for the four years' development of each cadet. This is perhaps the most expensive education in the world; and in many ways, especially for its important public purpose, it is said to be far the best.

A new field of usefulness was opened for graduates of the Military Academy in the detailing of officers as instructors at State Agricultural Colleges and other institutions of learning in all parts of the country. In addition to this, many who have resigned, and even some who had not completed their courses, have been eagerly sought for professorships, or as instructors in military tactics, in the private military schools.

West Point keeps alive the spirit and develops the capacity of organization, no less than it teaches the technical rudiments of the military art among those on whom we must mainly depend on rare but always possible occasions of need to bring our citizen soldiery quickly to the front, under circumstances which will guard them against the deplorable effects of incompetency from which our volunteer force has suffered so gravely within the past few months.

READY FOR CUTTER DRILL

From a photograph by M. M. Casler, Annapolis.

The United States Naval Academy

By James Barnes

Author of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors," "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," etc.

BY reason of the doings of the navy and by the records of the officers and men who manned the old vessels whose memories are cherished, America has always occupied a proud position in the eyes of the world. We have pointed back to the days of the Revolution, to the glorious annals of 1812, and then again to the conflicts of our Civil War, and we find the same story: knowledge of seamanship, skill and bravery, dash and dogged determination, won honor for the Nation and laurels for its beloved leaders in the naval service. But it has remained for this war with Spain to reveal again to us at home (and to make evident to all the world) that not a whit of prowess has America lost when it comes to fighting ships with ships, and not a single iota of the old spirit has vanished with time. But new conditions have so much changed naval warfare that all criterions are now displaced. For years Europe has expended vast sums in building great armaments, instructing armies and fleets for what they knew not. But, as America had been the first to make new departures during the transitionary period ('61 to '65), so she has been the first to prove the present proposition, and to make the long-looked-for experiment. And what does the result go to prove more than anything else? That preparation, drill, absolute knowledge, and sureness of well-directed effort are the essentials of successful maritime warfare to-day. The "man behind the gun" is what he has been made; his work is the result of training and practice; and in the reports from the Pacific and the Caribbean Sea the effect of this has spoken for itself. No amount of bravery will counteract lack of training, discipline, knowledge, and skill begat by constant practice. No amount of armor will make up for bad shooting and bad management.

OLD ANNAPOLIS. THE STATE HOUSE

This war has taught us much; but it has also proved us right—right in our system of making officers, first of all. Take the names that are going to be engraved upon our list of honor; it will be found that a great proportion of them are graduates of the same school, and the great results that they obtained were derived from what they individually had brought to the advantages laid before them at Annapolis in years gone before.

To every citizen of this country who knows aught of the land he lives in, the word "West Pointer" has a significance and distinction enjoyed perhaps by no other appellation except that of "an Annapolis man." Both titles suggest types perhaps different, but occupying the same position in the minds of the public. Army and navy, they stand out distinctly from the graduates of other schools, and are set apart from the ordinary classification of the civilian.

A close observation is scarcely needed to determine the reasons for all this, and it is not necessary to be a graduate of either our military or naval institutions to understand it. A study of the methods in vogue at Annapolis is an explanation sufficient to satisfy the most exacting. It is as plain as a pikestaff—whys and wherefores are answered without trouble of debate.

And now let us see what would be seen by the average uninitiated observer in search of information. The Naval Academy is the outcome of a struggle that lasted years; a struggle carried on almost entirely by naval men, officers of distinction, for the betterment of their own classes, for the relief, in a measure, of the hardships of the younger days of those who seek to serve their country at sea as officers, and to provide capable and efficient instruction for the many young aspirants for naval honors.

In speaking of these men—the first organizers, promoters so to speak, of the great complete fabric which is their monument—Commander Kelley, U.S.N., writes as follows: "Called by their duties to seas of activity where the just proportions and relativities to all countries can be measured, they" (the survivors of the school of Tripoli and 1812) "were among the first to prophesy the possibilities of the new Republic; their wider horizon dissipated the mists of prejudice, and in the pure white light they recognized this Nation's geographical importance and foretold its coming influence as the World's Great Middle Kingdom. They knew the peril that would beset it, they emphasized its necessities of offense and defense, and, conscious of the cruel difficulties which had encumbered their own careers, they begged Congress to make the navy, by a personnel properly selected and trained, equal to any demand. In season and out, through good fortune and ill, they persisted in this fight. It was a long and wearisome struggle for recognition and justice, but those old officers and their successors never faltered, and in the end succeeded so well that the Naval Academy, organized in 1845 by George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, is their monument and witness."

This, in brief, will be the only historical introduction to this article, but it is a statement in well-chosen words full of wide prophecy, for now the school is beginning an era of expansion undreamed of some time ago, and Congress has approved an appropriation of $1,000,000 for new buildings, some of which are already in process of completion. The old Naval Academy, while bearing many beauty-spots hidden here and there, was not remarkable for the architectural charm of any of its buildings. In fact, many of them laid claim to no distinction, and belonged to the class of structures that can boast of walls, windows, roofs, and chimneys, and that is all that can be said of them. Though the old town of Annapolis itself contains many beautiful specimens of colonial architecture, the builders of the Academy disdained precept and precedent, and the campus can well spare some of these blots of brick and mortar. But still in the spring Annapolis has a charm and a beauty of her own, and an individuality that, like West Point, is shared by no other place in the world.

The old midshipman, with his roundabout jacket, his flowing neckerchief, his brass buttons, and tiny dirk, is gone, alas! back into the realms of memory, and lives only in the pages of romance and in the heart of healthy youth. No longer is he knocked about the steerage and bullied into respectful stagnation by the older youngsters, his superiors; no longer is he left to pick up knowledge, in the way he had to in the older day, by having facts thrown at him so hard that they stuck, or a bit of instruction driven in by a blow.

Here he is at Annapolis, and here you will find him transmogrified into exactly what his official title represents him to be—"a naval cadet on probation." And where does he come from, this future admiral? From the seaboard towns where his ambitions have been fired by the sight of the sails and ships? Has he the blood of the old sea kings in his veins? Has he grown up with an oar in his hands and a jib-sheet for a plaything? No! he comes from all over this broad land of ours, and the majority of him has never smelt the salt of the sea; and not, under some circumstances, until he has worn a natty cap with a foul anchor on it for some long months, does he set foot on the moving deck and really feel that he is a sailor.

Every Congressman at Washington has the prerogative of appointing a candidate to West Point and to the Naval Academy for any vacancy that may exist from his district during the time he is in office, so it would seem at first glance that the bane of politics must enter at the beginning in both branches of service; but that it does not necessarily do so will be recognized from the fact that the positions are often determined by competitive examination. Beside the Congressional districts, every territory is allowed one appointment, and there are ten "at large," which are the prerogative of the President; and one comes from the District of Columbia, which is also in the gift of the Chief Executive. The age of admission to the Academy is between the years of fifteen and twenty, the majority being nearer the minimum than the maximum limit. From all classes of life and all conditions of men come these green candidates for naval life. Distinctions of birth, wealth, and station disappear absolutely before the six years of probationary work is finished; for after the four arduous years of study at the Academy comes a two years' cruise, then a "second final examination," if the expression can be used, before the cadet can

ARTILLERY DRILL

From a photograph by M. M. Casler Annapolis

consider himself a permanent fixture on the naval lists. This seems rather hard at first glance, and there is a movement on foot to do away with the compulsory service at sea, for the reason that there is a practice cruise every year during the Annapolis experience. However, there is much to be said on both sides, and at present the school-boy who desires to enter the service can look forward to much the same sort of work that he has been indulging in, only ten times more exacting and ten times more difficult. The requirements for entrance are exceedingly low now, but it requires work to gain the coveted percentage afterwards.

Arithmetic, algebra, English grammar, United States history, reading, writing, and spelling, are the only entrance requirements—these and a willingness to serve and obey regulations. Examinations are held in May and September. The academic year lasts eight months, and is divided into two terms, the first ending on the Saturday nearest to January 30, and the second upon the last day of May; and the time that is embraced between these dates is occupied in the annual summer cruise of practice and study; a little recreation maybe, but mostly work, and it determines the minds of many future admirals as to whether they want to be admirals or not.

Down at the end of a long wharf which stretches out into the waters that lap the stone walls of the walks or the lawns of the Academy grounds lies a sturdy old frigate. She is not beautiful to look at, as many of them were, for, strange to relate, her ports are one above the other like windows in a house, and give her a very unshipshape appearance. She never covered herself with glory, but she is known and perhaps well remembered by every man who treads the quarter-deck of any one of our spick-and-span steel cruisers.

To the middy-cadet the old frigate means something more. She is the clearing-house for the account of offenses against rules and regulations, and is a warning to evil-doers never to do it again, whatever it may have been. To be "Santeed" is to be denied the privileges of the recreation hours, spend them in sentry duty on the deck of the old vessel, or in confinement in her dingy interior. But if the candidate for admission enters at the end of the second term, the old "Santee" is the first home that he knows.

That mysterious thing called a hammock that he has read about and pictured to mean something with fringe, and fashioned like a

FLAG DRILL

From a photograph by Shaefer.

TRAINING-SHIP
From a photograph by Shaefer.

fish-net, resolves itself into a very tangible canvas trough and mattress, that has a tendency to act treacherously and a most exasperating way of resenting advances. Here the "plebe" spends two weeks and then goes out upon the annual cruise with those wonderful creatures his immediate seniors, who know "for'ard" from "aft," can tie knots and talk boatswain. It is in this first cruise that the fourth-class man, a "plebe" to every one above him, learns much that stands him in good stead. So far as practical instruction in seamanship goes, he gains but little, except that which in the curriculum of a sailor goes under the name of "marlinspike." He watches enviously the first and third class men standing their tricks at the wheel or climbing aloft, furling sail or sending down yards; and, although he is addressed as "Mister" (and this, if he is very young, is a startling thing in itself), he views the petty officer with awe, and wonders if he will ever grow in all his life so old and dignified as that first-class cadet in the executive officer's watch.

When he returns in the fall, the hard book work begins. He will find out, however, that he has gained an immense advantage over those members of his own class who have not entered until September. The summer's work has done him good. He may swagger a bit among his fellow-classmen, but swagger does not go very long at the Academy, especially if one happens to be a "plebe," and the result is that he is soon as all the rest. And this means a great deal! It is the secret, in a measure, of the success of the institution. Until a man has distinguished himself he is the same as others. Written laws there are a plenty of, regulations as long as your arm, but, besides, there are traditions and precedents established by the cadets themselves (one longs to address them by the old name of midshipman), that are binding and are never to be broken without the loss of the most valuable thing in the world in the eyes of an embryo officer—Honor. That word is drilled into him, he picks it up instinctively, and it grows before

his eyes until it stands there always in great letters, and it governs his actions and colors his life. No matter where he comes from, be it Arkansas, Utah, Texas, Montana, or New York, before the four years are out he slowly merges—keeping his individuality, grant you—into a type with the teaching of a school stamped on him throughout his life.

"He would not have done *that*, you know," said an officer, in speaking of a friend who had met with some misfortune, "for he was an Annapolis man." There is the essence of it in that short remark.

A Congressman, if he desires to do so, can make direct appointments to the Academy, using his own discretion unqualified by any limitations in filling vacancies from his district; but the competitive examination has proved the fact that the tone of an institution and the class of men that it will graduate will not suffer in the least from the American idea of "free for all and a chance for the best."

This is the principle which has governed the appointments to the West Point Military Academy, and it is notably successful; over sixty per cent. of the appointees by competitive examination having passed and been graduated, as against forty-four per cent. of personal and direct nominations.

It is a *sine qua non* that the applicant for a berth in the Naval Academy should fulfill physical requirements as to height, weight, and general proportions, and it is safe to say that no lad passes the surgeon who is not qualified by nature for the position. The life at the Academy—simple in its regimen, healthy in all its exercises and environments—is apt to result in transforming young lads from being but mediocre specimens into splendid examples of physical manhood, and that is one thing which places the cadet in a position of distinct advantage in comparison with that of other youngsters of humble origin, whose ambitions and tendencies have led them to seek honors and self-advancement in the vast number of educational institutions that we are so fortunate in this country to find everywhere ready to hand.

Immediately upon having passed the mental and physical examinations he becomes self-supporting, and the future depends entirely upon his own exertions, his qualifications, and his adaptability. This he quickly learns. As soon as the fourth-class man has reported at Annapolis, he finds that he is being taken care of.

After having taken the oath of allegiance, he is required to deposit the sum of $20 in advance to pay for his books, and also a sum sufficient to cover expenditures for his outfit. However, should he come well prepared in the way of clothing, for instance, there is no necessity of his having to make such a deposit, if his original outfit complies with the regulations. So it is seen that but a small outlay is essential, and that as soon as he has qualified he becomes in every sense a ward of the Nation. Even the expense that he has been under in traveling from his home to the Academy is refunded within a month after his admission. The annual pay that he receives from the Government is $610 per annum. This includes his pay proper of $500, and one daily ration at the great valuation of thirty cents. This money, however, is not paid over into his hands; it is merely placed to his credit, and from it is deducted, after the first few months, his books, clothing, laundry, barber, and all the small things that he may require. A monthly allowance is given him for spending money, and each year $60 is held back in order to pay for his graduation outfit—no small item, when everything is considered. His health is carefully looked out for, and his dentist's bills are paid by the Government, the charge being made only for the gold, at its market value, that may be used in filling his teeth!

Probably the first idea that enters a cadet's mind during the first few months of service is that the authorities are doing their best to make a soldier of him. He drills twice a day, has to undergo the setting-up drill and the goose-step until he discovers muscles and thews that he never dreamed of possessing. If he has entered with any idea of his own superiority, he soon loses it, and finds that he is but the lowest unit in a complete organization, and that if he wishes to advance, the advancement will come only by hard work, close observance of duty, and attention to regulations.

The cadet is immediately disabused of an idea that the drudgery of his school-days is over. The first two years are, perhaps, the hardest, and it may require the sight of the superior cadet officers of the first class to keep him up to his work, in the hope that he, too, some day may occupy the same exalted position.

Perhaps, if he has been very well grounded before entering, he may find the first term

but a repetition of that which he has studied before, yet this standard is much higher than that of the average school. The cadets are graded upon the principle that the figure 4 represents the highest excellence attainable, and every month come written examinations upon all that he has gone through with, and he must maintain in his average scholarship at least a mark of 2.5 or else he will find himself in trouble. Reports go to his parents and to the Secretary of the Navy.

On board a ship it is said that if a man is ever seen doing anything there is a reason for it; and of the cadet it may be safely averred that if he is not doing anything there is a distinct reason for that, for his day is cut and dried for him, and it does not take him too long to accept the inevitable. He is constantly reminded of the fact that he does not entirely belong to himself. Ignorance of a regulation may be pleaded as an excuse but once. He finds that the eyes of the instructors take in his attitudes and bearing, that slouching at the blackboard while he is working out an exercise is not permitted; he must be neat and cleanly. Direct and simple answers are the best replies to questions, he soon perceives; he learns without trouble that courtesy is essential in life, and that there is difference between a salutation and a salute. Gradually there grows up within him a respect for the uniform he wears and the man inside it, and unconsciously he picks up the small unwritten laws that govern the conduct of the undergraduates toward themselves. The days of hazing are over, but in many ways he is reminded that he is but a plebe, and he puts up with small exactions with good grace, if he is sensible, is unobtrusive, and pays attention to his own affairs. The one unpardonable sin is falsehood and underhand dealing. Free and aboveboard must be all his actions and motives.

So far as his studies go, the cadet has little to do with the higher branches of seamanship until his first-class year—his last at the Academy. The first two terms he studies algebra, geometry, English history, rhetoric, and French. He is also taught such useful branches as rowing and swimming, to which is added, probably for the betterment of his physical carriage under all circumstances, a compulsory course of dancing! It is a strange sight indeed to see scores of young men hopping around under the instruction of a dancing-master, and taking it seriously, but it is a part of the curriculum.

The drills that relate to his future calling during his first year are manual and elementary. The fourth-class man has to learn all sorts of knots, splices, and marlinspike seamanship, that are taught him in the rigging-loft; he is exercised at the great guns, infantry tactics, and field artillery. When the cadet becomes a third-class man, he branches off into trigonometry, descriptive geometry, analytical geometry, English history, elementary physics, chemistry, the Constitution, French, and mechanical drawing. His practical instruction is extended to further practice with the great guns, the machine pieces, fencing, and target practice with rifle and pistol.

He finds that he is beginning to take hold by his second year. He is learning the ropes, and he has overcome any tendency to homesickness; he accepts discipline and restriction as a prosaic matter of fact. He has become used to the arbitrary divisions of the twenty-four hours into work, drill, and recreation. During the whole four years of his career at the Academy it will be found that this division averages about the same. The cadet has eight hours' sleep, five and one-half for study, three that are given up to recitations, two for drills and formations, and one and one-half for mess; and not to be forgotten are the four hours for recreation and enjoyment—an amount of time that would seem small indeed to the average school-boy—but Saturday is a half-holiday for all hands. Studies end at ten minutes past ten in the morning, and all drills are over at 12:30.

When the cadet becomes a second-class man, his education becomes more specific, and, to his mind, more on the line of his future duties. He studies marine engines and boilers, heat and electricity, the higher physics, sound and light, magnetism, calculus, mechanics, and international law. He also has practical instruction in steam machinery and signaling, and he begins to realize the duties and importance of being an officer.

But it is not until his first-class year that he feels that sense of power that comes from setting the example, and having others look up to him. He has the stamp of the sailor on him now, and he begins to study seamanship, naval tactics, ordnance, gunnery, astronomy, navigation, surveying, hygiene, and physiology, and he has practical exercise in steam tactics, monitor exercise, great gun target practice, torpedoes, navigation, practical electricity, and boxing and fencing.

The whole Academy is divided in its for-

mation somewhat in the manner of a ship's company. There are sixteen crews grouped in four divisions composed of equal proportions of all the classes. Each crew is commanded by two cadet officers, who rank as first and second captains. Every division is composed of four crews, and is in command of a cadet lieutenant who has under him a cadet junior lieutenant and a cadet ensign. All these men are taken from the first class. The four divisions form a battalion, with its cadet lieutenant commander, its adjutant, and an additional cadet lieutenant. And thus, before he leaves the shelter of the institution, the future officer has learned, in a measure, to control and handle men.

Perhaps the rule governing conduct at the Academy may be summed up in a line—"severe punishments and liberal rewards." The cardinal sins are those of breaking the written regulations in regard to smoking, visiting after hours, and inattention to drills and studies; but many breaches of what might be considered discipline are overlooked. A cadet with a black eye is never asked how he came by it, although it may well be known that he received it in maintaining his ideas of the rules of conduct that never appear in print. They are early risers at Annapolis. "Oh, I can't get 'em up," sings the bugle at six o'clock every morning, and at quarter of seven follows roll-call before the march in to breakfast. Punctuality is the key to popularity with the officers, and woe betide the lad who is habitually late!

The middy-cadet can never be justly called a high liver, yet he pays a fair boarding-house price for his food, and acts as if he was satisfied with what he receives in return. The monthly assessment for mess bill (which includes laundry expenses also) is small. Twenty-two dollars a month covers everything; there are no extras, no favoritism, no frills or furbelows. The system of rigid inspection that prevails everywhere at the Academy extends to the mess-halls; the servants and the kitchen are inspected daily; the officer in charge presides at meals. Etiquette is closely adhered to, and though conversation is unlimited, there is no boisterousness at table. The food is excellent and the fare varied enough to suit the palate of the most exacting. In the old days there was an old colored man in the mess-hall named Pinckney; although his rank was only that of head waiter, he had the presence and importance of an admiral and none less; his word was law and his dignity was superb. Many are the traditions that center around Pinckney.

The captains of the various crews, when they are at mess-table, still consider themselves on duty and are responsible for the conduct and order of their men, for discipline pervades everywhere throughout the Academy. Silently the cadets march into their hall and stand in their place at "attention." At the word "seats" they obey, and then the hum of conversation begins. The command "rise" is a signal that the meal hour is over. And all this is done in such a quiet and unobtrusive manner that the hall is emptied almost before one knows it.

One of the first rules of the Academy reads as follows: "At all times in mustering the crews the captains must call the names in the lowest tone that will secure attention." There is the secret of a great deal of the success of the trained officer. The Annapolis man is taught, not to make men *hear*, but to make them *listen;* and as he believes in this rule, he begins by listening himself. Yet perhaps this quietness in giving orders is typical of the Anglo-Saxon officer. He indulges in no gesticulations or bellowings. He speaks as if he had but to mention what he wishes done to have it carried out to the letter, and there is where he is right. The terms in which naval orders are couched are so simple and plain that there can never be any mistaking, as there can be no resenting, them. An order given is considered *done*. A junior officer is not told by his superior to *do* a certain thing, but he is told that he *will* do it, just as if he couldn't help himself if he tried. Thus it is that the old rule, "What is said is done," applies strictly in the service, and it is drilled into the flesh and bred in the bone at Annapolis. Here might be a sample of it: The commander of a ship might say to a cadet in command of a launch or cutter, words to this effect:

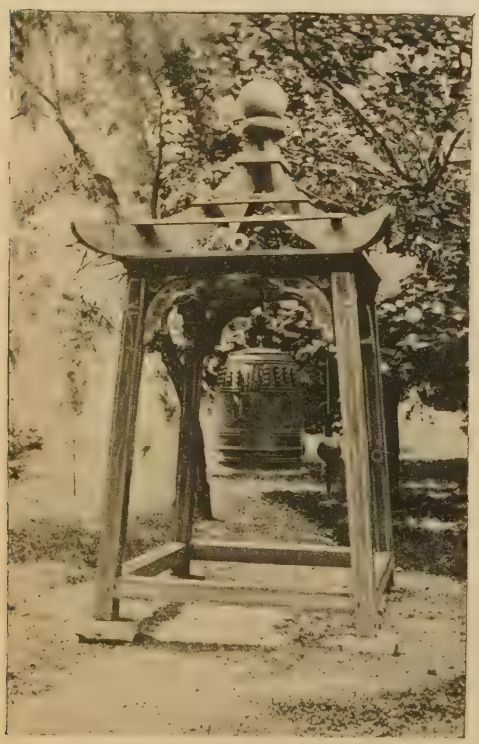
"At three o'clock, Mr. Jones, you will take the cutter, row along shore taking soundings as far as that point yonder, then you will go up the stream till you are in sight of a block-house, and ascertain if the flag is flying or if any of the enemy appear to be in possession. When you have ascertained this, you will return to the ship."

That is all there is to it. The captain having given such an order appears to dismiss it from his mind; but Mr. Jones does not. That happens to be all his life just at present,

A WINNING CREW

and if the woods along shore are filled with guerrillas, and the blockhouse swarming with sharpshooters, it is none of his business. He is relieved of responsibility. He has been told what he *will* do, and, bar accidents, he *will* do it. And not only this; as he obeys himself and respects authority, insensibly he learns how to make others obey him, and to command respect and attention. The Annapolis man, despite the lack of any heroic attributes in the way of physical strength or commanding presence that he may possess, has an entire lack of the self-consciousness so fatal to a great many amateur officers. His voice may be a soprano and his chin may be innocent of the razor, but he can't help himself—he "speaks as one under authority," and the ring of it is recognized—but this is digressing.

The Academy board is made up of the Superintendent, the Commandant of Cadets, and the heads of the various departments—eleven in number. It is necessary that all of these latter, as far as possible, should be officers of the navy and graduates of the school itself. The Superintendent, who is the direct representative of the Secretary of the Navy in the management and supervision of the institution, must be a line officer, not below the grade of Commander. The Commandant of Cadets, who has charge of the discipline, drills, and tactics, comes under the same rule. The heads of the departments maintain strict watch over the work of their assistants, and one maxim at the Academy is, "Any place, and anywhere, can be inspected at any time." There is no system of espionage, however, and, although it is part of the duty of the cadet officers to report delinquents, there is nothing underhanded in an unexpected inspection.



THE PERRY BELL
Brought back from Japan by Commodore Perry from the first expedition to that country.

But it must not be thought that the life at the Academy is all work and restrictions, for that would be a sad, sad mistake. There is liberty, and plenty of it. There is fun by the fathom. Some of it may be considered part of the regular routine, for what can be more enjoyable than a boat-drill under sail out upon the broad waters of the Chesapeake? If the breeze is fresh, there is plenty of excitement in it, and rivalry is encouraged and spurs on to perfection. Every cadet must know how to pull an oar and handle a small boat under sail. He must have occupied every place in a boat from that of bowman to coxswain huddled in his little box; and mighty clever oarsmen do these light, slender lads develop into, and the way they can jump a big twelve-oared cutter through the water is a caution. But they have other sports that are enjoyed in common by every American school-boy and collegian. The rowing clubs possess paper shells and picked crews that compete with rowing associations and colleges, and although it is but a few years ago that they entered the football arena, and the men as a rule have been very light, they have caught on to the game so quickly and displayed so much courage and dash that they have proved themselves worthy opponents of the larger universities. All the time for practice in baseball, football, rowing (outside of drills), and track athletics must be taken from the rather scanty allowance of recreation hours. For some reason Uncle Sam has not taken kindly to the annual football contest between West Point and Annapolis. Perhaps he may have been right, but it is the consensus of opinion on both sides that he has spoilt as pretty a fight as a man would wish to see.

The first, second, and third class men go on leave for a month at the end of the annual cruise. Fresh from hauling on ropes, drill-

ing at the great guns and small arms, playing at "man overboard" and "abandoning ship" (just as if there was a man overboard and the ship had to be abandoned, mind you), having all the routine of shipboard at the fingers' ends, these young sailors return brown and healthy, eager to spend these happy days with their families and see their old homes again. Important persons do they appear in the eyes of younger brothers and sisters and playmates! During the cruise the second-class men have been swinging their hammocks on board the old Santee, where they have been learning what the bedroom, with its iron cot and everything all in a row, for a 6×7 stateroom on one of the new cruisers, and he is a happy man. Great things are expected of him, and he is able to handle and cope with them if they come his way. Gifted with the American traditions and the adaptability of his people and the inheritance of his ancestors, he is, with the special education that he has undergone and the tests that he has successfully passed, fitted for the life before him. He is a success; and the war with Spain, in which our navy has played such a glorious part, reflects him at every turn. Well may his

THE "LUCKY BAG"

From a photograph by M. M. Casler, Annapolis.

mechanic calls "machine-shop practice." They have been acting as engineers, firemen, coal-passers, and water-tenders; they have taken apart and put together torpedoes and rapid-firing guns, and they have been rehearsing the signals of all the codes, rowing boat-races, and "landing in force" to capture the old gymnasium on the beach.

But the highest moment of the cadet's life comes when he has passed his final examination, and appeared before the Board of Visitors, who are full of importance and suggestions, and receives his diploma. He is now to bid farewell to the well-kept lawns and dingy old buildings; no more skylarking; no longer will he take a surreptitious whang at the old Perry gong. His cadet days are over. He is bound for the quarter-deck, or better, now, the bridge. He has exchanged his little country and his Alma Mater be proud of him.

Nothing has been said of the poor unfortunate "bilgers" (those who have failed to pass the examinations), or of the others for whom there is not room and who accept the education, a gift, and return to civil life. Only this much can be said: whatever they are or wherever they may be, they are better for having been at Annapolis.

Just now the old grounds have distinguished visitors, a captured Admiral and his captains and staff, and it may be put down as a sure thing that if, instead of being empty as the grounds now are, they were filled with the best of young America, the Admiral would take back to Spain another vivid impression, and, perhaps, understand more clearly why his nation lost her ships.

ETON CHAPEL FROM THE RIVER

Some Famous Schools

Eton College

By Hamilton W. Mabie

"TOM BROWN AT RUGBY" has done more than any and all other books to make the English public school known to Americans. That manly story is the one classic tale of school-boy life in our language; and, fortunately, it deals with that life in its best aspects. A story so full of character, so stimulating to boys of fine nature and wholesome aspiration, could not have been written earlier, because the finer quality of the English boy in the public school was evoked by Dr. Arnold. Before the coming of this rare teacher—a teacher in the Greek sense; one who not only instructed but formed his pupils—the morals of the public-school boys were at a low ebb, and their manners were on a level with their morals.

At Rugby there was general laxity in all matters which go to the making of the manly type of boy; drunkenness, profanity, and lying were common offenses, and the worst boys were generally the leaders. Dr. Arnold was a Christian, a gentleman, and a scholar, and he set about the task of substituting his own ideals for those which were in vogue in the school. He was, first of all, a man; and it was not long before the boys found it out. They discovered that a man who respects himself does not lie; that it is, to put it mildly, unbecoming a gentleman to get drunk; and that one may have all the virile qualities of the manly nature, and yet have a deep respect and care for the pieties of life. Dr. Arnold was not a prig; that was one source of his great influence; and he succeeded in identifying religion with a free, vigorous, and manly boyhood. He gave his life to his work, and it is not surprising to find that some of his boys felt that they would be glad to lay down their lives for him. To him is due, in no small measure, the manly tone which to-day characterizes the English public schools, and makes them nurseries of those qualities of character which have given the English race influence and power at the ends of the earth. A recent French writer, analyzing the sources of Anglo-Saxon supremacy in so many fields, lays especial emphasis on the influence of the English school in developing courage, self-reliance, and power of sustained effort.

Winchester, Eton, Harrow, and Rugby present marked differences of tradition, method, and environment, but the education they give is substantially the same in aim and spirit. That education, in its last analysis, is moral rather than intellectual; its roots are to be found in the conception that it is more important to secure certain results in character than to produce certain effects in mind. The public-school boy of the best type develops into a man of solidity of character and simplicity of nature. He is not always brilliant, but he has those qualities which win in the longer and more trying competitions. He has keen sense of reality, profound respect for that kind of intellectual honesty which shows itself in thoroughness as well as in sincerity; and as he grows older he is likely to grow stronger in force and grasp. Such men not only become scholars and thinkers if they are of an intellectual bent, but they also become leaders, organizers, and statesmen. The roll of names of the boys who have gone through the public schools sounds very like the roll of the names of the men who made modern England; the fact that Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Arthur Balfour were Eton boys is a sufficient illustration of the quality and influence of the public-school boy in the life of the country.

Of these schools, Winchester is the oldest, having been founded more than a century before the discovery of this continent, by that great builder, William of Wykeham, whose hand did such noble work in Oxford as well as his own ancient See; Eton, founded by Henry VI., fifty-three years later, is most fortunate in the beauty of its surroundings, and has long been, in a special sense, the resort of boys of the upper classes; Rugby, founded by Lawrence Sheriff, nearly two centuries later than Winchester, as a grammar school for the neighboring country, gaining high rank as a public school so late as Dr. Arnold's time, and holding steadily to middle-class traditions; and Harrow, founded by a wealthy yeoman in 1571.

There are other well-known schools which

ENTRANCE TO QUEEN'S SCHOOLS

belong in the same class; notably Charterhouse, dear to all lovers of English letters; Westminster, with its store of memories and the richness of its historic associations; Repton, Clifton, and Marlborough; but Winchester, Eton, Rugby, and Harrow may be taken as typical of English public-school education.

These schools, it is hardly necessary to remind American readers, are not public schools in the sense in which that phrase is used in this country; they are schools of the order and place of Exeter, Andover, Groton, St. Paul's, and Lawrenceville; secondary schools, with endowments more or less ample, supported largely by the upper or wealthier classes. In public interest and appreciation they hold a place as important as that which the colleges hold in this country; and an Englishman is quite as likely to put his school as his college to the front in his hours of reminiscence.

Henry VI. was not a great ruler. Fuller said of him that "he was fitter for a cowl than a crown; of so easy a nature that he might well have exchanged a pound of patience for an ounce of valor." He had, however, what other sovereigns have often lacked—a deep sense of the value of education, and he regarded the founding of Eton as "the first pledge of his devotion to God." Royal founders have not always selected royal sites; but Henry could hardly have gone astray in the neighborhood of Windsor. As it was, he happily chose a broad stretch of meadow along the soft-flowing Thames, upon which he could not only look down from the windows and terraces of the royal castle, but from which the noble seat of the English Kings is always in full view. Nature, architecture, and history have combined to give Eton College a noble setting. From the hill the great Norman keep, humanized by lovely terraces and gardens, dominates the wide and peaceful landscape like a great memorial of a chivalrous and heroic past; it must be impossible for a boy of any activity of imagination to look up to that stately pile of buildings day after day and escape the educational influence of a great history.

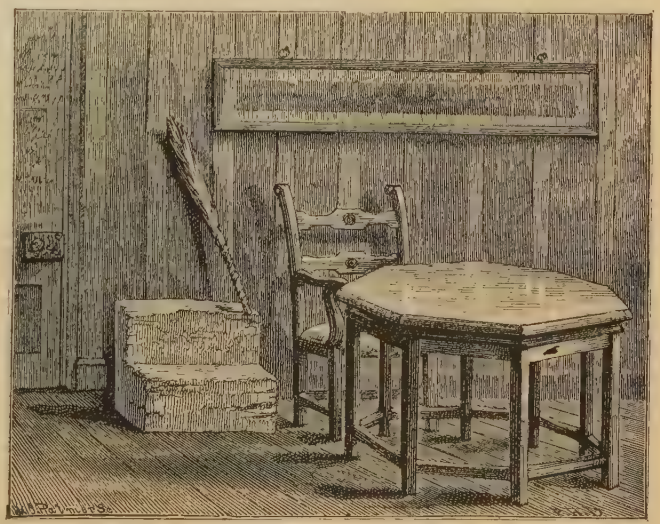
The depth and softness of English verdure follow the river as it runs through fragrant meadows past the weather-stained buildings of the College. Great trees dot those meadows or gather in noble groups as one looks across the landscape; the roads run level and shady between hedges or through tiny villages; and not far distant, in the quietest of country churchyards, sleeps that immortal poet whose genius was so finely touched with knowledge, and whose life is so inti-

mately associated with two great colleges. In every direction there are walks of enchanting beauty. Looking towards Windsor from the meadows, one doubts whether there is a more impressive view in Europe. Bolder views there certainly are, views of greater reach and splendor; but it is doubtful if there is any other view which means more to the eye and the imagination of a boy of English blood. And one is tempted to believe that there is some spiritual sequence between that landscape, touched with such beauty of meadow and stream, such richness of verdure, and brooded over by the great Castle which seems to symbolize the greatness of English achievement and the range of English rule, and the leadership of Eton boys in public life.

Eton College was founded in what may be called the dark age of English education. A century later the new learning, which had kindled the zeal of such scholars as Crocyn, Linacre, and Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School in London, swept England like a fertilizing wave, and grammar schools sprang up in all parts of the island. But in the middle of the fifteenth century the vitality of the older education, which had been largely in the hands of priests and monks, had spent itself, and the enthusiasm which the new education—the education of the Renaissance—set free was still a force of the future. Learning was at a low ebb, and the tradition of classical scholarship was well-nigh forgotten when Henry VI., zealous for learning as the handmaid of the Church, conceived the plan of bringing back the decaying glories of English scholarship by founding a school which should serve as a nursery for the University of Cambridge. William of Wykeham had made Winchester a noble tributary to New College at Oxford; the King followed the example of the Bishop and laid the foundation of Eton and of King's College at Cambridge within a twelvemonth. Rarely has it fallen to the lot even of a king to give his name nobler currency among remote generations; for Henry VI. is daily remembered, not only by a host of students in two famous seats of learning, but by hosts of those who come from the ends of the earth to look at the venerable buildings of the two great schools, and to rejoice in the ripe beauty of these ancient foundations. The chapel at King's College is one of the most impressive places of worship in England, and those who have sat in the carven stalls of black oak at vespers and listened to the singing of that fine choir and the roll of the organ tones under the great roof, which so often laid their spell on Milton and Tennyson, and watched the sunset glow and fade through those splendid windows, have not missed the secret of one of the formative influences in English education.

As one enters the fine old quadrangle of Eton College through the arch of the great double-towered gate, he feels at once the atmosphere of the place; its antiquity, its studious seclusion, its detachment from all the cheaper interests of life. Across the quadrangle stand the Fellows' lodgings; on the right is the famous chapel with its great organ surmounting the screen, as at King's College; at the left are the school buildings.

In these earliest structures and in the more recent buildings the visitor will linger long; he will wish for quiet afternoons under the great trees in the fields when the shouts of the cricketers are still; he will loiter in secluded places by the river; he will be seized with a desire to be left in the library and forgotten by his friends for a time; but he will be most keenly interested in the old schoolrooms, for here generations of boys have gone



BLOCK AND BIRCH

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through the ancient sorrows of compulsory learning and mitigated the severity of their pursuits by marvelous dexterity in carving. These rooms remain practically unchanged after four centuries, and on these same benches, so frayed and cut and worn, the old books have been conned and the old words repeated by countless generations of boys, with *arma virumque cano* and the parts of Greek verbs on their lips and the murmur of the river or the wild shouts of the playing-fields in their hearts. The school-rooms have the air of an antiquity which was not only learned but austere. There is no concession to the luxurious mood of the modern boy in these plain, substantial, time-worn places of work. The benches are uncompromisingly hard, the long desks unaffectedly rude. The American school-boy would be shocked at such indifference to the claims of modern school furniture, such apparent contempt for the sensitive feelings of the modern school-boy. On those hard benches, however, have sat many of the greatest Englishmen of the last four centuries, and on those benches sit to-day the future possessors of many of the greatest titles, places, and fortunes in English society. To Americans there is something very significant in the retention of these rude, old-time furnishings in an institution so closely in touch with an opulent and splendid society; these hard benches remind one that the touch of severity, the Spartan touch, without which no education is salutary or formative, is still felt by the English school-boy.

The woodwork of these rooms is a kind of informal record of Eton and its fortunes. No place has been safe from the hand of the carver, and every degree of skill and taste is shown in these cuttings of initials of forgotten generations of boys. And yet they are not forgotten; for on one of the posts one finds the name H. Wesley, and remembers that Arthur Wellesley signed himself in that fashion in the days when the great Duke of Wellington was still to win his title and his splendid reputation.

Pitt, Fox, and Gladstone cut their names here long before those names had become famous. Here, too, in bold letters, is the name of Shelley; who showed his spirit by refusing to be fagged, and the erratic side of his genius by various ill-advised chemical experiments. One tries to recall that slender boy with the lustrous eyes, dreaming of Queen Mab as he sat on the hard benches, and carrying all the wealth of his unexpressed music across the noisy fields to some quiet place by the river; and then one thinks of that beautiful and affecting marble figure under the blue dome in University College at Oxford, and remembers that the poet of "Alastar" and "Adonais" and the "Skylark" was always a true lover of learning. Among so many men of action the name of Shelley gains a kind of radiance on the walls of Eton.

In these degenerate days Eton boys no longer use their knives on the wainscoting, the pillars, and the benches; upon the payment of two shillings the work is done for them by a carver when they leave school; and so, as at Shakespeare's birthplace, the hand of time no longer writes at Eton with the hands of scholars, poets, and statesmen.

Among recent Eton Provosts two names stand out with special distinctness; not because they are associated with great educational reforms, but because the men who bore them were of the type whom school-boys never fail to recall with gusto in later years. One of these Provosts, Dr. Keate, was at Eton in Mr. Gladstone's time, and has left a reputation as a devotee of the rod which promises to last as long as the school stands. Upright, conscientious, and rigid in his devotion to discipline, Dr. Keate had a chronic distrust of school-boy nature. This attitude of distrust and severity naturally fostered an elaborate system of lying among the boys; a distinguished Etonian once said that Dr. Keate exacted a certain amount of lying "as a mark of proper respect;" and with the lying went an appalling amount of flogging. So deep was the impression of severity made by this master that the school accepted as a happy stroke of genius the derivation of his name from χέω (I shed) ἄτη (woe). In certain moods he flogged the innocent and the guilty with indiscriminating delight. "Blessed are the pure in heart," he is reported to have said. "Mind that; it's your duty to be pure in heart. If you're not pure in heart, I'll flog you." The 30th of June, 1832, was long memorable in the annals of Eton, for on that dreadful day Dr. Keate flogged eighty boys. For an offense against the discipline of the school, boys to the number of more than a hundred were summoned to the block, and, relying upon their numbers for impunity, declined the invitation. Nothing happened during the evening, but in the darkness of the night

dire suffering fell on the houses, for the boys were hastily brought from their beds in such small detachments that it was impossible for them to combine. One by one the doughty Master dealt with the shrinking victims until long after midnight. Dean Goulburn preserved the memory of that dreadful night in sympathetic verse:

Then cleft the room with screeches riven,
Then rushed the boys to flogging driven,
And louder than the winds of heaven
Far flew the duds quite terribly.

. . . . . .

Few, few shall stay where many are,
No refuge bed shall be from care,
And every cry that comes from far
Is, "Oh, this hurts most woefully!"

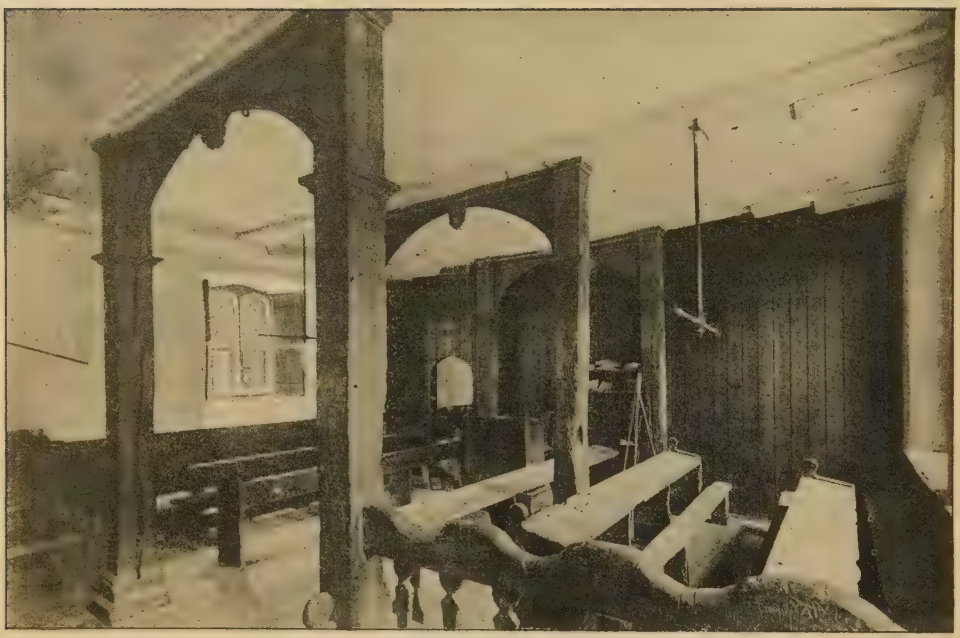
a famous old inn, to a party of boys after a boat-race, and, as the result of the festivities, were seized with a desire to revive the exploits of their own undergraduate days. Laying aside the dignity of their years, these three gentlemen—Lord Waterford, Lord Alford, and Mr. J. H. Jesse—broke into the Upper School through one of the south doors, at peril of limb and life climbed into the library, "that scene of terror and punishment, where, as if in mockery of the culprits below, have been affixed the figures of festive maidens and triumphant heroes," carried out the block and the birches, and sent them to London. The block, Mr. Maxwell Lyte, the historian of the College, tells us, became the

THE QUADRANGLE

On one occasion, the story goes, Dr. Keate came into his room and found a company of boys waiting for him. Without pausing to inquire why they were there, he threw off his gown and coat, seized the birch, and was half down the line before a boy summoned courage to cry out: "If you please, sir, we're not here to be flogged; we're the confirmation class!"

Dr. Hawtrey, who succeeded Dr. Keate as Provost, nobly sustained the tradition of flogging which his predecessors had established. On one occasion he laid the birch on every boy in one of the large houses! On the evening of May 12, 1836, a trio of old Etonians gave a dinner at The Christopher, official seat of the President of the Eton Block Club, for membership in which no one was eligible who had not been flogged at least three times!

Eton College is much the largest of the public schools. Of its eleven hundred and more boys, seventy are known as "Collegers;" their formal title is "King's Scholars," but in the slang of the school they are called "tugs" These Collegers are supported on the ancient foundation of Henry VI., and were formerly held in some contempt by the other boys in the school, on account of their poverty and of the conditions in which they lived. Within the present century they were not allowed such necessities of decent living



OLD SCHOOL ROOM

as wash-stands and basins, and the boys in the lower forms were required to perform the most menial services. All these conditions have been radically changed; the Collegers are properly cared for, they no longer wear the mediæval black gown which had become a badge of social inferiority, poverty is no longer a qualification for admission to their ranks, and the scholarships which they hold are now secured only by successfully passing a severe competitive examination. The Collegers are no longer boys of inferior position; they are, on the contrary, for the most part, boys of fortunate social condition who have been especially successful in their work.

Boys who are not supported by the foundation have long been known as oppidans. For many years they lived in boarding-houses in the town, kept by masters in inferior positions, or by "dames," who exercised a lax authority over them. Since the reform measures of 1870, the oppidans, who number about a thousand, have lived in well-appointed houses, which stand in the immediate neighborhood of the college buildings, are in the charge of resident masters, and, with their clinging ivy and masses of flowers at every window, present a most inviting appearance. Each boy has a small but comfortable room, and freedom and discipline are happily harmonized. The discipline is largely administered by the sixth-form boys, and, as a result, the masters have the opportunity of influencing the boys by means of very friendly and intimate relations. The master is able to form a very intelligent judgment of a boy without seeming to watch him.

When the boy enters one of these houses, he is usually about twelve years old, and he comes under the orders of a fag-master, whose breakfast and supper, in some houses, he prepares and serves in the older boy's room, dinner being eaten in common in all the houses; in some houses all meals are eaten together. Fagging was once a system of oppression in the hands of tyrannical upper-form boys, but to-day, although sometimes abused, appears to work well. The houses have their football and cricket teams, their "house four" on the river, their debating societies, and their generous and lasting fellowships of kindred spirits. The boys are brought closely together at meal-times and at night, while they are kept in touch with the school by chapel, school hours, roll-calls, and the sports in the fields.

At Eton one finds all the characteristic features of the English public school: the boys live in separate houses under resident masters; discipline is maintained by the sixth-form or older boys, under the general supervision of the masters. As a result of this system, and of the tradition and spirit of the schools, the English boy learns two lessons

of quite inestimable importance: the younger boy learns that law must be obeyed, the older boy that law must be administered. The education is, in the main, of the old-fashioned kind; there is thorough drill in the classics and mathematics, with growing regard for modern languages and science.

In the public schools, as in the universities, a few boys develop remarkable scholarship; but the great majority profit by the atmosphere in which they live rather than by its purely intellectual opportunities. A small number become scholars; a great number become well-informed English gentlemen, of a manly and very effective type; men of character, intelligence, sound health, great working power, and the ability to deal strongly with the affairs of life.

THE CHAPEL

When Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket-field at Eton, he picturesquely suggested the educational importance of the athletic side of public-school life. A witty Englishman, Mr. Corbin tells us in his very interesting account of "School-boy Life in England," has said that Eton, Rugby, and their kindred foundations are called public because they are only for the upper classes, and schools because they teach athletics! It must be confessed that athletics form a considerable part of public-school education, especially at Eton. Since the days when Henry VI. built the noble chapel, the spaces between some of the buttresses have been used as fives-courts, and the rebound of the rubber ball, the rush of eager feet, and the shouts of the contestants are rarely silent during hours when play is permitted. Rackets and cricket are always with the English school-boy; especially cricket, of which no Englishman seems ever to tire. The Eton and Harrow game is one of the events of the year.

But the great sport, the supreme interest, at Eton is boating; on the river the school finds its wildest joy, and on the river it is pre-eminent among all the schools of its class. It is the nursing-mother of the great university crews. Boating has been formally recognized by the authorities of the school for more than half a century. The control of the river, so far as the boys are concerned, is

DR. GOODALL AND DR. KEATE

From silhouettes by Aug. Edouart, 1828. Published by permission of The Macmillan Company, New York, from "The History of Eton College," by H. C. Maxwell Lyte.

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in the hands of certain masters; swimming is regularly taught, and the boy who wants the freedom of the Thames must first "pass" by showing his ability to swim to the satisfaction of a master. The races are innumerable, but the great race is that which is rowed at Henley for the grand challenge cup.

The chief holiday of the school is the Fourth of June; a day sacred to Etonians the world over. On that day the river swarms with every kind of craft that floats; the shores are lined with spectators; the Castle often sends down a group of royal observers; the little town overflows with visitors. After chapel and tea in the rooms the boys row to Surly, where they satisfy noble appetites in tents set up in the meadow. When the procession returns to Eton, the banks blaze with rockets and Roman candles. From India, China, Australia, South Africa, messages of affection and loyalty come pouring into Eton during the evening, and at the Universities the Etonians in every college dine or sup together and make night vocal with the strains of *Floreat Etona*.

That Eton should not only awaken but retain the love of its boys will not seem strange to one who has seen the school when the pomp of summer is at its doors and the landscape wears its noble loveliness, or to one who knows its history. After a long and eventful life, a distinguished Etonian, the Marquess Wellesley, asked to be buried at Eton, and composed in Latin these beautiful lines for his epitaph, which were later translated by another famous Etonian, the late Earl of Derby:

Long tost on Fortune's waves, I come to rest,
Eton, once more, on thy maternal breast.
On loftiest deeds to fix the aspiring gaze,
To seek the purer lights of ancient days,
To love the simple paths of manly truth,—
These were thy lessons to my opening youth.
If on my later life some glory shine,
Some honours grace my name, the meed is thine.
My boyhood's nurse, my aged dust receive,
And one last tear of kind remembrance give!

Waste in Education

By Nicholas Murray Butler

AN intelligent parent, who cares about education and who thinks about it, told me not long ago that his boy of fourteen and a half years was in rude health and ready to pass the Harvard College entrance examinations. He expressly disclaimed the idea that the boy had unusual ability or power of application, and attributed the result solely to the fact that his son's education up to this point had been carefully planned. On the other hand, an Assistant Superintendent of Schools in New York has recently stated that he frequently finds pupils of seventeen or eighteen in the upper grades of the elementary schools. It is obvious that their education had not been planned. Lack of plan, bad plan, stupid plan, ignorance in plan—these are the causes of the waste in education that is so frightful in the United States.

A plan for a child's education may or may not involve much system. To identify a plan with a highly organized and wasteful system is one of the blunders most commonly and most joyously made. Detailed systems are usually wasteful when rigidly administered, because, in their anxiety to be symmetrical and to look well, they lose all sense of proportion. If a child, on mastering the words given on the first twenty pages of his Second Reader, is able, with a little help, to read intelligently in the Third Reader or even in the Fourth—and not a few children are able to do this—it is both wasteful and a form of fetish-worship to keep him dragging through the intervening pages. Nowadays the less that children see of Third Readers and Fourth Readers the better; but the illustration holds. Boys who go to college at eighteen have, as a rule, spent from one-sixth to one-fourth of their entire school life in studying mathematics. Yet they know very little mathematics; what they do know they usually know very imperfectly. They have wasted untold months, perhaps years. The mathematics-superstition is still very strong in this country. Mathematics is commonly thought to be more "practical" than literature, or science, or history, which seems to me absurd; and to be an unrivaled training for the reasoning powers, which is easily disproved. Mathematics has an indispensable place in education, of course, but that place is a much more subordinate one than it has been in the habit of occupying. It is, as now administered, a very wasteful subject of instruction, and more than any other it impedes the improvement of the average course of study. The child first "goes through" a primary, or elementary, arithmetic; then he "goes through" an advanced arithmetic, devoting more than half his time to the identical topics contained in his former text-book. This is simple waste, of course. The problem of the arrested development of children, which is the most fruitful field of investigation that lies before the child-study specialists, is bound to engage attention in the near future; and I am of opinion that the closer we get to it the more clearly will it appear that mathematics, "as she is taught," is the chief offender. I am familiar with a public-school system in which much time is given to mathematics. The elementary-school children study it for many hours each week. Those of them who get into the high school keep at it with the same devotion and energy, and study pretty much the same subjects as they did when in the elementary schools. When the brightest high-school graduates pass over into the city training class to fit themselves to teach, the asking of three questions is sufficient to prove that they do not know any mathematics, that they have not the dimmest idea of what it is all about, and that its boasted power of logical training has been wholly lost on them. What it has done is to keep them from learning something else. So they are taught the same mathematics again. This is not an isolated, but a fairly typical, instance of what is going on all over this country.

To plan intelligently for a child's education means to keep him constantly at something that is new and something that is real to him, something that is adapted to his capacity and related to what he already knows. It is to make a plan for a particular child; but it may involve grave error to copy it exactly for his brothers or sisters or cousins or friends. It is to make a plan that aims to discover and to develop capacity, no matter how young the child may be. Whatever the variations in detail, literature and nature-study should

be the earliest and ever-present elements of any plan. From the hours that a child spends in his mother's arms, he should be brought into contact with the material and the form of genuine literature, literature that means something. This does not mean Homer or Dante or Shakespeare, of course, but the fairy tales, the myths, and the nursery rhymes that are part of the inheritance of the race. A boy ought to know a good deal of literature, to love it, and to have caught a bit of the literary spirit, if only by imitation, long before he knows by sight more than half the letters of the alphabet. From his first stumbling steps about the nursery he should be kept similarly in contact with nature in some form. Animals and growing plants should be his earliest teachers in nature-study, and when he first takes his seat in an organized school, a considerable number of the facts of nature should be familiar to him and he should be truly appreciative of them. To the query as to how this is possible, it may be bluntly answered that it is possible because it has been done and is being done all the time by intelligent and observant mothers. Of course, if the child is so unfortunate as to be given at this time the task of acquiring some facility in speaking French or German, from association with a nursemaid or a nursery governess, at the expense of gaining an idiomatic and careful use of the mother tongue, and if all his mental energy is turned inward instead of outward, then an educational chaos is likely to result that does incalculable damage and prevents any number of good things from taking place in his mental life.

Once in school, the chief elements of wasted time for the child are: (1) annual, or even semi-annual, promotions that may not be departed from; (2) reviews and examinations in the interest of so-called "thoroughness;" and (3) bad teaching.

A school that moves forward in February or June in solid phalanx, and then only, might do for wooden Indians, but it is not suited to growing human beings. A pupil ought to be changed in grade just as often as it is apparent that he is either overtaxed where he is, or that he is not taxed enough. Theories must give way to facts. The "system" is for the pupils, not the pupils for the "system." Of course, to deal with the needs and capacities of each pupil costs trouble; but then all education is more or less troublesome to somebody. It worries some principals and teachers to think that a pupil promoted in November, for instance, will be likely to "lose" all that his old class goes over from November till February, and all that his new class has gone over from September to November. What there is to worry about is a puzzle to me. It seems rather a cause for congratulation that this particular child can get along without some scraps of information that others seem to need.

The fetish of Thoroughness is another form of the pedagogue's paganism. To know a thing thoroughly does not necessarily mean, happily, to be able to call it by name, or to recall it on any and every occasion, but to know its relations to other things or occurrences, its causes and its effects. That sort of knowledge comes, and can come only, from reflection. To do a thing or to repeat a thing over and over is by no means to reflect upon it. Repetitions are not always reviews, and memory-tests are rarely examinations. A review and an examination should always be reflective in character. Then they make for real, rather than for sham, thoroughness; then only are they genuine educational exercises. To ask a boy to prove the theorem that "Triangles which have an angle in each equal, and the including sides proportional, are similar," may, or may not, show that he knows what he is talking about. But to ask him, "What is meant by the similarity of triangles? When are two triangles similar, and why?" will very soon enable you to ascertain whether the boy is really learning geometry or not. The best and fairest sort of examination is one that asks pupils no question that they have ever seen before. To answer such questions correctly requires the power to think, not merely the ability to remember; and it is the power to think that we are trying to train and to test. Besides, it is just such questions that real life will put to the child continually when he grows up.

Finally, there is bad teaching, without mention of which no paper or address on education is quite complete. As it is practically impossible to secure the dismissal from public-school positions of hard-working and deserving young women "simply because they cannot teach," we are likely to have this chief cause of waste with us for another century or two, while public opinion is learning what education really means. In private schools, however, the task of getting rid of incompetent teachers ought to be easy. In-

telligent parents ought to find out what good teaching is, and withhold their children from anything else. But my observation is that they do not do this. They ask which school is fashionable, or which has the best athletic record, or which passed the largest number of boys into college last year without conditions, and, on finding out about these things, they throw their innocent children into the hopper. The burden of proof is nowadays on a financially successful school; it must demonstrate that it really educates, despite its success. On the other hand, it will not do to go to the opposite extreme, and infer that when a school is a financial failure it is because of its excellence. That is bad logic.

No parent can afford to send his child to a teacher who does not habitually make special preparation for every lesson or class exercise. The oftener a lesson has been given the more wooden it is likely to be, unless special thought is given to its presentation. Time not prepared for is, in school life, time wasted. No single element contributes so much to live, practical teaching as careful preparation for every lesson.

Another and very prolific source of waste in education is due to the time-honored illusion that all boys and girls are born equal—equal to anything, apparently. The blessings of the principle of choice, which in higher education is known as the elective system, are being so rapidly extended, however, that this obstacle to progress will be steadily diminished. Choice may sometimes be exercised by a parent on his child's behalf, but as soon as capacity and taste begin to show themselves the pupil will do his own choosing, to the immense benefit of his moral, as well as of his intellectual, nature. To overtax the nervous system of a child is in the highest degree wasteful. Not to have him take ample time for systematic and vigorous physical exercise, preferably in the open air, is wasteful. To allow or compel children to carry on more than four, or at most five, subjects of study at one and the same time is wasteful. For the parent or the teacher not to know about the laws governing a child's physical and mental growth is excessively wasteful. Read, for example, Dr. Francis Warner's "Study of Children" and Preyer's "Infant Mind," and see how much light they throw on what is going on before our eyes every day, and to which we are, as a rule, wholly blind.

Even so good a thing as the present widespread revival of interest in education has been productive of waste, by putting into the hands of undiscriminating readers a mass of what has been appropriately termed "stuff," bearing the name of educational literature. Some of the books and periodicals, purporting to deal with education, that reach my desk are enough to make one regret the invention of printing. To paraphrase one of Speaker Reed's happy characterizations, they cannot be read without subtracting from the sum of human knowledge. Some of them bear otherwise reputable names. But they are simply dreadful. Yet they are often read, sometimes quoted, and occasionally followed. Untold waste may be attributed to this source. A pressing need in education to-day is an Index that will pillory the bad books and the hopelessly befogged and ignorant educational journals.

The most serious aspect of the waste that surrounds us on every side is not the waste of time; that could perhaps be endured. It is the dissipation of energy, the loss of effectiveness, the blunting of natural capacity and aptitude. As a result, we grow accustomed to low standards of performance and to acquiesce in them. We open our eyes in amazement at what is only fitness or adaptation of an individual to his task, and call upon the word "genius" to hide our inability to explain how it happened.

A strange thing is that every intelligent person accepts these principles as soon as they are stated; they are so obvious But the merest fraction of these same intelligent persons act upon them. In consequence, their children waste both time and opportunity, and society suffers sorely.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

CHAPTER XI.—POLITICS AND THE WAR

IN 1865, the year when Lowell's name first appears as a professor in the Harvard catalogue, he is one of eleven professors. In 1891, the year of his death, there were fifty-seven professors and assistant professors. The number of "tutors" and "instructors," to follow the college titles, increases in the same proportion. Lowell's name does not appear on the list of the "Faculty" in 1855, I suppose because he was in Europe. The Faculty consisted of thirteen gentlemen, of whom President Eliot, then one of the junior members, and Professor James M. Peirce are now the only survivors. Of his associates in the Faculty, Dr. Walker and Professors Felton, Peirce, Bowen, and Lovering had been his teachers when he was himself an undergraduate twenty years before. Of the others, Professor Sophocles, older than he, had been Greek Professor in Amherst before Lowell was at Cambridge. Professors Child, Lane, Jennison, Cooke, Chase, Eliot, and James Peirce were his juniors. In the cordial and simple courtesies of Cambridge life, all these gentlemen are to be spoken of in any calendar of his friends. After his college work begins, his name appears on the list of the Faculty. And it remains on the catalogue during the eight years when he was in Spain and England as American Minister. He went to Europe in 1855, after his appointment as Professor, and remained there more than a year; he made another visit in August, 1872, and remained abroad until July, 1874. His proper duties at Cambridge, therefore, were between September, 1856, and the summer of 1872, and from October, 1874, to his appointment as Minister to Spain in the spring of 1877, covering in both periods nearly nineteen years.

The earlier of these periods—that from 1856 to 1872—includes the whole Civil War and the most acute of the struggles which preceded it. He watched with great interest the Kansas trials, and had at one time the idea of taking Hosea Biglow out to Kansas to send his prophecies from what was really the seat of war. He was himself learning, and the world was learning, that Minerva was not unwilling when he wrote prose; although it was as late as 1846 that he expressed himself so doubtfully in that matter. It is a pity that the best of his political essays, in the "Standard," in the "Atlantic," and in the "North American," cannot be published together. In the "Atlantic" and the "North American" there are, for instance, such articles as "The New Tariff Bill," "July Reviewed by September," "The Election in November," "The Pickens-and-Stealin's Rebellion," "The Question of the Hour," "The President's Policy," "The Rebellion, Its Causes and Consequences," "Reconstruction," "Scotch the Snake, or Kill It?"

His cousin, Mr. Lawrence Lowell, thus characterizes these essays:

"During the period of war and reconstruction Lowell wrote a number of political essays, but these are not as remarkable as his poetry or his criticism. Although very influential in forming public opinion, and although containing many wise sayings and many striking aphorisms on government, they are, in the main, a forcible exposition of the opinions held by intelligent Republicans. Beginning with a distrust of Lincoln's tentative policy, they finally express unbounded admiration for the statesmanship that could wait until the times were ripe, and give the lead when the people were ready to follow. The essays show how thoroughly the writer had become estranged from the Abolitionists. He regards the conflict at the outset, not as a crusade against slavery, but as a struggle to restore order and maintain the unity of the Nation as a question of National existence, in which the peculiar institution of the South is not at issue; and, although before the war was over he saw that no lasting peace was possible unless slavery was forever destroyed, he held that opinion in common with men who had never harbored a thought of abolition before the secession of South Carolina. In short, he no longer writes as the prophet of 1848, but as a citizen and a statesman."

In an earlier paper of this series I referred to the "Anti-Slavery Standard," so long a brilliant exception to the dullness, almost proverbial, of what are called the "organs" of causes or of societies. Lowell's

[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Outlook Company.

connection with the "Standard" for many years brought him into close connection with a man after his own heart, Sydney Howard Gay, well known among all journalists, historians, and men of letters in America. He will be remembered for the untold services which he rendered to the country in and after the Civil War, and to good letters, good history, and good journalism before the war, in the war, after the war, and, indeed, as long as he lived.

In 1840 it would have been difficult, even for a person inside the sacred circle of the Abolitionists, to explain, in a manner satisfactory to every one, the difference between "old organization," "new organization," and the shades of feeling and thought in either, or among "come-outers" or "come-outer" societies, which were neither of the new or old. For an outsider it would have been impossible to make such explanations then. And, fortunately, any such discrimination is now as unnecessary as it is impossible. They were all free lances, who obeyed any leader when they chose, and, if they did not like his direction, told him so and refused to follow. A sufficient section of anti-slavery people, however, to carry out their purposes, established the "Anti-Slavery Standard."

At a meeting quite celebrated in those times, in which the original Anti-Slavery Society divided itself between what was called the "old organization" and the "new organization," the old organization, sometimes called the "Garrisonians," determined to establish this paper. This was in the year 1840, and the first editor was a gentleman named Nathaniel P. Rogers, a brilliant and vigorous writer from New Hampshire. He died in 1846. His essays have been published, with a Life, by John Pierpont.

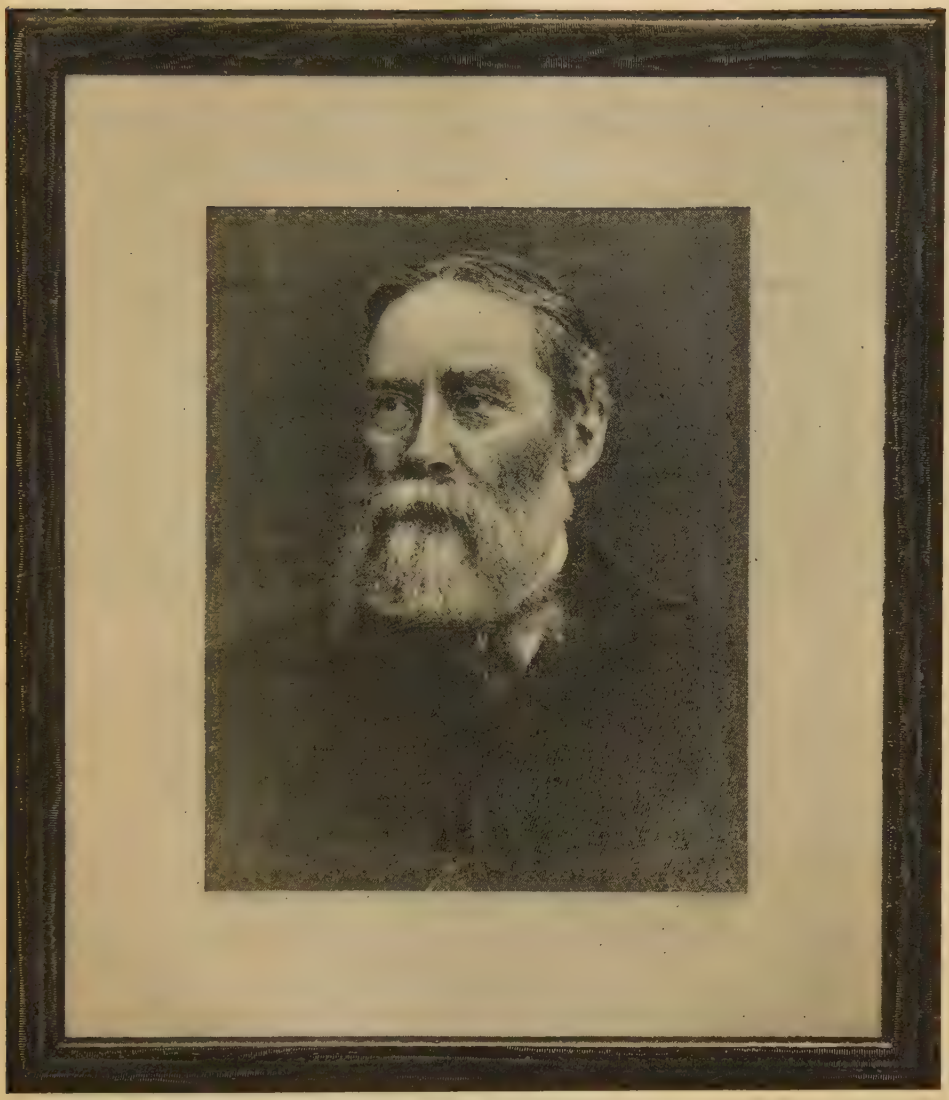
The motto of the new journal was "Without concealment and without compromise." It was under the general superintendence of what is spoken of afterwards as the "executive committee;" and, if I understand it rightly, this executive committee was chosen annually at the meetings of the "old organization." An outsider, perhaps, would have said that Garrison's "Liberator" would answer the purpose of an organ; and, so far as devotion to the main cause went, of course it would. But Garrison, on his part, would never have ground the crank of anybody's organ. And, on the other side, the Anti-Slavery Society did not want, as such, to accompany him on such side-crusades as he might wish to undertake in the course of the great enterprise. For an instance, most, if not all, of the people who united to establish the "Standard" would choose to vote, if they wanted to do so, and frequently did vote. But he who in those days men called an Abolitionist pure and simple, whom one could underwrite as A 1, would have abominated any vote at any election.

This was the explanation given me by the person best qualified to answer my question when I asked, "Why the 'National Anti-Slavery Standard' *and* the 'Liberator'?"

On the death of Mr. Rogers, I believe, Mr. Gay was at once appointed his successor. He was an Abolitionist through and through. He even gave up the study of law, because he felt that he could not swear to sustain the Constitution of the United States, and so could not enter at the bar. He had very rare gifts of editorial promptness and sagacity; and, as the "Standard" itself shows, had the unselfishness and the knowledge of men which enabled him to engage as fellow-workmen men and women of remarkable ability. Henry Wilson speaks of him as the man who deserved well of his country because he kept the "Tribune" a war paper in spite of Greeley.

Lowell had written before 1846 for the anti-slavery papers, as the reader knows. Mrs. Chapman, a lady distinguished among the Abolitionists, had suggested to Gay that Lowell would give strength to the "Standard." How droll it seems now that anybody should be advising anybody to engage his services! All the same, Mrs. Chapman did, and he was retained to write once a week for the "Standard." In an early letter of his to Gay, as early as June of 1846, he says that he is "totally unfitted" for the position of an "editorial contributor." He was sure that Garrison and Mrs. Chapman overrated his popularity. "In the next place"—this is edifying now—"if I have any vocation, it is the making of verse. When I take my pen for that, the world opens itself ungrudgingly before me, everything seems clear and easy, as it seems sinking to the bottom would be as one leans over the edge of his boat in one of those dear coves at Fresh Pond. But when I do prose, it is *invitâ Minervâ*. My true place is to serve the cause as a poet."

In the same letter he suggests what we now call a "funny column." He calls it a "Weekly Pasquil." "I am sure I come across enough comical thoughts in a week to



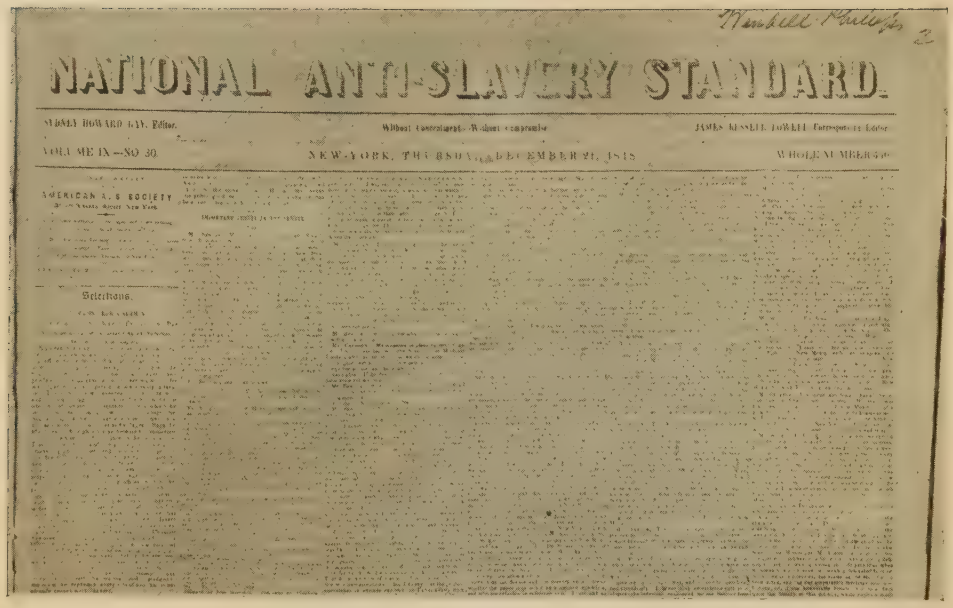
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From an engraved portrait by Mr. T. A. Butler. Reproduced by permission from "Harper's Weekly." Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers.

make up a good share of such a corner, and Briggs and yourself [Gay] and Quincy could help."

Edmund Quincy began in the "Standard" that series of letters signed "Byles," which with infinite fun and spirit revealed Boston to the decorous senses of those people who had supposed that they were the "upper four hundred." The letters were afterward carried on in the "Tribune" for many years. In this instance, as in the transfer of Mr. Gay's services to the "Tribune," the "Standard" led the way for some of the signal achievements in the interesting history of that paper.

Lowell's correspondence with Gay is excellent reading for young men who have fallen in love with their own picture of journalism and are fascinated by the charm of that picture. To us, reading after fifty years, it is edifying, not to say amusing, to find that, after rather more than a year, the "Executive Committee" of the "Standard" feared that they were flinging their money away in paying this young poet four dollars and eighty cents a week for his contributions. Think of that, gentle-



NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

FACSIMILE OF THE "NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD"

From the file now in the Boston Public Library. Lowell was the Corresponding Editor of the "Anti-Slavery Standard."

men who manage the treasuries of weekly or monthly journals now! James Lowell, in the very prime of his life, is writing for you. He is just beginning on the "Biglow Papers." And you find that the work is not worth five dollars a week, and notify your working editor that he must be dropped.

Lowell's letter in reply is manly and courteous. He even says that he has felt somewhat cramped by the knowledge that a corresponding editor ought to recognize the views of an "Executive Committee." "I have felt that I ought to work in my own way, and yet I have also felt that I ought to try to work in their way, so that I have failed of working in either."

Young authors may read with interest these words—not too proud: "I think the Executive Committee would have found it hard to get some two or three of the poems I have furnished from any other quarter." "Beaver Brook," for instance, "To Lamartine," or several of the early Biglow papers! No, it would be hard to get them furnished "from any other quarter." And the anonymous Executive Committee flinched at the four dollars and eighty cents which had to be paid for each of these! With one and another such jar, however, the connection between Lowell and the "Standard" lasted, in one or another form, for four or five years.

I hope it is not too late for us still to expect a full memoir of Mr. Gay's life and work. As a permanent contribution to literature, "The Popular History of America" will preserve his memory. It is the first of the composite histories wrought by the hands of many experts; but it all went under his careful supervision, and ought to be called by his name. At Chicago, at New York, in the "Tribune," and as coadjutor with Mr. Bryant in the "Evening Post" office, he showed what his great capacity as an editor was.

I have never seen in print his story of that fearful night when Lincoln was killed. But one hears it freely repeated in conversation, and I see no reason why it should not be printed now.

With the news of the murder of Lincoln, there came to New York every other terrible message. The office of the "Tribune," of course, received echoes from all the dispatches which showed the alarm at Washington. There were orders for the arrest of this man, there were suspicions of the loyalty of that man. No one knew what the morrow might bring.

In the midst of the anxieties of such hours, to Mr. Gay, the acting editor of that paper, there entered the foreman of the type-setting-room. He brought with him the proof of Mr. Greeley's leading article, as he had left it before leaving the city for the day. It was

a brutal, bitter, sarcastic, personal attack on President Lincoln—the man who, when Gay read the article, was dying in Washington.

Gay read the article, and asked the foreman if he had any private place where he could lock up the type, to which no one but himself had access. The foreman said he had. Gay bade him tie up the type, lock the galley with this article in his cupboard, and tell no one what he had told him. Of course no such article appeared in the "Tribune" the next morning.

But when Gay arrived on the next day at the office, he was met with the news that "the old man" wanted him, and the intimation that "the old man" was very angry. Gay waited upon Greeley.

"Are you there, Mr. Gay? I have been looking for you. They tell me that you ordered my leader out of this morning's paper. Is it your paper or mine? I should like to know if I cannot print what I choose in my own newspaper!" This in great rage.

"The paper is yours, Mr. Greeley. The article is in type upstairs, and you can use it when you choose. Only this, Mr. Greeley: I know New York, and I hope and believe, before God, that there is so much virtue in New York that, if I had let that article go into this morning's paper, there would not be one brick upon another in the 'Tribune' office now. Certainly I should be sorry if there were."

Mr. Greeley was cowed. He said not a word, nor ever alluded to the subject again. I suppose the type is locked up in the cupboard of the "Tribune" office at this hour.

It was by this sort of service that Mr. Gay earned Mr. Wilson's praise that "he kept Mr. Greeley up to the war."

Mr. Lowell's correspondence with Mr. Gay makes one wish that we had Mr. Gay's side as well. The letters which are printed in Lowell's "Correspondence" are well worthy the study of young journalists.

It will be readily seen that here was a college professor well in touch with the responsibilities of the time. Writing occasionally for such a paper as the "Standard," responsible for the tone and politics of the "Atlantic," and afterwards of the "North American," he could tell the world what he thought

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY

in those times of storm and earthquake; and he did not fail to use his opportunity. Meanwhile the war was drawing nearer and nearer. Strictly speaking, the war began when Franklin Pierce, on the part of the Government of the United States, acting by the United States Marshal, took possession of the Hotel of the Emigrant Aid Company, in Lawrence, Kansas, in May, 1856.

The class of youngsters who entered Harvard College in 1856—when Lowell began his work there—graduated in 1860, and were

eager to go into the army. Twenty-one of that class are in the battle-roll of the College. Of the next class, twenty-five enlisted in the army or navy; thirty of the next class; and twenty-six of the class of 1863. Lowell was in personal relations with most of these young men. He had five young relatives who died in the service—General Charles R. Lowell and his brother James Jackson Lowell, William Lowell Putnam, Warren Dutton Russell, and Francis Lowell Dutton Russell, who was only twenty when he died. William Putnam was the son of the sister whose account of the childhood of Lowell has been printed in the first paper of this series.[1]

Mr. Leslie Stephen has referred pathetically to Lowell's white-heat patriotism as the war went on—he watching it with such associations. "The language of the most widely known English newspapers at the time could hardly have been more skillfully framed for the purpose of irritating Lowell, if it had been consciously designed to that end. . . . He showed me the photograph of a young man in the uniform of the United States army, and asked me whether I thought that that lad looked like 'a blackguard.' On my giving the obvious reply, he told me that the portrait represented one of the nephews he had lost in the war. Not long afterward I read his verses in the second series of 'Biglow Papers,' the most pathetic, I think, that he ever wrote, in which he speaks of the 'three likely lads,'

> Whose comin' step there's ears thet won't,
> No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'."

These "three likely lads" were General Charles Russell Lowell, his brother James Jackson Lowell, and William Lowell Putnam, their cousin and the poet's nephew.

In the autumn of 1860 Charles Lowell took charge of the Mount Savage Iron Works at Cumberland, Maryland. On the 20th of April, 1861, hearing of the attack made the preceding day in Baltimore on the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, Lowell instantly aban-

[1] As this paper is put in type, this noble lady died; on the 2d of June, beloved by all who knew her.

WAVERLEY, MASS. BEAVER BROOK.

From a photograph by Mr. M. L. Stebbins, of Boston, and loaned by the Metropolitan Parks Commission

"No mountain torrent's strength is here;
Sweet Beaver, child of forest still,
Heaps its small pitcher to the ear,
And gently waits the miller's will,"

JAMES JACKSON LOWELL

doned his position and set out for Washington. He put himself at once at the disposal of the Government, and about the middle of June received his commission as Captain in the Third Regiment of United States Cavalry. For distinguished services at Williamsburg and Slatersville he was nominated for the brevet of Major. At South Mountain, on bearing orders to General Reno, he showed a bravery which excited universal admiration. In recognition of his gallantry in this battle, General McClellan bestowed on Lowell the office of presenting to the President the trophies of the campaign. In November, 1862, he was ordered to report to Governor Andrew for the purpose of organizing the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, of which he was appointed Colonel. In the May following he left Boston with his regiment, and was soon placed in command of the cavalry of the Department of Washington. For many months he was occupied in resisting the incursions of Mosby. "I have often said," writes Colonel Mosby, "that of all the Federal commanders opposed to me, I had the highest respect for Colonel Lowell, both as an officer and as a gentleman." It was at Cedar Creek, while leading his command, that he received his mortal wound. His commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, "determined on days before," was signed on the 19th of October, too late for him to wear the honor he had earned so well. "We all shed tears," said Custer, "when we knew we had lost him."

General Lowell's brother, James Jackson Lowell, was but twenty-three years old when the war began. He was born in the very Elmwood where, as this writer hopes, this reader feels at home. His early youth was spent in Boston, where he was a student in the public Latin School. Before he entered college, the family had removed to Cambridge again.

He spent the four years from 1854 as an undergraduate in Cambridge, taking his bachelor's degree in 1858, at the second Commencement after his uncle entered on his duties there. He took the highest place in his class when he graduated; a favorite with his class, "liked as much as he was admired." "While he would walk a dozen miles for wild flowers, skate all day, and dance as long as the music would play, he found no study too dry, and would have liked to embrace all science and all literature."

He showed the interest in public affairs which such a young man ought to show, and such as was suggested to him by his ancestry on his father's side and his mother's alike. He was at the Dane Law School—the school connected with the University at Cambridge—when the war broke out. James Lowell and his cousin William Putnam, also at the Law School, undertook to raise recruits for a Massachusetts regiment. After some delay, they and their recruits were assigned to the Twentieth Regiment, Lowell taking a commission as First Lieutenant, and Will Putnam the Second. They received their commissions on the 10th of July. They were sent to the front in September.

After a few days in Washington, they were ordered to Poolesville in Maryland, and they were encamped there until October 20. On

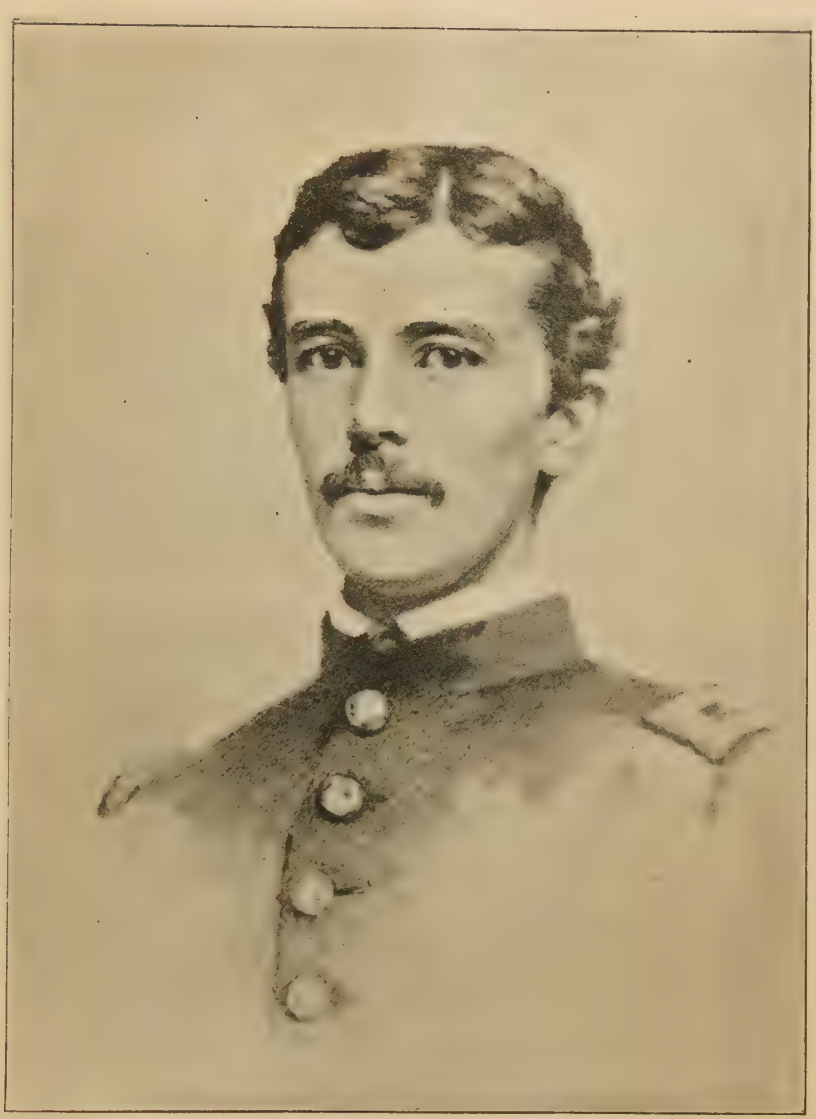
the 21st of October they were led across the Potomac by a civilian General, who atoned for his blunder by his life. The wretched and useless battle of Ball's Bluff was fought, Putnam was so severely wounded that he died in a few days, Schmitt, their Captain, was killed, and Lowell shot in his thigh. He returned home until his wound was healed, and joined his regiment on the Potomac as the movement of McClellan against Richmond went forward. He saw rather than joined in the fighting at Fair Oaks, and on the 26th of June writes, in good spirits, that he has hopes of seeing Richmond before the month is over. But, alas! on the 29th the regiment was ordered to join McClellan's retreat to the Potomac, and on the 30th he received a mortal wound at Glendale.

His cousin William Lowell Putnam was the only son of Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, that older sister of the poet Lowell whose tender care of him in childhood has been referred to in the first chapter of this series. Their friend and teacher, Professor Child, in writing of them says: "A nobler pair never took the field. Putnam, with his fair hair, deep eyes, and uncontaminated countenance, was the impersonation of knightly youth. He was our Euryalus, *quo pulchrior alter non fuit Æneadum.* The cousins were beautifully matched in person, mental accomplishments, and pure heroism of character." I copy Professor Child's words with a certain special tenderness for a personal remembrance of "Willie Putnam," as most of his friends called him. I was in Salignac's drill corps, before the war began, at a time when the drill was carried on in a large hall, at the corner of Summer Street and Washington Street in Boston. The hall was not long enough for the battalion to form in line, and two right angles were necessary, so that we stood at parade with our backs to three sides of the wall. Day by day, for I know not how many weeks, in presenting arms at parade, I "presented arms," not so much to the commanding officer, as to this beautiful and handsome boy, who at the distance of thirty or forty yards presented arms to me. Among three or four hundred young men, most of them younger than I, I did not know his name. In June he was enlisting men, and Salignac and the drill corps, and I among the rest, saw him no longer. In October he was killed; and then for the first time, when I saw his picture, did I know that the noble, cheerful face I had so often saluted was that of this fine young man, in whose career, for so many reasons, I was interested so deeply.

WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

Such were three of five relatives who went to the war, almost from Elmwood itself. One sees how Lowell's personal interest in them affected all he wrote in poetry or prose in the great crisis.

Professor Child, whom I cited in the passage above, took the most eager interest in the war, as, indeed, in one way or another, all the



CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

professors at Cambridge did. He was one of the Faculty who had joined it since they dragged Lowell through college "by the hair of his head." Eager in everything in the way of public spirit, Professor Child made it his special duty to prepare a "Song-book" for the soldiers who were going to the field. Who is doing it now for the liberators of to-day? He made everybody who could, write a war-song, and he printed a little book of these songs, with the music, which he used to send to the front with every marching regiment. I had the pleasure of telling him once that I had heard one of his songs sung by some privates of the Twenty-fourth in the camp before Bermuda Hundred. This curious collection is already rare. It was called "War Songs for Freemen," and was dedicated to the Army of the United States. Professor Child enlisted Charles T. Brooks, the Newport poet, Dr. Hedge, Dr. Holmes, and Mrs. Howe, both the Lelands, Mrs. T. Sedgwick, and some anonymous writers, to join in furnishing songs. He included some good translations from the German. He wrote two or three himself, which show his fun and audacity. Here is the last verse of "The Lass of the Pamunky:"

Fair hands! but not too nice or coy
To soothe my pangs with service tender.

HARVARD HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Soft eyes! that watched a wasted boy,
All loving, as your land's defender!—
Oh! I was then a wretched shade,
But now I'm strong and growing chunky—
So Forward! and God bless the maid
That saved my life on the Pamunky!

Here is a new verse of Lilliburlero:

OVERTURES FROM RICHMOND

"Well, Uncle Sam," says Jefferson D.,
Lilliburlero, Old Uncle Sam,
"You'll have to join my Confed'racy,"
Lilliburlero, Old Uncle Sam.
Lero, lero, that don't appear, O! That don't appear, says Old Uncle Sam.
Lero, lero, filibustero! That don't appear, says Old Uncle Sam.

Mr. Child was appointed professor in rhetoric in 1851, and by a new appointment in 1876 professor of the English language and literature. It is interesting to see that, although the use of the English language had been admirably taught at Harvard long before, there was no professor of English literature for two centuries and a half after the College was founded. Is there one at Oxford or at the English Cambridge to-day?

How well fitted Mr. Child was for these positions his published series of ballads and other works show. His death gives me a right to speak here of the tender love with which he was regarded by all the Cambridge circle, and of the unselfish interest with which he gave time and work to the help of all around him. One is glad to see this interest surviving in the lives of his children.

I am not sure that this story of those days is quite decorous enough for The Outlook. But I will risk the blue pencil. Professor Calvin E. Stowe, who was a classmate of Longfellow's, told me that in the early days of '61 he met Longfellow in the streets of Boston. Both of them were in haste, but Longfellow had time enough to ask if the Andover gentlemen were all alive to their duty to the Nation. Stowe said he thought they were, and Longfellow said, "If the New Testament won't do, you must give them the Old." Professor Stowe told me this in August of 1861, after the anniversary exercises of the class at Andover. The division between Rehoboam and Jeroboam had naturally played a very important part in the chapel exercises, with the careful distinction that in our time it was the North which was in the right and the South which was in the wrong.

I am permitted to copy the following scraps from the journal of one of Lowell's pupils at that time:

"In '64, when I had come back from a service mostly civil, but under direction of General Saxton, on Port Royal Island, I had to give the college steward a bond to secure whatever dues I might incur. Lowell volunteered to sign the bond, and to say that he had perfect confidence in me. December 22 he called at Divinity Hall, to invite me to a five o'clock Christmas dinner; again on Christmas to turn the hour into four o'clock. The other guests were John Holmes and Caroline Norton, a young man and a niece of the host. Each man was impressed into

escort duty to a woman, and I was Mabel's escort to the table.

"The dinner and the chat were delightful. Holmes and Lowell sharpened their wits upon each other, while the rest of us ate and laughed. I was the only obdurate that would not take a smile of wine. After dinner we were entertained with some of Blake's curious pictures, with snowflake shapes, and with books. Lowell had been 'weeding his back garden,' and he offered me the little stock of duplicates and obsoletes: a Webster's quarto dictionary was one of the books, and the evening was Christmas; but the boys had a notion that his income was almost pinchingly small for a man in his place; so, in the hope that he might second-hand them off for five or ten dollars, I declined them, and have been sorry ever since. I should have known that if he wanted to sell them he would not even have shown them to me, and that he did want to put them where they would be helpful and well used."

I might almost say that such daily associations with the war account for the form and spirit alike of the Commemoration Ode. No one who was present when that ode was delivered can forget the occasion. It was in every regard historical. Peace was concluded, and the country drew a long breath with joy for the first time. An immense assembly of the graduates came together. As many of them as could filed into the church for religious services. Under the lead of Mr. Paine, the professor of music, a college chorus sang "Salvam fac rempublicam." I think this was the first time that the music now frequently used was used for those words. On such occasions at Cambridge the graduates enter the church in the order of their seniority. I remember that on that occasion the attendance was so large that my

MEMORIAL HALL, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

own class, which was twenty-six years out of college, were among the last persons who could enter the building. We stood in the aisles, because there were no seats for us.

After these services the whole body of the alumni sat at a Spartan college feast in that part of "the yard," as we say at Cambridge, which is between Harvard and Hollis Halls. And there Lowell delivered his Commemoration Ode. His own intense interest was evident enough, but it was reflected in what I might call the passionate interest with which people heard. It was said afterwards, and I think this appears in his letters, that the final business of writing this wonderful poem had all been done in forty-eight hours before he delivered it. But then, as the reader sees, it had been more than four years in the writing. The inspiration had come from day to day, and he poured out here the expression of what he had been thinking and feeling, in joy and sorrow, in hope and fear, in learning and forgetting, for all that period of crisis and strain.

I believe I may tell—and it shall close these broken reminiscences of the war—a story which was familiarly told at the time, and which I believe. I have heard it in one

ELMWOOD: THE PASTURE

or two forms, and to secure accuracy I have asked the gentleman whom I may call the hero of the story for his own account of it. He was one of Lowell's pupils, in the "battle class" of 1862. He has sent it to me in the following words:

"I spent the night before Commemoration Day on a lounge in Hollis 21, the room of my classmate Hudson, who was a tutor. I could not afterwards remember dreaming of anything in particular; but as I woke I *heard*,

And what they dare to dream of, dare
to die for.

'Rather a good sentiment,' I said to myself; 'and it seems to be appropriate to the day,' then just dawning. And so I dropped off again.

"The dinner was spread, as you remember, in the green bounded by Harvard, Hollis, and Holden. My seat was just about in the middle. Mr. Lowell was a few rods nearer Holden and a good deal nearer Hollis—about under the more southerly window of Hollis 21. When he rose, there was a prolonged closing of the ranks—I remember the rustle of many feet on the grass—and Mr. Lowell waited till all was quiet before he began reading. As he read, when he came to the words,

Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best,

I began to feel, not that I had heard this before, but that *something familiar was coming*.

Who to themselves are true,

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

went on the reader. 'Hullo!' said I to myself, 'I ought to know the next line.'

And what they dare—

"'Yes, but it isn't going to rhyme,' and this without distinctly repeating the rest of the line."

When my friend had observed that "die for" would not rhyme with "true," Lowell came to his relief by saying,

And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.

So well authenticated a story of sympathy and telepathy seems worth repeating.

[To be continued in the September Magazine Number.]

Abraham Lincoln

From Lowell's "Commemoration Ode"

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

ELEVEN PRESIDENTS OF UNIVERSITIES

President Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, is at the extreme left. Sitting next is President Angell, of Michigan, and sitting on the other side, President Adams, of Wisconsin, and Chancellor Jesse, of Missouri.

Then, standing, from right to left, are Chancellors Canfield, of Ohio; Swain, of Indiana; Schaeffer, of Iowa; Smart, of Purdue MacLean, of Nebraska; Draper, of Illinois, and Snow, of Kansas.

The State University

By Cyrus Northrop

President of the University of Minnesota

THE famous ordinance of 1787, by which the territory of the United States lying east of the Mississippi River and north of the Ohio was forever dedicated to freedom, contained another provision which has contributed to the prosperity of the Northwest hardly less than the provision excluding slavery. It was in these words: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

The States which were subsequently organized out of this Northwest Territory, for which education was thus forever ordained by act of Congress, have all carried out most nobly this educational provision of the ordinance; and the States which have been formed out of the territory west of the Mississippi, and not directly affected by the ordinance, have without exception imitated the example of these Northwestern States and have done all that was possible to promote education within their limits. None of them have been satisfied to provide merely for elementary instruction, but in every State from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, as well as in the States covered by the ordinance of 1787, a State university is to be found with provision more or less ample for the higher education; and this education in school and university alike is for the most part free, while in Minnesota at least, and perhaps in other States, this free education is offered to all, whether citizens of the State or not. The oldest of these State universities, and the one that has directly or indirectly served as a model for the others, is the University of Michigan. This institution was established in 1837, when the State of Michigan had a population of only two hundred thousand. Many of the other State Universities have been established, or at least provided for by legislative provision, when the States to which they belonged had less even than one-half of this number of people within their limits. The University of Missouri was established in 1840; the University of Wisconsin in 1848; and almost all of the others were established since 1868. It will be seen, therefore, that most of these institutions are not yet thirty years old. Yet nearly thirty thousand students are numbered on their rolls, and probably nine-tenths of these are enrolled in the University of the State in which they live.

Two special reasons may be assigned for this uniform establishment of universities by the new States.

First, the people were largely emigrants from the older States—some of them college-bred, some regretting that they were not college-bred, all determined that the coming generation in these new States should not lack the opportunity of securing a good education, whatever else they might lack.

Second, the distance from the old colleges of the East, the cost of travel, of tuition, and of living, and the almost universal poverty of the people, made it impossible for most of the young men who desired an education to secure it, unless they could get it at home; still less possible was it for the young women who desired an education to leave home for the purpose of attending institutions in distant States; and no colleges for their education existed even in the East. The State university from the first provided for the boys and girls alike. At least this is true of the University of Minnesota, and I presume it is true of most of the universities established within the last quarter of a century. The State university is a part of the system of public instruction. The grade schools prepare for the high schools. The high schools prepare for the university. The boys and girls who have been schoolmates in the lower schools find themselves under no embarrassment at being classmates in the university. Their life together in the lecture-room and laboratory is as natural as it was in the school-room or in the home.

But the especial glory of the State universities is that they bring the higher education within the reach of the poor. The rich men of the West can, and frequently do, send their sons to Eastern colleges. This is especially likely to occur if the father is himself a graduate of an Eastern college. But the rich men in the West are even now comparatively few. The poor we have had with us always, and, despite the development of

science and invention, possibly in consequence of it, we are sure to have them in the future. Not a few of the sons and daughters of the poor have a genuine hunger for knowledge and culture. Their appetite could never be gratified if it were not for the existence of institutions of higher learning within reasonable distance offering a free education to all who are qualified to receive it. Encouraged by the fact that the university is free to them and within reach, hundreds of bright boys and girls every year pass from the high schools to the university, some of them utterly dependent on their own labor for support, who under other conditions would have cut short their education and settled into the lower ranks of life; and not unfrequently these poor boys and girls become the ornaments of learning, and their names are cherished far beyond the bounds of the State which provided for their education. This possibility of gaining learning and attaining eminence which is thus open to the children of the poorest man in the State is of incalculable value to the State itself. It is a menace to the State to have higher education possible for the rich only. "Society," says President Angell, "is now sufficiently shaken by the antagonisms and frictions between the rich and the poor. But suppose we had the poor hopelessly doomed to comparative ignorance by the costliness of advanced education to the pupils, and so had society divided into two classes, the one rich and highly educated, the other poor and with limited education or none, how much more fearful would be their conflicts when they met in the shock of battle! But here the rich and the poor have always sat side by side in the class-room. Brains and character have alone determined which should be held in the higher esteem. There is no other community in the world so wholesomely democratic as one like our body of university students."

What the wealth perhaps of no single citizen could accomplish, the State itself can and does accomplish; and as the population and wealth of the State increase, the limitations to the work of the university will be largely removed, and the home institution will become the Alma Mater of most of the educated sons and daughters of the State, whether they are rich or poor.

In some of the States the College of Agriculture is a separate institution and not a part of the State university. This is true of Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, the Dakotas, and doubtless of others. In Minnesota, after a protracted struggle for separation, the union of the Agricultural College with the other colleges as a part of the University has been accepted by the people of the State; and, with the increased attention paid to agriculture and the study of practical sciences as conducive to agricultural progress, the University finds itself in as perfect accord with the farmers as with any class of people in the State. This condition of things has not been brought about by compelling the mountain to come to Mahomet, but by Mahomet's going to the mountain. The farmers have always complained, as they do in nearly all the States, that the education given in the University educated away from the farm and not for the farm. The complaint was just. The farmer's boy who pursued the classical or scientific or literary courses in the University simply would not go back to the farm. But the Minnesota School of Agriculture, with its studies largely such as pertain directly to the farm, has met this difficulty, and hardly a student who has graduated at this school has failed to return to the farm with enthusiasm for the work—the very few exceptions being students who pursue their studies four years longer in the College of Agriculture, and fit themselves for teachers in this most important branch of industry for the people of the Northwest. The students in the School of Agriculture feel, all the time, that they are in a technical school preparing for specific work as much as if they were in the Colleges of Engineering, Law, or Medicine; and they go to the farm at the close of their course of study because that is what they have been prepared for. It is not a matter for surprise, therefore, that more than three hundred students are on the rolls of this school.

It is impossible, within the proper limits of this article, to give even an outline of all the work done in the School of Agriculture. While most of the studies, like agricultural chemistry, dairy husbandry, zoölogy entomology, agriculture, botany, forestry, plant propagation, vegetable gardening, and fruit-growing, have special relation to the work of the farmer, culture studies are not omitted, as music, algebra, geometry, physics, language, and social culture in the curriculum prove. For women also there are special studies in sewing, cooking, drawing, home management, domestic chemistry, and kindred subjects, in place of other special subjects pecu-

liarly suited to men, such as veterinary science, soils and fertilizers, carpentry, blacksmithing, and military drill. The object of the school is to fit men and women for a successful and useful life on the farm. To this end the students are made acquainted with the requirements of a happy home life, the usages of good society, the requirements of etiquette based on the great law of kindness, and the importance of personal fitness for society through attention to the laws of health and to personal habits, as well as through the refinement of a cultivated mind and sympathetic spirit. I cannot speak in terms of too much praise of the value of the work which this school is doing for Minnesota.

It is an assurance not only of wise and profitable farming, but of refined and happy homes in which the father and the mother have been trained for the life they are to lead on the prairies as perfectly as the New York lawyer or doctor has been trained for his life; and while I recognize the fact that more difficult and abstruse and disciplinary studies than these of the School of Agriculture are pursued in other institutions and in other parts of our own University, I am yet not ashamed to say that I believe that these courses of study in the School of Agriculture are destined to exert an influence on the happiness and prosperity of the people of Minnesota not inferior, to say the least, to that exerted by any other course of study in any part of the University.

A question which interests many religious people, especially in the East, is, "What can the State universities do for the religious training of the students?" It is a question easily answered. No doubt the State universities are to a slight extent exposed to attacks from two directions, attacks which once were very common. They may be charged with being godless institutions, and therefore unfit to be intrusted with the training of the sons and daughters of Christian men. Or, if this charge is too palpably absurd, they may be charged with being more religious than a State university has any right to be. When the attack on one side fails, the attack on the other side is in order. The first charge has been frequently made, and very few State universities have escaped without some experience of it. Human nature being what it is, and pious people being often less entirely sanctified than they suppose, these attacks were inevitable by reason of the rivalry between the State and the denominational institutions of learning. But one hears of these attacks much less frequently now than formerly. A few years ago I received a letter from a clergyman who had once been the financial agent of a denominational college, and as such had felt it his duty to warn people against the State University, but who later had had an excellent opportunity to observe the life and work of the University, in which letter the writer said that he was prepared not only to take back all that he had heretofore said derogatory to the University, but also to add that the University, in his opinion, could do more for Christianity than the denominational schools; and if one considers for a moment the wide range of character, beliefs, and prejudices of the students in the University—not all the children of the Church by any means—he will understand what this clergyman meant.

Only once, so far as I know, has any State university been publicly charged with being too religious, and I do not think the charge is likely to be repeated. The University of Michigan was on one occasion charged with being "sectarian"—charged with violating by the positive character of its religious teaching the rights of some who believed in no religion at all. The language of the report made by the legislative committee to whom this charge was referred was a noble vindication of the University of Michigan, and might to-day be used of any State university, so far as I know, if a similar charge were brought against it. "The teachings of the University are those of a liberal and enlightened Christianity, in the general, highest, and best use of the term. This is not, in our opinion, sectarian. If it is, we would not have it changed. A school, a society, a nation, devoid of Christianity is not a pleasant spectacle to contemplate. We cannot believe the people of Michigan would denude this great University of its fair, liberal, and honorable Christian character as it exists to-day."

Speaking for the University of Minnesota, I can say that it is as Christian an institution as any New England college of which I have any knowledge, and a good deal more so than some of them. Attendance at chapel is not required, yet the daily attendance will average five hundred through the year, and on occasions of special interest eight hundred will be present. That all these come to chapel solely for the purpose of worship I

do not suppose. But they are attentive and apparently interested while they are there. The exercises at chapel are such as are used in Eastern colleges at "Prayers." The University has several Christian organizations among the students. The Young Women's Christian Association has a member ip of about one hundred and fifty. Two-t rds of the women in the University—three hundred and thirty-eight out of five hundred and seven—are members of Christian Churches. The Young Men's Christian Association is flourishing, with a large membership and a salaried secretary, and it does a great deal of good work, not all of it along the line of prayer-meetings, but of a very helpful nature to students, especially to those who are poor and in need of work. The Faculty of the University is composed very largely of members of Christian Churches, and, with few exceptions, they take their turn in conducting the exercises in chapel, four days in the week, the President always officiating the first day of the week—that is, Tuesday, Monday being a holiday. The whole tone and spirit of the University is thoroughly Christian, but it is in touch with the thought of to-day, and does not ignore the progress of the last thirty years. I think I am safe in saying that in point of morality and good behavior our students will compare favorably with those of any other institution. We have no church organization, and on Sunday the various pulpits of the city have the opportunity to guide and instruct large numbers of our students. So much it seems proper to say for the comfort of those who fear that State education is endangering the religious character and faith of the rising generation.

There is abundant room in the great West for the denominational colleges. Some of these are very good and do good work. When these colleges are not multiplied to such an extent as unduly to weaken one another, and especially when the same denomination does not undertake to support two or three colleges in a thinly populated State, they will find ample room for work—room which the State University probably could not occupy if it desired to do so. The rising generation, in increasing numbers, are constantly demanding an education that shall enable them to live, or shall qualify them to benefit their fellow-men, and the united forces of the State and the Church are not too great for the work required. That the State and the Church are now able to work together with a considerable degree of harmony for the advancement of learning and the upbuilding of character is a matter for congratulation to all who love our country, whatever may be their peculiar tenets in politics or religion.

The Seven Ages of Man: Youth[1]

By Lyman Abbott

I APPROACH the subject of this evening—love and marriage—with a great deal of hesitation. It is a topic not often dealt with in the pulpit, and for the same reason that I deal with it to-night with so much reluctance: it is a subject of such delicacy that it is not strange that preachers keep silent about it.

There are some experiences so sacred and so subtle that one hesitates to speak of them in public. He knows that he cannot speak with absolute frankness; he cannot say all that is in his heart, and he moves cautiously and timidly; and yet surely the religious counselor ought to have some word to say to young men and young women as they enter upon this epoch of their lives. Shall we suppose that religion stands like a guardian angel at the cradle, watching over infancy, and comes to the boy and the girl bringing to them counsels and admonitions, and then, in this most critical period of life, when the doors spring open and the young man and the young woman enter into a new apartment of this great palace which we call life, that religion stands back, and lets them enter alone, with no word of counsel against the dangers of the new life, and no suggestion of its opportunities and its blessings? Surely not!

There comes, then, a time in the experience of every true youth when life suddenly takes on a new aspect and receives a new inspiration and becomes possessed of a new power. You have sometimes in the spring come from

[1] A series of Sabbath evening sermons preached in Plymouth Church, stenographically reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author. For previous sermons in this series see issues for July 23 and 30.

Santiago After the Surrender

By Anna Northend Benjamin

THE Aransas is a steamer used in times of peace for the mule trade between New Orleans, Corpus Christi, and Havana. In times of war she is used as a transport. She draws four feet of water when she is "light," and in the trough of the sea the progress of her masts from starboard to port and back again is much more rapid than her progress ahead. I boarded her first in the Bay of Guantanamo on July 15, and sailed on her off Siboney, where we drifted about for three days awaiting orders and taking passengers aboard—woe-begone war correspondents, ragged and tired and ill, with their extra clothes, if they had any, tied up in a poncho or a blanket; a few straggling officers on sick leave, and some of the foreign military attachés. There was joy aboard the Aransas when the Captain was finally ordered to steam into the harbor of Santiago, the day after the surrender, July 18, to discharge the freight that she had brought down in addition to the army mules and horses, and to take on coal preparatory to her voyage back to Tampa.

OLD "MORRO"

It was about dinner-time that we left Siboney behind us and followed the coast to Morro. So narrow is the harbor's mouth that not a sign of it is visible till the ship stands nearly opposite, and then it seems hardly wide enough to allow a good-sized vessel to pass. We stood on the deck in a row and leveled our cameras at the old castle, and well she stood the bombardment of peace. The little trip through the winding channel, guarded by batteries at every point, with here and there a blockhouse, was a revelation of Cuban life and Cuban landscape. Half way in at the left nestled a tiny village in the green of a hillside. At the right a white *hacienda* gleamed from out a grove of cocoanut palms, some fishermen's huts were clustered below, and back, at the top of the hill, stood a wooden blockhouse. In a few moments more we glided into the glassy water of the large inland harbor—and the city of Santiago lay before us.

"THE MERRIMAC"

Santiago lies on only one side of the harbor. It extends backward over the eminence of a hill and there ends; almost every por-

AN OLD SPANISH GUN

tion of it was visible to us as we stood on the deck of the Aransas. A water-colorist could have blocked down that first impression in light greens, and blues and mauves, with the dark greenish-red gleam of the tiled roofs, leaving glaring white patches here and there, and at the highest point the two Moorish domes of the old cathedral, the Cathedral of Santiago de Cuba. Back of the rolling foothills and surrounding, though many miles away, the entire harbor and its environments, rose the majestic mountains, cloud-capped here and there; the highest land in Cuba.

We pushed up to the nearest wharf and lay alongside what was once a Spanish steamer, now an American prize. Every newspaper man on board the Aransas was on the alert. General Shafter's orders when we left Siboney were rather exclusive. They stated that any one who ventured into Santiago would be shot. The American infantry officer on board the prize was quizzed, and plans were made for a secret midnight sortie. Portholes were measured to see if they would admit of the passage of heads and shoulders, and finally several of the most enterprising made their escape in a small boat. But they were irately recalled by the Captain and came back looking like school-boys.

At the other side of the long wharf to which the Aransas was now made fast was another prize, a beautiful white steamer with its Spanish crew and officers and a few señoras still on board. A picturesque gateway opened from the wharf into the town. Through this soon came a motley crowd of visitors. A Spanish private soldier was the first on hand. By various signs he made it clearly understood that he wanted something to eat. He had a bright face and an alert eye, and singled out some of our privates who were taking passage in the steerage and were at that time hanging over the rail. It was amusing to see how well they understood each other, and presently one of our men good-naturedly handed out some bread. The Spaniard thrust one piece in his blouse and ate the other as he grinned his thanks. A few small boys with baskets came eagerly to the ship's side. Two garments composed the most extensive wardrobe of which any of them could boast. They were after bread also. They looked inquiringly up at us and then jabbered speculatively among themselves. Some one offered them money, but they refused by a shake of the head and the fore-finger which they held opposite the nose as they shook it. Two Spanish Colonels wandered down to the end of the wharf, smoking cigarettes and talking earnestly; finally they entered the opposite ship. An old negro woman, coal black and of enormous proportions, holding a correspondingly large cigar in her mouth, eyed us curiously.

A GROUP OF SPANISH OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

Outside the Red Cross warehouse.

AT THE DOOR OF THE SPANISH MILITARY HOSPITAL

We had been coming to the conclusion that if we left the ship nobody would shoot us, and we were now at the point where we did not care if they did, if we could see the city first. So we simply left the ship in twos and threes and marched on the town. Some of us went to see General McKibben, who was Military Governor pro tem., and he gave us the welcome information that the stringent orders had been revoked and we were free to go wherever we would. We stepped forth in the city as a man steps upon ice which he is not sure will hold him up. There was the yellow fever first, but that did not appear particularly evident and we very soon found, what is known now so generally, that the reports of fever within the city were greatly exaggerated. Then it was hard to realize that all hostile demonstrations had ceased. I, for one, had no idea that there were any Spanish soldiers at large in the city, and the thought of mixing so soon among them was not without excitement. Besides the expectant feelings in which we indulged in regard to the inhabitants, the city itself, the houses, the streets, everything about us—except to those who had previously been to Cuba or to Spain—were different from anything that we had ever seen before.

Two wharves away from us the Red Cross ship, the State of Texas, was unloading her tons of provisions. Already she had risen several feet higher out of the water. The boxes, barrels, and bags were being hastily trundled to the great covered warehouse on shore, and a vast crowd of people—who shall say how hungry?—were watching the process with absorbing interest. As time passed and it became evident that no supplies were to be delivered to them that night, they departed one by one to their homes.

My first stroll in Santiago was on the wide street or plaza which runs along the water-front. In the middle is a long grass-plot with a plaster wall on either side. The whole plaza is about one hundred and fifty feet wide. A few benches are placed at intervals on the open side, their backs to the harbor. Opposite is a long row of low plaster houses. It took me some time to realize that people lived in them. They looked like little stables, with their doors and windows so large as to be out of all proportion to the small size of the dwelling, but when I saw family groups seated in front, who eyed us curiously as we passed, I came to the conclusion that they were seated in front of their family mansions. At the end of this plaza is a house in the midst of a little garden in which flowers of all varieties were running riot. A great royal Ponciana rose above the others. I leaned over the fence and plucked a yellow primrose, such as grow in the dear old gardens of New England.

We turned back, and as we did so a group of well-dressed men and women who had

A SPANISH BARRICADE

been talking excitedly near by suddenly became silent and watched us intently as we passed, with an eye decidedly unfriendly. One of the men shrugged his shoulders and cast upon me such a look of hatred that it made me shudder. I mention this because it was the only unfriendly demonstration which came to my notice during the two days which I spent in the city.

GENERAL JOE WHEELER AND HIS SON

We turned into a narrow street which led up the hill to the Cathedral plaza, upon which face also the Military Palace, the Venus Café, and the swell Cuban Club. Several Spanish officers rode clattering past. The streets of Santiago are all paved with large stones, some of which are sinking to join some subterranean geological stratum, leaving their companion-pieces in their original position. The sidewalks—where there are any—are composed of a series of single, flat stones not wide enough for two to walk ab east. The small horses which the Spanish officers ride canter at full speed down streets rivaling in their peril the stone stairway over which our gallant Putnam dashed. But the Spaniard sits back jauntily with a cigarette in his mouth and glances nonchalantly to the right or left, wherever he can catch a glimpse of a pretty señorita. The Spanish soldiers are good horsemen.

The four things which impressed me most in regard to the Spaniards were their small stature and comparative cleanliness, respectability, and intelligence of the men of the ranks. The officers are, in most all cases, gentlemen. The idea in my mind which these latter observations displaced was that Spain had called so often for troops, and more troops, that she had used up her best element and had fallen back largely on her proletariat. Another thing with which I was impressed was the smiling good humor invariably pictured on the face of every Spanish soldier that we met. It was not their war.

THE CHURCH OF SAN THOMAS
The oldest church in Santiago.

We passed by some shops in which were hardly any customers, and every few paces we were accosted by a man, woman, or child begging for "bread." At the Military Palace we found officers of the Ninth United States Infantry. In the doorway sat a Cuban, his wife, and little baby; they rose respectfully as we passed. The Palace is a large square building of stone, with spacious stone-paved rooms, and a small courtyard, with a large fountain in the center. Huge portraits of some of the Spanish sovereigns hang on the walls and gaze upon the present occupants with unchanged expression. Some of the Spanish officials talked together in a corner of one of the large rooms, and stood up with elaborate courtesy as we entered.

There seems to be no twilight in Cuba, or

none worth mentioning. It was dark when we left the Governor's Palace. There are some street-lamps in Santiago, and a little boy who was lighting them on the plaza came to us f r a match. The streets were not only dark but quiet. The houses are all built close to the street and close to each other. They are of plaster or of stone. The windows and doors are huge. The former are without window-glass, but are heavily barred instead, and most of the doors are so large that there is a small door for ordinary

ENTRANCE TO THE PLAZA

use cut into them at one side. As the darkness falls the inside shutters are thrown open, and the families sit in the windows, or out on the porch, if there happens to be one—it is generally inclosed by shutters—or in the doorway on the side streets. Near the top of the hill on which stands the Cathedral are houses of the wealthier classes, and a number of powdered señoritas—those who had not fled to El Caney—regarded us as curiously from behind their heavy bars as we regarded them.

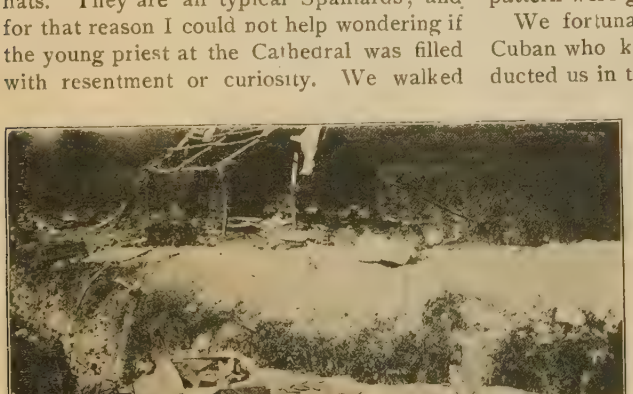
Half-past six is an excellent hour for a morning walk in Cuba, and we were all abroad at that time the next day. I went straight to the Cathedral. The whole city seemed awake and up, and how different it looked bathed in the sunshine of a cloudless day! The coloring of the houses stood out vividly, as did also the crumbling plaster and the marks traced by the elements of wind and rain on buildings that had stood a hundred years or more. I wondered if repairing was ever done in Santiago, for I saw no signs of it. On the way to the Cathedral we passed the market. As it is on a street which leads up a steep hill, great walls of stone have been built, presenting an unbroken surface to the street, and on the top of this the market rests. The stalls were almost empty, except for a little fruit, yet people hovered about, drawn there, perhaps, by the force of association.

There were a few early worshipers in the Cathedral, and as we approached the old bell clanged forth, mellow, deep toned, well seasoned. The few women who were telling their beads were not so absorbed in their devotions

that they had no time to regard visitors. On the contrary, all faces were turned in our direction. A priest and a little acolyte in black cassocks stood near by, and finally came nearer in order to observe us more closely. The priests form a picturesque element in Santiago. I had noticed them the night before walking along the lower plaza in long black cassocks and black beaver shovel-hats. They are all typical Spaniards; and for that reason I could not help wondering if the young priest at the Cathedral was filled with resentment or curiosity. We walked inside and pointed to our cameras. He nodded his head, so we set them up and took some photographs of an opposite shrine. Presently the priest beckoned to us to follow him, and we did so, passing a tinsled effigy in the corner of Alfonso Something-or-Other on horseback waving a banner in the air. Behind the high altar we went, and into the sacristry, and from thence to a pair of stairs which led to a balcony overlooking the church, where we took more pictures. In the rooms below which we had passed I had caught a glimpse of some old portraits, so when we went down again we lingered to look. There were the pictures in oil of all the Archbishops of Santiago de Cuba, beginning with the first one in 15—. I cannot call them portraits, because that would imply a certain degree of likeness, and I should be sorry if they bore a resemblance to any of the godly and venerable Archbishops of Santiago. But they were so quaint and flat and altogether fascinating, always bringing into such prominence the archiepiscopal ring, that I could have gazed at them much longer. Most of them were hung in the council room, in the center of which stood a massive old table, and chairs of the same pattern were grouped about it.

A SMALL CUBAN

We fortunately ran across an intelligent Cuban who kindly took us in tow and conducted us in the least time to all the places to which we should have gone. First of all, we took him back to breakfast with us and extended to him the privilege of eating our awful ship's fare which, poor though it was, I am sure he appreciated very highly. In all probability he had left an empty larder at home.



ONE OF THE SPANISH TRENCHES
With a box of Mauser bullets.

There was only one house in Santiago which was injured very much by our shells. This stands close to the oldest church in the city. The shell fell in through the roof and exploded, going out again at several places and leaving behind it a scene of ruin and confusion. It wrecked two rooms, but the rest of the house is intact. The old parish priest welcomed us at the church across the street and stood benignantly by while we set off a flash-light.

From the church we clambered up a so-

called street. There was an open sewer in the middle. Goats browsed near the top and small Cuban children played in the dirt, very lightly provided for as to clothes. The Military Hospital, an enormous low, square building colored a dull terra cotta, lay before us. It was still under Spanish officials, and the smart-looking soldier at the door waved us blandly to enter. Over seventeen hundred Spanish sick and wounded were quartered here, and very comfortable they seemed too. They were waited upon by Sisters of Charity, and many of them had their beds in the court-yard. The officers' private rooms ran along in the outer building. Usually they had a growth of black beard and, in the white gowns provided by the hospital, their racial characteristics were accentuated—they were unmistakably Latins. I was surprised at the general cleanliness and good order. To be sure there were piles of rubbish in a back court and the horns and skin of an ox lay there just as they had been taken off the animal, but there were such things as that on every street of the city—the carcasses of dogs or cats and other refuse too filthy to describe. The odors arising from them were not pleasant and seemed sufficiently strong to germinate almost any kind of disease on the calendar! The people show a supreme indifference—an unconsciousness—in regard to such matters which demonstrates that this condition must be habitual and any departure from it would be hailed with astonishment.

After leaving the hospital we skirted by the Spanish headquarters and entered a street which led us past several barricades to the trenches, the barbed-wire, and the batteries. On either side, in small plaster and brick houses which had been deserted by their owners, a thousand or more of the Spanish soldiers must have been quartered. They literally swarmed over the porches and doorsteps. Some were eating a late breakfast of beans and coffee and mangoes. An orderly sent into the town from our headquarters had stopped to chaff in a language of broken sentences and gestures. Take them as a whole they did not look very dilapidated, not so much so as many of our poor fellows. The Spanish uniform is especially adapted to the climate. It looks like bed-ticking, only it is much thinner. The campaign hats are of straw, sometimes

A TYPICAL STREET

with a cockade at the side. Sergeants had two long red stripes hanging loose from the shoulder to the wrist of the blouse. All the firearms had been given up, but many of the men still carried machetes.

We returned from the Spanish trenches in time to do some shopping, not much tired by

A CUBAN HUT NEAR THE TRENCHES

a ten-mile tramp. The city had become alive with Spanish soldiers and they were selling everything that they possessed. The contingent of war correspondents from the Aransas had had no chance for many days to spend money. Bargaining for machetes was going

CUBAN HUTS
On the outskirts of the city.

on with the Spaniards on all sides. They were bought at prices varying from one to six dollars. I secured one with a horn handle from a soldier, and a Cross of San Fernando, equivalent to the Victoria Cross of the British army, from another. We walked along the street till we met a soldier who possessed something which we wished to buy. We touched it and said:

"Quantus?"

"Quatro pesos!" would come the answer with the most surprising alacrity, though probably the man had never before considered selling it.

"No, no!" we would say, shaking our heads.

"Si, si!" he would reaffirm.

"Tres pesos?"

"No, no!" with a wave of the finger.

If we could agree on a price in Spanish we handed over just half that amount in American money. In the meantime a great concourse of people would gather about and giggle and frown sympathetically. Buttons off the men's coats were very popular, chevrons, decorations—anything. The stores drove the briskest trade of months. Some of our officers had come over from camp to see about their tents still aboard the transports—which now filled the harbor as it had never been filled before—and stopped to purchase soap and other luxuries! We bought fans, indicating what we wanted by waving our outspread hand back and forth. I inquired for clay water-bottles or "monkeys," and they directed me to a valise store. A tooth-brush was purchased by more pointed gestures.

Many of our number patronized the Venus Café, where they got the best that the city afforded (which was not much) at exorbitant prices. The proprietor had recently been a Colonel of Spanish volunteers, but now he was a full-fledged Cuban and took extreme pains to impress the fact of his newfound sympathies on the "Americanos." There were many Spaniards in Santiago who turned Cuban about that time on short notice.

We went straggling back to the Aransas laden with goods of all descriptions. One man had three great clay water-bottles

dangling across his back and an armful of machetes. Another had happened on shawls and mantillas and fans. Some had succeeded in purchasing clothing; this was especially fortunate in the case of a representative of a Boston paper, who had been forced to clothe himself for a fortnight past in a pair of bright pink pajamas.

A crowd still surged about the Red Cross warehouse—Spanish soldiers, Cuban and Spanish men, women, and children, negroes, half-breeds, all mingling amicably together, and kept at a distance by soldiers of the Ninth Infantry, detailed to do guard duty there. Farther up the street, outside of a sort of "diet kitchen" where the food was to be distributed, some thousands of people were gathered waiting, hungry-eyed, for bread.

Santiago had been a surprise to us. We had not expected to find it so full of smiling peace and good humor. Hunger had come, but not starvation, and we were spared any awful glimpses of returning reconcentrados. It seemed as if on all sides one feeling had taken root and grown steadily—that of "good will towards men."

Welcome

By Florence Earle Coates

Come home! The Land that sent you forth
From East and West, from South and North,
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,
Extends her arms and waits—and waits!

At duty's call she stilled her woe;
She smiled, through tears, and bade you go
To face the death you would not shun.
Brave hearts, return! Your task is done.

Not as you journeyed come you back;
A glory is about your track
Of deeds that vanquished tyranny
And set a tortured people free:

Deeds, sprung of manhood's finest grace,
That envious Time will not efface;
Deeds that proclaim a Nation's worth,
And crown the Land that gave them birth.

America but waits to greet
And bless you, kneeling at her feet,
Your standards fair in honor furled,
The proudest mother in the world!

Come home! The Land that sent you forth
From East and West, from South and North,
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,
Extends her arms and waits!

AT FRIEDRICHSRUH

Bismarck in His Home

By Susan W. Selfridge

IT was at a diplomatic dinner given in Berlin a few winters ago that the feasibility of an American becoming a guest at Friedrichsruh was brought under discussion. The American Ambassador, to whom I presented an autograph letter from the President of the United States directing him to secure an invitation for me from the Castle, nearly fainted from shock at my audacity; he called in the First Secretary of Legation to support his dictum: "The thing is impossible, unheard of; no one reaches the Prince, who is regarded as greater than the Emperor; he refuses even royalty; every day prominent countrymen and women of mine come here with such requests; they pull every imaginable wire, but the door remains closed. The idea is preposterous. Let me advise you to relinquish it before the disappointment makes you sick, like the frantic society lady we had here from Chicago last year on a similar errand. I am very sorry, but it is absolutely impossible, absolutely hopeless."

"But, your Excellency," I exclaimed, "nothing is hopeless, nothing is impossible."

The situation, however, bristled with difficulties until I held a consultation with a German friend whose mother had been the confidante as well as lady-in-waiting to the old Empress Augusta, to which I summoned the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, than whom there is no more gallant or clever officer in his Majesty's realm. These friends declared that the Prince dearly loved a present, but an almost insurmountable difficulty lay in the selection of what might strike his fancy, for they said the attic of the Schloss was full of gifts in cases which had never been opened, besides any quantity of the more acceptable sort which were distributed throughout the Castle. We paused; we considered; a difficult problem confronted us. Then, like an inspiration, those charming lines of Longfellow came into my thought which begin:

Thou too, sail on, O ship of state,

Why should I not send the old Prince a noble ship to bear my message? It was soon built. The framework of the ship was three yards long, covered with quilted and embossed laurel and oak leaves, as befitted an old hero. Parma violets made the sails; lilies-of-the-valley formed the ropes; at the two mastheads flew the Prussian and the American colors. The cargo consisted of great purple grapes, outvying the largest plums in size, and hot-house strawberries sent from Italy in response to a telegram, as at this season of the year this favorite fruit of the Prince was unattainable in Berlin; from underneath peeped the choicest apples of sunny France and the pomegranates of the South, while bunches of veritable acorns were studded here and there among the fruit, an heraldic emblem in the princely coat of arms.

Then the Baroness von Pummer Esche and I sat down to wait in Berlin while the ship was convoyed to Friedrichsruh by special messenger, together with a little letter which I had written, and another, elegant in diplomatic phrase and diction, from the American Ambassador. On his return we learned that the man had been taken into an anteroom in the Castle, whence, while the Old Chancellor and his family were gathered at table, he could peep through the glass door and watch the Prince, to whom the butler at once carried my beautiful "Ship of State." The Prince, surprised, rose to his feet, made a little tour of inspection around the laurel ship, perused the letters which had been handed to him, and called for a telegraph form. The message he then dictated reached me before the man could return to Berlin; after thanking Von Herzen for the *schöne Geshenck*, the message read, "Ich werde mich freuen Sie zu sehen," and asked me to telegraph the date of my visit, as the Prince would order the Hamburg express, which rushes past the Castle, to stop at the Friedrichsruh station—an insignificant place by the roadside. Thus did his Excellency the Ambassador's "utterly impossible" come to pass!

As the carriage, with rather dilapidated blue liveries, drew up before the Castle, several gentlemen and a bevy of men servants stood at the entrance, and barely was there sufficient time to get out of my long Alexandrine coat before Countess Rantzan-Bis-

marck, the only daughter and lady of the house, entered the garde-robe, and directly behind her stood the Prince!

From that moment through the long hours of my visit, amazement came like a series of electric shocks. I had looked to see an old man, a little bent, a little tremulous, the burden and heat of the day written visibly over face and figure. But as his Serene Highness presented his arm, and, with the great Dane, Tyrus II., close at heel, we swept through a series of reception-rooms to the waiting lunch-table, he seemed like a magnificent running soldier, erect, swift, the personification of physical grace and power, who had come to greet me out of some old Roman world. Instinctive and masterful, he turned to read my innermost thought before he drew back the chair where he placed me at his right hand.

PRINCE BISMARCK
From a photograph taken in 1894.

Around the table, in the center of which stood my seductive gift, gathered his sons and daughter, his physician, Dr. Schweninger, as dark and as handsome as the Mephistopheles whom he resembles, and the handsome young sculptor, Berwald-Schwerin, a son-in-law of the famous Kopf, invited here at the solicitation of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Sterlitz to study the features of his Excellency for a statue he was to model. The Prince, who suffers from an acute neuralgic affection which contracts the entire right side of the face, rendering speech impossible for the time, began the meal in great pain; the sculptor sat in despair for his statue and I for my reminiscences. Soon, however, the contracted features relaxed under the revivifying influence of meat and drink, and the conversation subsided as the Prince began to talk.

Immediately there was a sustained hush, an eager leaning forward to catch every word as if an oracle now spoke, the family manifesting a reverent attention which I fancied was mixed with a good deal of fear and personal dread springing from a close and frequent acquaintance with temper and moodiness. But nervousness and irascibleness are hardly to be wondered at in the great, lonely old man who supported solitarily for long years the weight and the responsibility of the creation of a new Fatherland. He has been the best table-talker of his time, but he loves monologue, and from the mighty ambassador to the tradesman or photographer whom he invariably invites to his table if at the Castle on business, the conversation, except for occasional suggestion, is all on one side. None can desire a greater privilege than to be an entranced listener, nor does the Prince desire better than to win a perpetual attention.

When Bismarck represented Prussia at the Frankfort Diet, he visited Prince Metternich at his Rhenish château, and when the question was asked, how had he gotten on with the old statesman? he replied, "Oh, beautifully. I listened quietly to all his stories, only striking the bell every now and then till

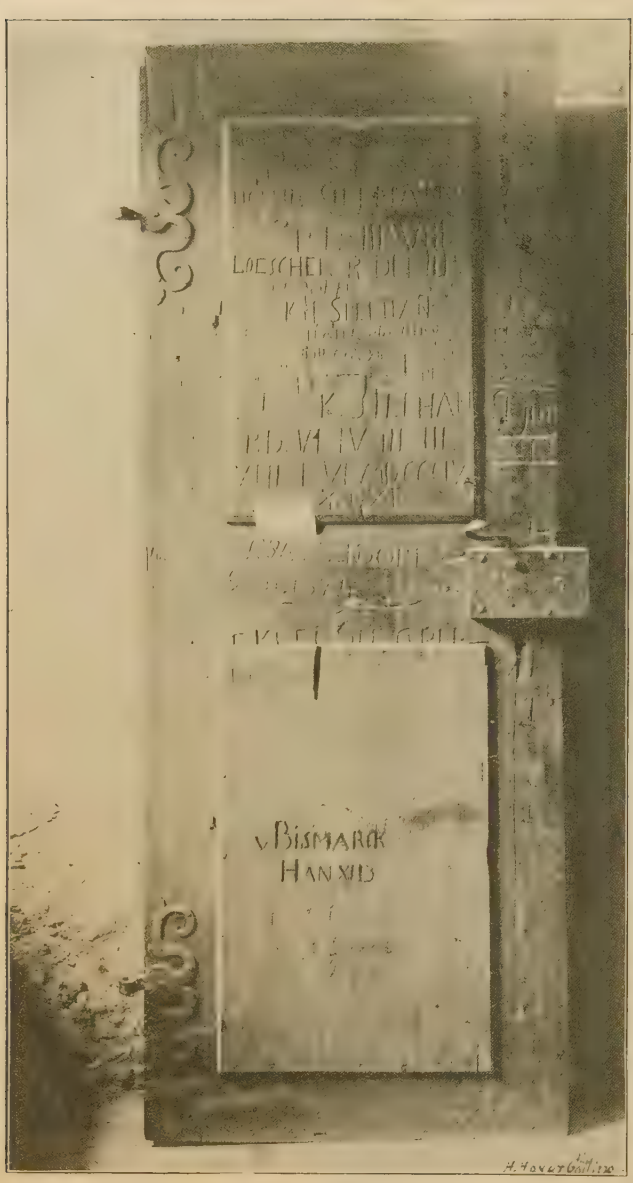
v. Bismarck. 7 Juli 1890

it rang again. That pleases the garrulous old gentleman."

His speech was marked by great deliberation and a perceptible hesitancy, as if his mind sought the neatest phraseology to cloak his thought. Each word was freighted to send an echo down the avenue of time. Occasionally his sentences were as terribly involved as an editorial in a German newspaper, and in his parliamentary speeches they have been known to exceed a foot of print.

"But surely, *Durchlaucht*," I said in response to a neat compliment on my knowledge of his native tongue, "you speak English?"

"Yes," he replied, with a smile, "I believe I am more or less familiar with all the languages. As a young man of forty-two, while I was at St. Petersburg, I studied and spoke Russian. That was an excellent school. Among other things I learned there the art of saying nothing in a great many words. I made a practice of writing elaborate articles for our diplomatic bureau, which I polished to the highest degree, and of which neither I nor any one else could comprehend as much as a word: this, we considered, was diplomacy. I was married then, and I remember the smallness of our income did not admit of our entertaining elaborately, so we would invite the people in to pot-luck. I was compelled to expend fifteen or twenty, sometimes even twenty-five, roubles each time I paid the Czar a visit. If I went at the request of the Emperor, it cost even more. The coachman and footmen who fetched me, the house steward and other servants, must all be feed. Then there was the runner with high, round feathers on his head like an Indian, who got five roubles for going before me through the great corridors of the palace to the Emperor's rooms



A BOLD SIGNATURE
Bismarck's name carved by himself on the Carcerthür (prison door) at Göttingen University.

"There was always another coachman to carry me back. We Prussians were wretchedly paid, getting a salary of 25,000 thalers [£3,750], and 8,000 thalers [£1,200] for house-rent. The French Ambassador got £12,000 a year, and charged his Government with the expenses of his entertainments. But we were not expected to live in St. Petersburg beyond our incomes.

"Diplomatists have the reputation of taking advantage of their position to make money, but political events are not always of a kind to affect the money market at once. Of course matters could be complicated so as to affect the exchange and produce a fall, but that would be dishonorable. A certain French Minister did this, and made a fortune. The only attempt I ever made to speculate in stocks on my knowledge of state secrets was in connection with the Neufchâtel incident, when I was sent from Berlin to Paris, expecting that Napoleon would favor my mission, and, if such were the case, it meant war with Switzerland. So, *en route* for the French capital, I called on the banker Rothschild, in Frankfort, to ask him to sell certain securities he held for me. When he endeavored to dissuade me, I insisted, telling him, 'If you knew what I know, you would say as I do.'

"But the policy in Berlin shifted materially, and I was left to mourn the loss of my valuable securities. Gambetta was supposed to have realized five millions by the war. Napoleon III. is commonly supposed to have saved eighty million francs during his nineteen years' reign, but I do not believe it. The Duke of Morny, who was as unprincipled as he was agreeable, had a curious manner of making gains. I remember that when he came to St. Petersburg as Ambassador he brought many elegant equipages with him for himself; his servants had a carriage apiece, and his secretaries each had two; his trunks were filled with laces and silks and magnificent toilettes for the ladies—everything arriving free of duty; and he sold the entire impedimenta for something like eight hundred thousand roubles. Those were the days when the ability to drink off a large hornful of champagne at a single draught constituted a passport to the diplomatic service,

"My greatest happiness while in Russia was the magnificent sport. At Skiernievice I have shot fallow-deer for five hours, and then hunted hare; and in Finland, where we had superb sport, I have shot elk, bears, and wolves. There was an enormous quantity of blackcock and woodcock which the Fins and Samoyeds used to shoot with small rifles without ramrods, and with bad powder. It may seem an anomalous condition, but I was always well out in the cold air, which is not so bad, for every one is used to struggling with it: it was at the balls and theaters that I caught cold. The company at the house of the Archduchess Helena, who was a great wit was most agreeable, but it was still more agreeable to go off on the big bear-hunts wrapped in my furs, with high boots, and my big brown juff s leather cloak. We used to keep some young cubs in the house, among whom Mischka was the favorite, and he and some of my pet foxes used to walk about among the plates and glasses on the dinner-table, which amused our guests but frightened the footmen, as they would get every now and again a nip in the calf of their legs."

Talking of all these savage conditions brought a gleam into Bismarck's eye, and I ventured to chaff him about his life as a diplomat; not, indeed, with fair ladies, for, with all the enmity and jealousy inspired among his enemies by his extraordinary career, the most ill-natured has not discovered a spot to point at on his moral horizon.

"Did you never hear it said," he laughingly asked, "that all Prussian Ambassadors die or go mad? I used to be as fearful of becoming a Minister as of taking a cold bath. But, my dear child, there has always been so much *must* in my life, and so much hard work, I was long ago weary; but God's will is like a great sea that always remains. All other things come and go: man's love and passion; avarice and ambition; war and peace, each its turn at the wheel, and God's ship rides on. *Aus der Ewigkeit, zu der Ewigkeit hin.* We should not demand too much, nor imagine that we have conquered the world because we have labored with tightened breath to accomplish our part. If we remain simple, we can hope for peace. The earth seems full of hypocrisy and jugglery. Who is not vain and malicious? I have often felt that so much depends upon how life ripens our nature, which is sometimes like a plank full of wormholes, and rotten, as some people

IN STUDENT DAYS

are, to the very bottom. No, no; the only way is to begin life with a purpose.

"Since the begining of my career the north star to which I looked has been to accomplish the unification of Germany, and, that done, to create a constitution that would endure. It seems odd to me now that at Göttingen my whole attitude was opposition to the unity party; yet surely, though unrecognized then, the prophetic stirring must have possessed my soul of what I was later to do and dare. Since I first became a minister I have never belonged to any faction. Seeing only the end in view, I have plowed alike through friend and foe to obtain my purpose, and if it has been said that I sold my soul to the devil, it was at least a Teutonic one!

"I have been hated by all in turn, and have been liked by few. But I was spared the craving for the flower of popularity.

"Through every shadow of sorrow and bitterness I have preserved two articles of faith—belief in God and the final unification of the Fatherland. Why should I have disturbed myself and forced myself to incessant work—always the *Thun und Treiben*—if I had not been possessed with the thought that I must do my duty for Christ's sake? When I have felt as though I could throw off this life like a dirty shirt, the saving thought has always come that belief in God makes it worth while to live."

"What a pity it seems, *Durchlaucht*, that, since you speak English so admirably, you have not been in our country," I said, after a

PRINCE BISMARCK
From a photograph taken in 1885.

moment's pause; for I think every one of us at table felt subdued and impressed by the Prince's honest avowal of his Christian faith.

"Well, a bet very nearly carried me off to your country," Bismarck replied. "It was at Göttingen. I laid a wager with Amory Coffin, an American, for twenty-five bottles of champagne, the loser to cross the seas for it, that Germany would be united in twenty years. In 1873 I remembered the bet and intended going to America for it, but they wrote me that my poor college friend was dead.

"You know I have been in England, and although I spoke the language in my youth, that country was the high school where I perfected myself in English. The journey across the Channel was my first experience in seasickness. The water was very rough and I was very miserable. I was tortured with the idea of being thrown into the Channel, among the currents, to be ground to pieces, and, sinking to the bottom, add to the corpses and wrecks which already strewed the bottom of the sea.

"I consider that a knowledge of English is now necessary to the conduct of the commerce of the civilized world. England has distrusted and disliked me, but I have always refrained from giving her advice, and have only restrained her at times in certain pretensions which were injurious to the legitimate interests of Germany. I was never a *Colonnial Mensch*, and I never disliked the nation, but if I had in the entire course of my life inflicted upon Germany half the ignominy and weakness which Mr. Gladstone managed to inflict in a few short years on England, I would not have had the courage to look my countrymen in the face again. This is particularly true with regard to English influence in Egypt, which I did everything possible to support. I hoped the British Government, by its interference in Egypt, would maintain order there as *negotiorum gestor* of European interests, and take a care of the finances, both in the interests of the country and of the bondholders; however, we did not realize our expectations. But the Lord knows how to turn even our errors to our advantage!"

"You give one the impression, Prince, of not greatly admiring our English cousins."

"Not at all; they are a great people. Summing up the experiences of a lifetime, I believe that people are rewarded with success according to the amount of Teutonic blood in their veins, and only just so long as they preserve the peculiarities of this race. The English are a striking sample of the judicious mixture of races to get the thor-

oughbred article, be it man or beast. However, they were only a truly great nation while drinking was fashionable among them. Germany could have adopted for her own good many English ways—English fear of God and English respect for the law. The Kaiser has endeavored to introduce the English observance of Sunday among us, but a Sunday spent in England is one of my saddest recollections. Being young then and just arrived, I set about whistling, when a pious neighbor informed me it was not permitted a man to whistle in London on the Lord's day; and this so angered me that I left at once, for I did not enjoy having my liberty restrained. However, in Frankfort, when I was less particular than I am now, we always ate very plain food on Sundays, and I never used the carriage on that day on account of the servants I recall a funny experience with an English family when I was a youthful *Jähriger*. It happened one day that I was obliged to go, all dusty and dirty, straight from duty to the hotel where I took my meals. Chance placed me alongside people who had just arrived, and who, puzzled by my not immaculate appearance, began to discuss me. One of the ladies considered it impossible that I was an officer, and yet she said I had not the hands of a private. I listened in silence to the discussion. Suddenly the lady reached for the mustard-pot, but failed to get it; whereupon I handed it to her, saying in my best English, 'It is empty, but if you wish for some I will call the waiter to bring you another' Tableau!"

Although nearly four hours had elapsed since we first sat down at table, I have no recollection of the dishes served by the retinue of servants or the butler, a complacent-looking Teuton whose seventeen years of service gave him the privilege of wearing a blue serge sack-coat and a large gold chain over his ample breast. There was a momentary interruption as the coffee and liqueurs were placed on the board, cigars were handed to the gentlemen, the Countess lit a cigarette and the Prince, who had been drinking various wines, champagne, and beer, began on a fresh quart bottle of extra dry, while he puffed away at the first of three great porcelain pipes with enormous stems which stood erect in an umbrella-jar now placed beside his chair by the attentive butler.

The visitor's book with pen and ink were put before me, while the Prince took up some photographs of himself, one with arms crossed over his breast exciting his displeasure. "Why was I photographed in such a position?" he exclaimed. "I never assume it;

BISMARCK'S HOUSE AT GÖTTINGEN
(Das Haus in dem Wall.)

my arms are much too short to cross. I am not a *poseur*. No, you must not carry that thing off. You wish me to select for you the photograph I prefer? It is the one, I believe, in the soft slouch hat. [A reproduction of this photograph may be found in The Outlook for August 6.—THE EDITORS.] I like soft hats and pliable cravats in my old age, and unstarched cuffs to my shirts. And now, dear child, this is the first time I have written my name this year [January 13]," he said, handing me the photograph, on which it had given him some trouble to inscribe the name and date.

"I live here a hermit in my last days," Bismarck said presently; "it fatigues me to see people; but to-day has been a great happiness to me. I have liked several of your countrymen. There was Motley, and Bancroft. Bancroft always struck me as the ideal American Ambassador. His scholastic sedateness was all the more agreeable in contrast with the annoyance which the wife of one of his predecessors caused me. This lady considered herself specially privileged. At the receptions of the diplomatic corps she invariably stood in the open space through which their Majesties were to pass. Like a field-marshal in front of his armies, she stood before the diplomatic array; one after another the chamberlains attempted to remove her, but it took an army of them to get her back in line. I can comprehend all races and nations, even the Irish, who are an effeminate people with small brains and immense sentimentality, but I cannot overcome my aversion to the negroes; to me they appear like a caricature of the white man. Hence my great interest in the United States, where they enter with such momentum into the racial question. It does not astonish me that Social Democracy plays no important rôle in America, appearing only in the great centers, where it is readily suppressed, for the population is spread over such tremendous areas. This hot-house plant of our civilization only flourishes with you where the people are closely packed together. It appears to me that both England and America are displaying warlike tendencies; the Chino-Japanese conflict has ushered in this general desire to clash arms. I am astonished by the energy of the Japanese in contrast with the lethargy of the Chinese.

"Some people see in the Chinese a menace to Europe; but the quiescent state of these people for centuries past shows this to be a groundless fear. It is far more probable that Japan must be considered in relation to the injury she will cause our mercantile relations than that China will ever enter the lists as a political power. How man and the hour change! Our century has accomplished much, but not everything; yet what tremendous progress I see in looking back over my life! The change in our ideas, in my own estimate of conditions, is marvelous. For instance, in my youth the Seven Years' War and the War of Freedom appeared very close together, and yet there was an interval of fifty-two years between them.

"What a long time I have lived! I could have seen Napoleon I. Fortunately, fate permitted us to accomplish our work at different epochs. I had a sufficiency with old Nap the Third!

"I am not indifferent to what people will say of me when I am no more; ingratitude in high places has robbed my sun of all its brightness, embittered my latter years, and, like my friend in the Vatican, has made me a prisoner in my Sachsenwald. But I know how faithful was the service I rendered my King, and I declined their pension, for no one shall say that I ended my career by running after a reward like an industrious and conscientious postman on New Year's Day."

Later we came together into the great drawing-room, cozy and old-fashioned, with sofas and arm-chairs dressed in chintz, the lamps burning brightly, and the samovar already steaming in preparation for the tea.

The sculptor, radiant, and seeing visions of a new statue beatified, said he had caught a softened look on the face of his Serene Highness unknown to the fraternity; and the Countess exclaimed in English as in perfect adoration she gazed at her father, "I have never seen papa in a more amiable mood than he is to-day." Then the Great Dane woke from his sleep as we heard the whistle of the approaching train which was to carry me away, Prince Bismarck rose from his seat, and, followed by the dog, we linked hands like little children and in silence walked together to the door.

Bismarck in His Writings

By the Countess von Krockow

NATIVE authors claim Bismarck not unfrequently for their own field. His writings have the prime merits of good compositions. They are well formed and well defined. They possess marrow, and have shape. Nor are they wanting in a certain kind of polish; such polish, namely, as that which results from hard utterance. He chose his sentences and weighed his words; for which reason many of his sayings are like coins, and bear not only the stamp of nationality, but pass in the popular currency of speech for proverbs and old saws. He had a way of putting things that is inimitable. As he often wrote, moreover, as he talked, his speeches read like his table-talk when pronounced aloud. There is the same swing to both—the swing of deliberate progress towards a point within clear view. The irregularity of passion plays no part in any of his writings. Now and then there is an accent of good fellowship or of contemplation; but the great bulk of his observations are intellectual in origin, and win the mind of the reader without touching his heart.

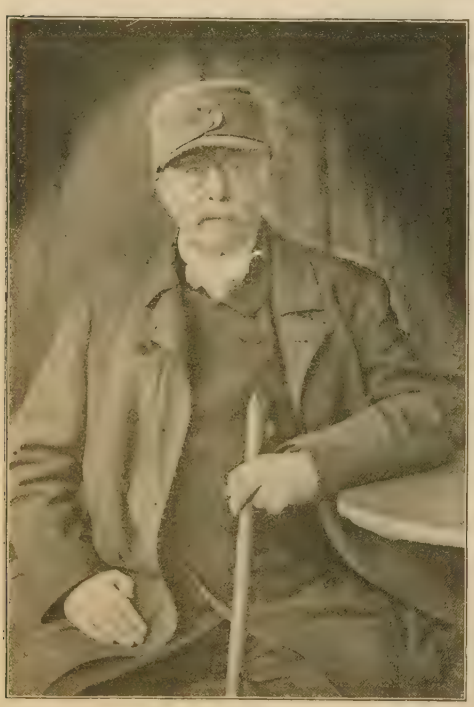
He uses, in the main, two very different manners of expression. One of these is dignified and elegant; the other, homely and gruff. The first is likewise elaborate, while the second is concise. But they do not succeed each other after the fashion of periods. On the contrary, one intrudes pell-mell upon the other, the elusive blandness of the rhetoric of his official reports being broken in upon by outbursts of plain terms, while the directness of his familiar letters is interrupted in like wise by isolated companies of stilting paragraphs. He employs diplomatic and technical phrases without stint, but seems uneasy until an outright comment is got in somewhere or somehow.

Whatever the manner may be, however, the meaning is always clear. Bismarck's pages are not among those in German literature which baffle foreign readers by the nebulous texture of their sentences. His sentences are long, for the most part, it is quite true. But they are distinct; the members that compose them are divided sharply, and the sequence of the words, like that of the thought, is logical and close.

The diplomatic correspondence contains numerous French idioms and turns of expression. But in the speeches and letters there is plenty of abundant, pure, colloquial German, mingled here and there with primitive phrases analogous to Low-German forms of speech. He quoted from others, both verbally and in paraphrase. The incidents are too rare, however, for a man to think of him as a quotation-monger.

As to how the Prince came to Low German, it may be accounted for, probably, by the associations of his early youth. His birthplace, Schoenhausen, lies in the Saxon district, it will be remembered, where Luther himself was born. His parents quitted it for Pomerania, in 1816—the death of an old curmudgeon of a cousin having made Captain von Bismarck the heir of three estates near Naugard too full of woods and game to be withstood—but in doing so they left one dialect-speaking country for another still more rude. The first sounds, therefore, which the future Chancellor heard spoken, and tried to imitate, thus came to be about the two most primitive ones of all of those which Germany affords in the way of speech. His nurses were stout, Platt-speaking peasant girls, and his train of attendant playfellows, in the home villages, Platt-speaking boys. In winter he was carried to Berlin with the family, to be sure, and in Berlin High German is spoken; but the trouble was, Otto still heard the familiar Platt even here. Indeed, he saw less of life in the city, on the whole, than in the country, his clever, handsome mother, as well as his handsome, simple-witted father, being used to devote the hours to society there which had fallen, in the solitude of Kniephof, to the nursery and park. His school years added English, French, and literary and juristic German to his first childish acquirements, without driving Platt out of his mind, however, for he came in contact with the peasantry on his vacations home. He retained a fondness for Low German always, and liked using it, on occasion, as a landlord to his menials. Of the two tongues, Platt-Deutsch or French, which took up best the essence of his genius there can hardly be a doubt; the query is

answered by the fact that no especial diplomatic remark of his ever came into vogue, although diplomacy occupied the best years of his life. If his felicitous condensations of thoughts into words be looked into, they are found to be homely references partaking of Platt ruggedness, and are like farm crowbars, that hoist wayside, common truths on end. The characteristic French axiom, on the contrary, is always a very superfine thing, and poniard-like in direction and aim. The Chancellor could get such off; he could split argumentative hairs, and spin, weave, and



READY FOR A WALK
From a photograph taken in 1894.

brocade a political texture fit to beat the oldest hand at such work. His dispatches and circular notes are confounding as much because of the tight, neat, firm speciousness of their logic as for their audaciousness. But this refinement is the result of labor, not of inspiration. Bismarck's genius lay elsewhere; and in consequence his happy hits lie elsewhere too. They have synthesis, not analysis, for their nature. For this reason he could sum up the case of Friedrich, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, in the one sententious phrase, "The same hands that rear chickens always know how to wring their necks"—a wonderful *multum in parvo* in view of the fact that the Duke was, in truth, a pretender of Prussian incubation, and had his neck wrung, politically speaking, soon after by the Prussian Minister. Very apt condensation lies, too, in the assertion that he "gathered his views from the green land, not from the green table." Then consider the amusing slur cast at Great Britain: "And the hereditary parliamentary kings, who are wont to be led from out behind the coulisses where they are kept when a change of ministry is demanded, in order to sign fresh appointments, and are then made to retire again after having supplied the opposition with a new fortress to storm and new men to point its arrows at."

In this connection, furthermore, it becomes noticeable, I think, that the Chancellor's policy is not set forth, like most statesmen's, in selected terms, but gets summed up in single phrases which have himself for their author; "ferro et igni," "might goes before right." These verbal nutshells are characteristic, not merely of the spirit of his statecraft, but of his synthetically mental grasp, and natural style of expression.

The fact is, Bismarck knew the secret of writing well and graphically. Whether he learned the art through precept or discovered it by himself does not appear; but only that he possessed it, and possessed it consciously. "After your departure," he writes to his sister, Malvina, in 1844, "I naturally found the house very lonely. I sat down by the hearth, smoked and philosophized on how unnatural and egotistic it is when girls who have brothers—and above all unmarried brothers—go and marry and carry on as if there was not ing in the world for them to do but follow their affections; a selfishness our sex, and I personally, know ourselves to be happily free from. On seeing how unfruitful these reflections were, I got up from the green leather chair, on which you used to whisper and exchange kisses with Miss and Oscar, and plunged into election affairs, from which I emerged with the conviction that five votes for certain and two uncertainly inclined towards my election, four for Krug's, sixteen to eighteen for Arnim's, and twelve to fifteen for Alvensleven's, so I chose to retire altogether. Now I live here with father, reading, smoking, and walking out, helping him eat lampreys and play at what he is pleased to call fox-hunting. We go out namely with Ihle, Bellin, and Carl in the rain, or with Réaumur pointing as at present to

six degrees of cold, encircle, in the greatest silence and with every precaution against giving the wind, a pine knoll which we three are as good as certain contains not a living creature except a couple of old women perhaps, gleaning dry twigs, and Ihle, Carl, and two dogs enter it, giving vent to the most fearful and curious cries, particularly Ihle. Father stands motionless and attentive, with his rifle cocked, precisely as if he really expected game, until Ihle calls out close by: 'Ha la la he he at 'm he he,' in the strangest gutturals, when father asks me innocently if I 'haven't seen anything?' I answer, 'No! not the least thing!' in a tone of astonishment as natural as I can possibly make it. Thereupon we go to some other piece of wood whose certainty of game Ihle knows how to make believe he is sure of, grumble about the weather, and begin the same comedy over again. The thing is kept up three to four hours, without the zeal of father, Ihle, and Fingal cooling for one moment.

"Besides these diversions, we amuse ourselves by looking at the orange-house twice a day, the sheepfold once, the thermometers hourly, and, since the weather has cleared up, have set the clocks striking after the sun in such harmony that only the library clock now gives one stroke after those of the other rooms have finished striking *a tempo*. Charles V. was a stupid fellow! You can easily see that I have no time left over on my hands, after such manifold occupations, to visit the curate; as he has no voice to give for the county council, I haven't been there once; it wasn't possible. The Elbe is full of ice; the wind is east by southeast; the new thermometer from Berlin stands at 8°; the barometer at 28.8. I tell you these things in order to set you an example how to write! Mention in your letters to father more of the small incidents of your life, and it will give him the most infinite pleasure; tell him who have visited you and Curt, whom you have called on, what you have to eat, how the horses are, how the servants behave, if the doors squeak, and whether the windows close tightly; in short, give facts, details."

The library referred to here is shown nowadays, as it may be mentioned in passing, to public sightseers, as is the case, indeed, with pretty nearly the whole spacious house, with its numerous low rooms and chambers—Schoenhausen having been turned into a museum of Bismarckian memorials. In 1844 Bismarck used the books in the two old bookcases a good deal more, probably, than he cares to intimate to his sister. For he was

PRINCESS BISMARCK
From a photograph taken in 1888.

always what a layman would call "a great reader." And in Pomerania, where he was managing Kniephof, at this date, his law studies and one year of military service not having led to anything, chiefly because both inclination and money were wanting—in Kniephof there were no books, or as good as none, which was one reason why he drank and caroused so there. Here, on the other hand, were nearly two hundred, and it would be hard for a man to find more knowledge in an equally small number of volumes. The fact that their number was limited had proved an advantage, rather than otherwise; for their turn to be read came round the oftener, and the contents were remembered the better because of the frequency of the reperusals. How much he had absorbed from the "Theatrum Europæum" he was surprised himself to see on entering into public life. His historical knowledge was not only much completer than most men's, it had a governmental coloring that showed differently from the school-room information of the run of politicians. He fell into traps sometimes, to be sure, for this same reason. For example, he was sitting in the Assembly of the Three Estates, just about three years subsequent to this date, when a Liberal speaker, in arguing for the adoption

of a written constitution for Prussia, mentioned the fact of the people having roused themselves in 1813, in order to obtain the promised grant of a constitution; a fact which Bismarck's historical authorities had failed to emphasize. So he rose from his seat and said he objected to that interpretation; the ground of the uprising was the popular hatred of the French occupation of the country.

"You know little about the matter," cried an elder deputy. "You were not living then. The King published a proclamation promising a constitution if we would take up arms; it was posted up in Breslau and here in Berlin." Bismarck was nonplused. But he had always had a way of extracting himself from pitfalls, and knew how to perform it, moreover, in such manner as to damage his adversary more by his liberation than he had suffered hurt by his tumble; and so now. Rising again calmly, he said in substance that "it was true he was not living at the time, and had often regretted it, for he should have liked to fight against Napoleon. He had taken it for granted that it was his despotic yoke which the country was resenting. He had to hear now it was a national one. He was not grateful for the information, and no longer regretted not having lived then."

In Kniephof he had enjoyed ruffling the tempers of his fellow-squires by giving vent to the liberal opinions which he had heard advanced by "Jack" Motley and other chums of his university and Rhineland days, and which, for that matter, were being preached pretty generally by Germans, too, in as far as they belonged to the political parties which were demanding parliamentary government and the unification of German States. But when matters became serious, as they did in this year (1847) and the next, "the blood of nature proved stronger than the water of adoption." He realized that he was "the King's man, from the crown of his head to the calves of his legs," and felt moved to his uttermost depths to work in behalf of the throne. The family were willing to make things easy for him, in the hope of his really doing something at last towards starting into a diplomatic career, which their mother had always said was the one he was most suited for; so he set out for Berlin, from whence he traveled up and down the country, forming tory unions and establishing a tory press. His first journalistic writing was done for such a paper of his own founding, the "New Prussian Gazette," which still survives and is known widely under its popular sub-title "Die Kreuz-Zeitung," a remarkable newspaper, which is as feudalistic in tone to-day as it was fifty years ago, as much an organ of Prussian squiredom, and the credo of monarchical orthodoxy; for which reasons it turned on its founder in the sixties and combated him in the eighties (during the Kultur Kampf), and outlived his disgrace and fall, in the beginning of the nineties. But at this period, in the fifties, Bismarck in his speeches outdoes the "Kreuz-Zeitung" in ultra-monarchicalism, advocating resistance to the popular cry for a Constitution, and objecting to all reforms. When the Constitution was ratified finally in 1850, after the Revolution had been crushed by the steel arm of the military, he expresses himself as being "grateful only for the clause in it which makes the ministers responsible to the crown and not to parliament." He detests parliaments, and a republican reader can hardly read his perorations against popular government without mixed amusement and resentment. But they were reported in Pomerania in those days, as they would be still, by the local Sir Roger de Coverleys with untinctured approbation, and the general gratification of the Pomeranian country-side society was witnessed with rapture by the girl who had pledged her troth to the speaker while he was without credit and unknown. Bismarck certainly reached the zenith of his emotional life, attained the high *niveau* of his intellectual circumspection, and enjoyed the best health he ever had, in "the Frankfort period." It includes the seven years after his marriage with Johanna in 1849, from 1852–59. The beginning is marked in the letters by the confessions to Johanna and longings for moonshine and sonatas from Beethoven; the end, by the Little Book, as it is usually entitled—or a recapitulation of the political relation between Austria and Prussia. The marvelous fullness of the latter is as much the harvest of jealous patriotism as of professional experience. In between lie abundant accounts of numerous journeys, scenes in Hungary, at fashionable watering-places, royal courts and hunting-grounds, all in a strain of humorness and pitch of robust joyousness, such as never appear in his correspondence again.

"I have just come from the steamboat," he writes to Johanna from Ofen, on the 23d of June, 1853, "and am sitting at an open window in a spacious, vaulted hall, the Emperor

having lodged me in his hill castle, to which the vesper bells of Pesth are sending up their sounds. The view is charming. The burg lies high, the Danube flowing below, crossed by its iron bridge; beyond it, Pesth, and, in the distance, the endless steppe with its horizon melting into the purple of the evening mist. The journey here would have delighted you, at least the portion between Gran and Pesth. The dark side of the trip was the sun; it burnt, namely, as hot as if Tokay grapes were to be ripened on deck; and the multitude of passengers was great; strange to say, not an Englishman in it; they can't have discovered Hungary yet." The next evening he writes: "Again the lights of Pesth are shining down below. All day I have been in uniform; had an audience with the young sovereign, in which I presented my credentials [Bismarck was on a special mission to Emperor Francis Joseph], and received agreeable impressions. After dinner the whole court made an excursion into the mountains to the 'beautiful shepherdess,' who, however, has been dead a long time—King Matthew Corvin loved her several hundred years ago. A local festival had brought thousands to the spot, who crowded around the Emperor when he appeared among them with deafening *elgen* [huzzahs], danced Csardas, waltzed, sang, played wild airs, climbed into the wood trees, and pressed round the ladies and gentlemen of the court."

A couple of days later he goes to Szolnok, where he deposits his money with Prince W——, and after eating a breakfast under a Schoenhausen-like lime, gets into "a very low hay-cart, with bags stuffed with straw for cushions, and drawn by three Hungarian horses. The Uhlans loaded their pieces [the Prince had insisted on his taking an escort], mounted, and off we set in a furious gallop. Hildebrand and my extra Hungarian valet sat in front on a straw bolster with the driver—a dark, brown peasant with a mustache, broad-brimmed hat, long black hair made glistening with grease, a shirt that reached only to his stomach, where a band of hairy, naked skin was visible, and a pair of trousers, each leg of which was ample enough for a woman's skirt, and extended only as far down as to the knees, where the leather spurred-heeled boots began. Fancy a firm, elastic soil under you, level as the top of a table, on which nothing is visible for miles round to the distant horizon, except tall well-poles marking the watering-places for cattle; droves of thousands of white and brown-flecked oxen, with horns as long as your arms, shy as wild animals, and watched over by half-naked men, provided with long sticks and mounted on shaggy, poor horses; immense herds of swine, accompanied invariably by a swineherd with an ass to carry his sheepskin greatcoat, and occasionally himself; and great flocks of wild fowl." The party halted for the night at the garrison station Ketskemet, then proceeded southward, as Bismarck "hoped to see something of the robbers, in their heavy fur coats, guns in hand and pistols in belt, and the captains, some of whom are said to belong to the native gentry, in black masks. A few days ago several *gens d'armes* were killed in a fight with them, while two men of the band were seized and shot by court martial in Ketskemet. But no robbers showed themselves. The lieutenant in my escort said they knew before daylight probably that I was traveling under protection; some of them possibly were the peasants who greeted us at the post-stations with the dignified, earnest manner of their caste, uttering their *istem adiamek*, 'Praise be unto God!'"

Five years later, after having visited most of the other countries of Europe, Bismarck went to Denmark to pass a few weeks of his summer vacation, and the same animal spirits which had impelled him in Hungary to seek adventures on the steppes led him here into a party of courtly sportsmen, bound for "a wilderness four hundred miles square. The very land of my dreams!" he writes; "sixty miles distant from the last post-station, and a hundred to the next, at this wild spot where I should like to build a cottage; the country between is sprinkled with swamps, and has forests of birch, cedar, pine, ash, and oak, sometimes too thick, almost, to penetrate, sometimes very thin with only scattered trees, but the whole everywhere close covered with stones of all sizes, from that of your hand to rocks as big as houses."

A day later he is laid up with a sprained leg, his foot having turned on one of these loose stones; and the accident, with its subsequent spell of invalidism, proves to be the beginning of notices of bad health, which recur from this time on, both in the private letters and the accounts of public reports and speeches. He became liable to fits of suffering from swollen veins in the once sprained leg; and to this evil a facial neuralgia associated itself, which he attributes sometimes to the cold

seasons he spent in St. Petersburg, sometimes to the wearing worries and vexations of office, and sometimes to the exhaustion attendant in the wake of social attendance at court festivities.

There are up-flickerings of the old humor and zest in life throughout the rest of the letters, it is true, but the large, major note of sustained propulsiveness is no longer in them to the same exuberant extent as before; so, if a stranger must make a choice, let him leave the rest, and grasp instead the one volume descriptive of the Frankfort days. This volume contains more of the *man* Bismarck than all of the later volumes put together, and the essence of the patriot, the diplomatist, and the statesman besides.

In Frankfort his political views clarified and systematized themselves. "Nobody, not even the most malicious skeptic of a democrat, would believe that charlatanism and pretension compose the substance of the diplomacy carried on here," he writes to his wife at the commencement; and, behold, the keynote of the whole historic period that follows is struck for once and all! Bismarck masters the charlatanism and practices the pretentiousness. His watchword becomes, *Nur dreist und consequent*—Be persistent in audaciousness and all will be well; and this does not change again. There had still been enough of the raw young country squire in him when he came down to the Diet at first to incline him loyally towards the Emperor Franz and Austria, they being the liege lords of the King and Prussia. A perception, however, of the fact that such fealty is one-sided, that Austria regards Prussia as a young vassal to be used without compensation, and restricted, by means fair or foul, in her lusty young instinct of aggrandizement, suffices to transform him at once and fundamentally. A resolve ripens in him promptly to defy Austria; and thenceforward diplomatic opposition is what he practices at the Diet, and political opposition what he advises at Berlin, where spirits are divided, Roon and the war party, the members of which are likewise ambitious, taking sides against the traditional head of German affairs, while the pious and timid preach the feudal gospel of traditional allegiance. The King wavers, and this situation continues till the end of the story, it being the same at bottom whether the monarch occupying the throne goes by the name of Frederick William IV., William I., or Frederick III.; and whether the opposing parties at his right hand and left be Bismarck and Roon against Gerlach and Queen Elizabeth, or Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon against Prince Frederick William, Empress Augusta, and the Crown Princess. When the situation did change, and the occupant of the throne stepped from the golden middle ground of moderation, when, in other words, to Frederick III. succeeded William II., Bismarck's occupation was gone.

In order to influence the King in favor of alliances with western powers against the one which is blocking Prussia's way to greater might, he goes so far as to write apologies for revolution and republicanism; he goes further, and favors national parliaments; and still further, and lends an ear to the popular demand for the union of German States. "The demand offers a means for winning popular allegiance to whatever State will take it up," he reasons with Manteuffel. Later (in the final volumes) he is reported as having assured a deputation that "he had worked and lived in order to give his faithful German countrymen unification and so fulfill their patriotic dream." The true dash of spirit, the bold maneuvers, the restless, resistless forces of will and mind, are in the early volumes, I repeat. In these there lies more between the lines than the later interpretations afford in all their thousand pages. One is meat and core; the other palaver and shell. He lived for power, not ideas, and for power only. If that had incurred to Prussia from disunion, disunion is what he would have wrought for. Little cared he for dreams. He was an incarnation of the pioneer soul of his northern Fatherland, and stretched out for room and empire, as the great Elector had done before him, and Frederick called the Great. If he turned out to be an agent of the national life, it is one example more in history of how much greater is life than the disposition of the mightiest of men.

At the Diet, meanwhile, the intuition of his secret enmity to Austria growing into certainty, his colleagues urged his being recalled, and the King, yielding, thought of making him Prime Minister, but, wavering as usual, sent him first to St. Petersburg for a couple of years, and then to Paris as his Ambassador. Then, however, mustering up all his courage, he took the decided step of calling Bismarck to Berlin. The year was 1862. And, sure enough, the expected took place, for in little less than ten years Bismarck had let the Prussian army loose with its "mailed

fist" against the cuirasses of Denmark, Austria, and France, and knocked them hollow—perhaps, indeed, they found them so. Bismarck asserts that they were; that corruption prevailed in all States but Prussia, and in all the army administrations save that of Germany.

One bit of romance is opened in the account which Bismarck gives of his impatience over the delay of the King in signing the declaration of war with Austria in 1866. He represents himself as "walking up and down the garden of the Ministerium at night too agitated over the uncertainty he is kept in to go to sleep," and takes a respite underhand by dispatching Herr von Gablentz to Vienna to propose to Emperor Franz their turning their swords on France and taking Alsace mutually, "since their swords are unsheathed"—a nocturnal picture which has its pendant in the figure of King William, who, at the same time, is pacing *his* chamber, drawn one way by the representations in his thoughts of Bismarck and Roon, and another by the pleadings of his Queen and the sacred Past: the tension of both men being suddenly put an end to by a bullet which is fired at the Minister one day by a fanatic enemy. The shot misses, but it brings the old King to his knees and a decision; God's having spared the Premier being interpreted by his pious heart as a hint that He means Bismarck to live and have his way. And forthwith, in the pages, the silent pacing in the garden is replaced by the sound of thundering cannon rolling into Bohemia and the tramp of shouting troops.

As for realistic bits, here is Bismarck's account of the morning of the 2d of September, 1870, at Doncherry:

"Yesterday evening, after coming here at your Majesty's royal command, in order to take part in the negotiations concerning the capitulation, the same were interrupted towards one o'clock after midnight by a grant of time for reflection, besought for by General Wimpffen, after General von Moltke had declared decisively that no other condition would be given save that of their laying down their arms, and if this were not fulfilled in the meanwhile, the bombardment would begin again at nine o'clock in the morning. Towards six General Reille was announced, who told me that the Emperor wished to see me and was already upon the way from Sedan. The General then returned immediately in order to inform his Majesty that I was following, and a short time afterwards I found myself face to face with the Emperor at a spot in the neighborhood of Frenois, about midway between Sedan and here. His Majesty was sitting in a carriage with three officers of high rank, and an equal number of others were on horseback. I recognized the generals Castelnau, Reille, and Moskwa—who seemed to be wounded in the foot—and Vaubert. Arriving at the carriage, I dismounted, strode to the side where the Emperor sat, and asked what were his commands. The Emperor expressed the wish to see your Majesty, apparently thinking that your Majesty was in Doncherry. After I had informed him that your Majesty's headquarters were twelve miles distant at the moment, in Vendresse, the Emperor asked if your Majesty had fixed upon a place for him to resort to, and what I thought about the matter. I said I had come to the place where we happened to be, in the dark, and did not know anything, therefore, about the vicinity, and offered to place the house which I was occupying in Doncherry at his disposal, saying I would vacate it at once. The Emperor accepted the proposition, and drove slowly towards Doncherry; stopped, however, several hundred paces before the Maas bridge, in front of a lonely cottage and inquired if he could not alight there.

"I had the house examined by Count Bismarck-Bohlen, Secretary of Legation, who had followed and come up with me, and, upon his announcing that the rooms were small and poor, but free from wounded men, the Emperor got down and invited me to accompany him inside. Here, in a small chamber containing a table and two chairs, I had an interview that lasted nearly an hour."

In a letter to Johanna he says the Emperor alighted before the village because "he shrank from the gaze of people;" but to his royal master he is strictly objective and makes no comment. Yet comment is one of his strong points, and he indulges in it occasionally, even in communications to the King, as instance the celebrated letter of complaint against Count Arnim. Every volume of his writings will be found sprinkled thickly with comment, and while those on things may "go," the reader is apt to be more amused over what he says of persons than credulous. A good deal, in fact; the trouble being that Bismarck's estimates of men are all so similar. Nature surely shows up more varieties of human creatures than Poschinger's and Rohl's "editions," which seem to know of only two—fools and base knaves.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

From the portrait by Gambardella. The Outlook is indebted to Mr. F. J. Garrison, of Boston, for the privilege of reproducing this and all other illustrations in this article from Mr. Garrison's remarkably extensive collection of portraits and documents relating to the Abolition period.

Anti-Slavery Days

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

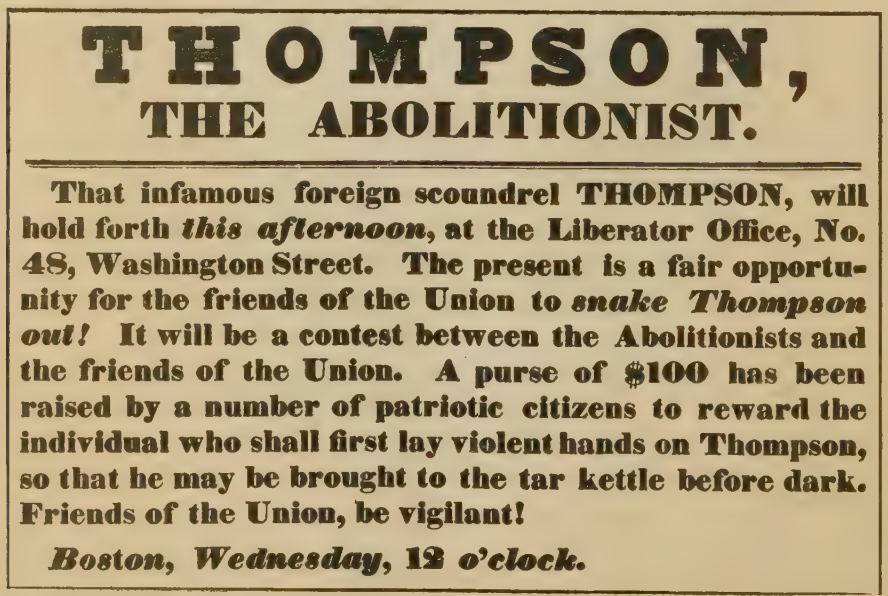
NO one can really understand the great anti-slavery movement of the early years of this century who thinks of it merely as an agitation, a discussion, a series of public meetings, or a set of tracts. It was in reality a cult, a moral organization, a tie akin to freemasonry. With a minimum of visible or potent machinery, it had a maximum of cohesion; without technical grips or passwords, it afforded a tie which united men and women of all ages, colors, races, and religions. When its members met and made acquaintance with one another, it was like a meeting of early Christians or of French Huguenots. They had the comradeship of minorities; a thing incomparably more vital and real than the alliance of majorities. When the anti-slavery lecturer found himself in a house whose walls bore the picture of Garrison or Whittier, he knew himself to be at home. Grades of education were as nothing; people met because they "saw eye to eye" or "had the root of the matter in them," these being frequent phrases of the Abolitionists. Race was nothing, or nationality; Germans were usually of the faithful; Englishmen often; Irishmen rarely, but when they were so their strength was as the strength of ten, because of their zeal. Social distinctions were nothing; Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman had the bearing that might befit a line of duchesses; Wendell Phillips and Edmund Quincy were pointed out by an English visitor who was standing in George Ticknor's window when they passed up Park Street, as "the only men he had yet seen in America who looked like gentlemen." Side by side with them, on the platform, were fugitive slaves, perhaps still clad in their plantation rags, still walking heavily as if clogged with Virginia clay at every footstep. One of these, whom I well recall at his first clumsy arrival, afterwards ripened into the magnificent presence of Frederick Douglass.

LUCRETIA MOTT
From a photograph taken at about the age of 75.

Yet not even cohesion through a great principle can bind people to see precisely "eye to eye," after all; and this body of reformers was rent more than once by divisions into which the participants threw themselves with the whole fire of their natures. The main line of cleavage was between the Garrisonians or Disunion Abolitionists and the voting Abolitionists, called by their opponents "New Organizationists," and by themselves "Liberty Party" and then "Free Soilers" and finally "Republicans." The feud was complicated by business questions, of which the transfer of the "Emancipator" newspaper from the Garrisonian side to the "New Organization" was the chief; and it was in connection with this that the calm and moderate Whittier spoke to me of Garrison as having acted the part of Robespierre, telling me also that he had personally seen a letter from Mrs. Chapman, Garrison's firm and able ally, in which she used the expression, "As to Whittier, the only question is whether he is more knave or fool." These phrases hint at those bitter internal hostilities of the early days of abolitionism which have been preserved with only too much detail in the elaborate and very carefully written life of

Garrison by his sons, on the one side; and in the life of William Birney by his son, and in Goodell's "Slavery and Anti-Slavery," on the other. I need only say that, in my judgment, neither side was wholly free from blame, and that both parties kept, on the whole, higher laws than they broke. I have repeatedly spoken at meetings held by both wings; and while the voting Abolitionists or "New Organization" had always to offer the stimulus of actual participation in elections, yet the Garrisonian meetings, where such action was eschewed, had a freedom, a vigor, and a variety which made them far more attractive and more stimulating. Their tone may have been narrow, but it was the narrowness of the lightning flash. We cannot, of course, say that slavery was formally abolished by them; of course it was not, nor by any band of Abolitionists as such. Slavery was destroyed, not by their direct, but by their secondary, influence. When Abraham Lincoln said to ex-Governor Daniel H. Chamberlain, of South Carolina (April 6, 1865), "I have been only an instrument; the logic and moral power of Garrison and the anti-slavery people of the country and the army have done all," he summed up the whole history of abolitionism, and made no mistake as to the leadership he recognized.

No sentences yet added to American literature, it seems to me, are surer of a permanent hold than those words in which Garrison threw down the gauntlet to the pro-slavery or indifferent community, "I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." In direct moral force, in absolute integrity, Garrison fairly won the leadership he held; and what was sometimes called tyranny by such strong leaders as Whittier and the Grimké sisters was not so much a spirit of autocracy as an inexorable purpose, combined with some want of that imaginative or dramatic element which enables one to do entire justice to another's point of view. Garrison was not reluctant to do this justice, but only slow in doing it. After Dr. W. E. Channing's death, for instance, and on reading his memoirs, Garrison for the first time discovered that he was neither a cold nor nor a timid man. Yet Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, a firm supporter of Garrison, editing one of the recognized newspapers of his own organization, while he edited the other, discovered without difficulty, aided by a woman's keenness, the qualities to which Garrison was



THOMPSON,
THE ABOLITIONIST.

That infamous foreign scoundrel THOMPSON, will hold forth *this afternoon*, at the Liberator Office, No. 48, Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to *snake Thompson out!* It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of $100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

***Boston, Wednesday*, 12 *o'clock*.**

PRO-SLAVERY HANDBILL

This was printed at the office of the Boston "Commercial Gazette," under the direction of the proprietor, James L. Homer, on the 21st of October, 1835, and was directed against George Thompson, who was then causing great excitement by his eloquent addresses against slavery. The poster was set up and run off on a hand-press by two apprentices of Homer, one of whom was George C. Rand, subsequently a master printer of Boston and the first printer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." These two boys then distributed them among the bar-rooms and barber-shops of the business section of the city, with the result that by two o'clock a raging mob of 5,000 people was gathered about the anti-slavery office, and shortly after laid violent hands upon Mr. Garrison, in the absence of Mr. Thompson, who was out of the city.

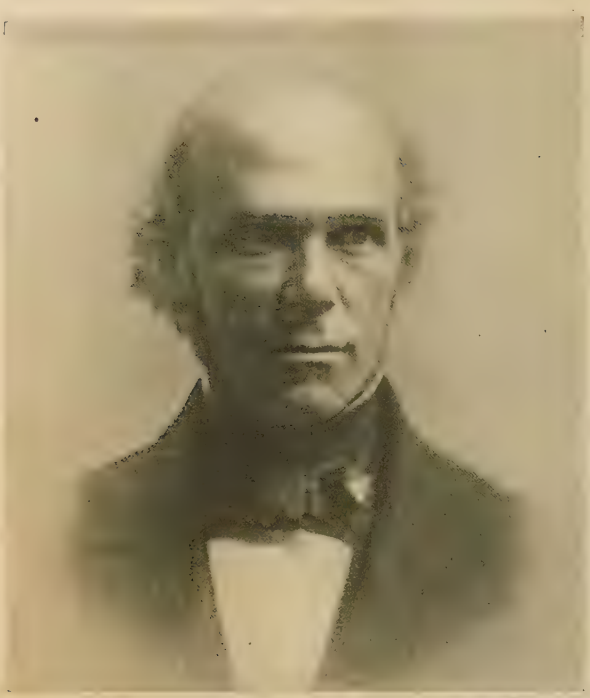
WENDELL PHILLIPS

From a photograph by Sarony, of New York, taken about 1880.

so long blind. She says of Channing, "At first I thought him timid and even slightly time-serving, but I soon discovered that I formed this estimate merely from ignorance of his character. I learned that it was justice for all, not popularity for himself, which rendered him so cautious. He constantly grew upon my respect, until I came to regard him as the wisest as well as the justest apostle of humanity. I owe him thanks for helping to preserve me from the one-sidedness into which zealous reformers are apt to run. . . . Some zealous reformers misunderstood this, and construed into a love of popularity what was, in fact, but a fine sense of justice, a more universal love of his species."[1]

Garrison's criticism of Channing touched, moreover, on a question of justice—the only point on which, as I think, the Abolitionists were liable to criticism. Garrison says of Channing that while "he saw with great clearness and deplored with much sincerity the horrors of slavery and the injustice of slaveholding," yet "he did not like to hear slaveholders denounced, and regarded many of them as worthy of Christian recognition."

[1] Clarke's Anti-Slavery Days, p. 132.



THEODORE PARKER
Photographed from a daguerreotype. Date unknown.

This brings the question back to what is always the point most difficult of solution in any moral reform—the allowance to be made for the individual sinner. That the anti-slavery agitation needed to be made personal, within just limits, is unquestionable; but the only point on which it seems to me, in looking back, that the Garrisonian Abolitionists sometimes went beyond actual justice, and therefore beyond the truth, was in their construction of these limits. I remember one occasion when Stephen Foster—"the reviled and pelted Stephen," as Lowell called him; personally one of the noblest and most loving natures among them all, whose deep, rich voice had in it more of mellow benignity than any voice I ever yet heard—was arguing with one of the stray slaveholders who sometimes came, chivalrously enough, upon the anti-slavery platform to argue their cause; and I recall how Foster bluntly contradicted some statement by his opponent. "Do you think I would lie?" asked the indignant Southerner. "I can't tell as to that," pursued the indomitable Stephen; "I *know* you steal." This was a bit of ready and merciless logic such as sweeps away an audience, yet brings it no nearer to the truth. Doubtless a speaker must not shrink from going beyond abstract truth to its living applications; but such applications have not always an accurate or precise justice. Suppose, as was perfectly possible, that this young man had inherited slaves in a State where, as in Georgia, emancipation was absolutely prohibited, and where the laws expressly provided that any slaves found without a master were at once to be sold at auction to the highest bidder;[1] suppose that this young man, impoverished by slavery itself, was absolutely unable to transport the whole body of his slaves to a free country, even had the law permitted; and what utter injustice to call him a "man-thief," or to say that he "stole" his slaves! To liberate one's own slaves, as Birney and Palfrey did, was of course a simple duty; although even in Palfrey's case this could only be done by obtaining a special act in Louisiana, where the laws were milder; but what could a man do, situated as I have described this imaginary young Georgian, except to remain where he was and be a humane slaveholder? That Channing should regard such a man as "worthy of Christian recognition" does Channing honor; and although such men were doubtless in a very small minority, it was precisely that which made their case the hardest. It was this aspect alone of the matter which the Abolitionists failed to meet quite squarely, in my opinion, either in their publications or on the platform. Mrs. Stowe was more discriminating; St. Clair hated slavery, but could do nothing about it because his slaves belonged really to his wife, who had no such feeling.

Of all the public meetings I ever attended, those of the Anti-Slavery Society were for many years the most interesting. They were never tame, never trammeled, seldom weighed down by long-winded or tedious speakers. The predominance of the non-resistant element made them liberal as to points of order; and the experiment of forcibly expelling the two unquestionably insane intruders—Father Lamson and Abby Folsom—was very

[1] In North and South Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi the laws were almost equally restrictive. See Stroud's "Slave Laws" (1827), pp. 146-9.

rarely tried, and was stoutly opposed by many of the faithful. There was no monotony of opinion, because there were many speakers who—like Theodore Parker, Henry Wilson, Francis W. Bird, and latterly myself—were voters in theory and practice and yet sought the society of these non-voters as more stimulating than any other. Sometimes, in the very height of the disunion theory, a single member among the faithful—Stephen Foster in particular—would introduce some new subdivision of a logical point within which a new political party could be organized, although even then Foster could not join such a party himself. but could only indicate it to others, while his courageous wife, Abby Kelley Foster, perhaps repudiated it altogether.

Meanwhile no one met criticism more readily or welcomed them more cordially than Foster, while he retaliated with equal explicitness. "I love my friend Higginson," he once said in a speech at a convention in Worcester; "but if there is anything I loathe, it is his opinions." He was a farmer born and bred, and, as Mr. Garrison once said to me, had put all his combativeness into a rough farm near Worcester, and had made it one of the best. In building stone walls he characteristically excelled, and those of his construction bid fair to last as long as those of the Romans. Once I said to him, unthinkingly, "I should think that, with your love of farming, you would like to have a more productive soil to deal with—in some Western State, for instance." "I should hate farming in the West," he said, vigorously; "I should hate to put my spade into ground where it did not hit against a rock."

Another commanding specimen of the indomitable type was Parker Pillsbury, "brown, broad-shouldered Pillsbury" as Lowell called him, who has only lately died after a life devoted to radicalisms, the extremer the better. He was dark, strongly built, picturesque, with a deep voice like one of the old prophets; and he, with Foster, had been mobbed in town halls, had scaled pulpits and trampled on their cushions, growing always more antagonistic with his self-discipline. He was originally a wagoner; worked his way through Andover Theological Seminary and was refused indorsement by the Faculty unless he gave up speaking in anti-slavery meetings. Never was anything more vivid than Lowell's picture of him, in his description of the Anti-Slavery Fair of 1846:

> Beyond, a crater in each eye,
> Sways brown, broad-shouldered Pillsbury,
> Who tears up words like trees by the roots,
> A Theseus in stout cowhide boots.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A terrible denouncer he,
> Old Sinai burns unquenchably
> Upon his lips; he well might be a
> Hot blazing soul from fierce Judea,
> Habakkuk, Ezra, or Hosea;
> His words burn as with iron searers,
> And nightmare-like he mounts his hearers,
> Spurning them like avenging Fate, or
> As Waterton his alligator.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN
From a daguerreotype taken about 1856.

This last is an allusion to the celebrated Charles Waterton, whose picture mounted on an alligator had already got into the schoolbooks. Never was a more masterly delineation of any man than this by Lowell—"the crater in each eye" and all.

In Pillsbury, as in Garrison, one felt the full force of a Calvinistic training and of a mighty knowledge of the Old Testament. Their denunciations—as Dr. Holmes said of the practice of profane swearing—were all traceable to the Puritan pulpit. I can recall no impression profounder than that derived from one occasion when Pillsbury was tearing to tatters some unfortunate orthodox

deacon whom he had heard reading, at a prayer-meeting, Watts's fine hymn, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" I still recall the thrill with which his deep voice rolled out the words:

> Are there no foes for me to face?
> Must I not stem the flood
> Is this vile world a friend to grace,
> To bear me on to God?

When Pillsbury paused at each solemn phrase to hold the poor deacon up to it, as if searing him with a red-hot iron—"What foes had he faced?" "What flood had he stemmed?" "What had this vile world ever done to secure grace for him?" it brought back the fierce old Calvinistic images of the Deity holding the sinner over the flames of hell and dropping him in; and none of Scott's Habakkuk Muckleraths or Crockett's Cameronian hill-folk could have left a more inexorable stamp upon the memory of the hearer.

EDMUND QUINCY
From a photograph taken about 1875.

I dwell on these minor figures, because that of Garrison has been delineated by his sons with wonderful detail and keenness—though, as I think, with something of that one-sidedness which it is perhaps better that a first biography should possess. Phillips also has been frequently discussed and delineated, by myself among others; while Edmund Quincy, the twin of Phillips in social antecedents and sacrifices, but not in oratorical power, has passed far too much out of sight. Coming of a race in which political leadership was and is hereditary, fuller than Phillips of a natural fastidiousness which made the storms and extremes of the platform distasteful to him, Quincy yet did his duty with absolute and unshrinking fidelity; took the fatigues of the convention without its laurels; was readier than any one to make the difficult opening speech before the audience got settled; and was an admirable and patient presiding officer. Always scrupulously dressed, in the blue dress-coat and brass buttons of that day; an exquisite critic on all points of pronunciation, of manners, of language—knowing his Horace Walpole and his Sévigné by heart, and able to solve any problem of European court usage—he had just laid all public life aside, even to his commission as Justice of the Peace, because he believed the Constitution pro-slavery. Nothing could be more curious than the difference between his later years and those of Phillips; when slavery fell, Phillips simply shifted the harness for service in other reforms; while Quincy, like a tired steed, merely shook himself and dropped the reformer's equipment altogether; utterly denied that there was anything left to fight for, and pronounced woman suffrage, for instance, a case in which there was "no grievance." He simply became a reformer *emeritus*, in the university phrase; was for the rest of his life a brilliant and delightful *flâneur*; went to the theater with the constancy of a Parisian; became Secretary of the learned societies which had rejected him in earlier days; resumed, in short, that life of the cultivated Bostonian which Howells has so well painted in his "A Modern Instance" and elsewhere.

The same course was followed in later days by that superb woman, Maria Weston Chapman, whom Lowell, with his usual unerring touch, delineated in his description of the same Anti-Slavery Fair of 1846:

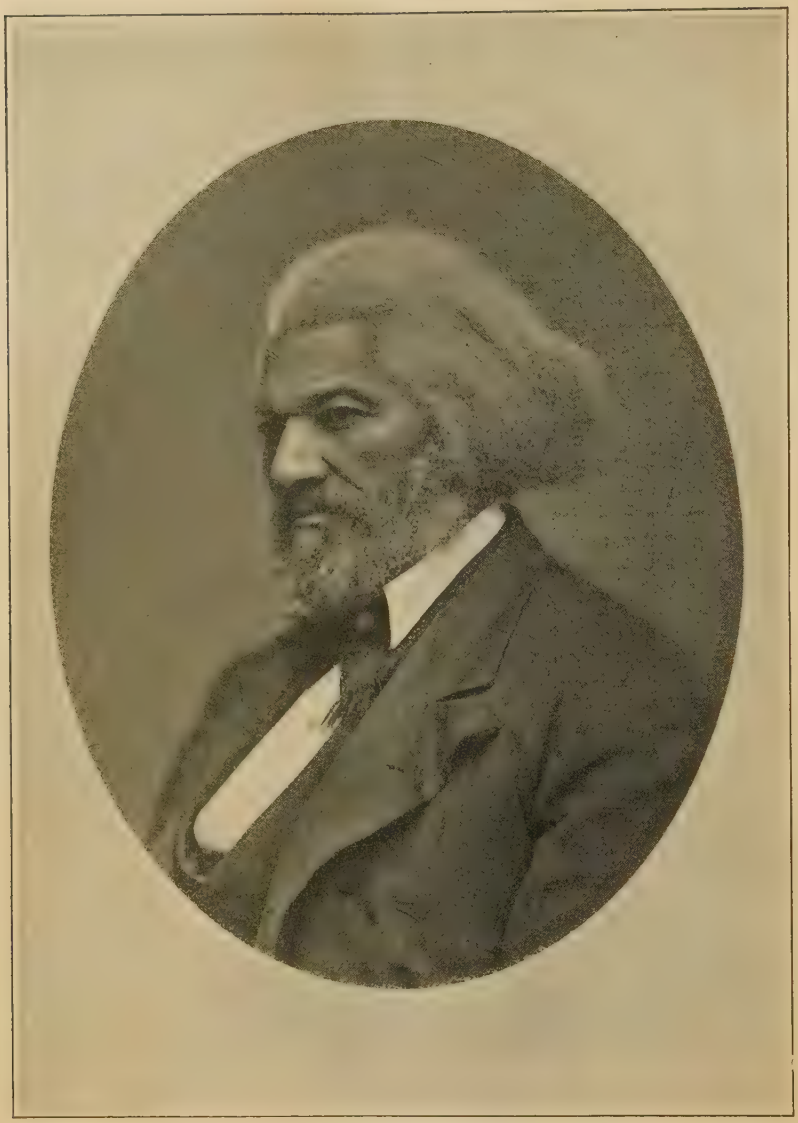
> There was Maria Chapman, too,
> With her swift eyes of clear steel blue,
> The coiled-up mainspring of the fair
> Originating everywhere
> The expansive force without a sound
> That whirled a hundred wheels around,

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

From a photograph taken by G. K. Warren, of Boston, in 1876.

Herself meanwhile as calm and still
As the bare crown of Prospect Hill;
A noble woman, brave and apt,
Cumæa's sibyl not more rapt,
Who might, with those fair tresses shorn,
The Maid of Orleans' casque have worn,
Herself the Joan of our Ark,
For every shaft a shining mark.

Mrs. Chapman has written herself down for future ages—strong, fearless, self-devoted, unforgiving—in her life of Harriet Martineau, with whom she had much in common. With a beauty which Miss Martineau ranked first in the Boston world of that day; with an energy inexhaustible; with an organizing force which made her more influential than any one man after the great leader in the counsels of the Abolitionists—she was never perhaps more herself than when she faced in absolute fearlessness, on that day of the Garrison mob, the rioters to whom Mayor Lyman conceded, by way of tub to the whale, the privilege of tearing down the modest sign of the Female Anti-Slavery Society. "Ladies!" said the agitated Mayor, "I call on you to disperse this meeting." "Mr. Mayor!" was the reply, "we call on you to disperse this mob." Lowell did not overstate her Joan of Arc temperament, nor yet the "coiled-up mainspring" quality, to which I can fully testify. For instance, I used to go in, with



FREDERICK DOUGLASS

From a photograph taken about 1876.

other young people, to assist in decorating Faneuil Hall for the great anti-slavery fair, to which England and America both contributed. One year, I remember, I arrived to find everything in seeming confusion—boxes and barrels to be unloaded, wreaths to be woven and arranged, tables to be spread, rugs to be laid, teamsters and expressmen impatient, plenty of people to do everything, yet nothing done. The answer to every inquiry was, "Mrs. Chapman has been delayed on the railroad." Ten minutes after the appointed time she appeared, placid and inexorable; her queenly figure erect, her "fair tresses" waving and worn high after the fashion of those days. In two minutes more she had taken her stand with a little note-book in the middle of Faneuil Hall; the teamsters and expressmen had laid down their loads and were being paid and discharged one by one; the wreaths were being made and placed; the tables were being spread, every wheel of the clock was in motion, and when the hour of opening came the fair was ready. Sheridan at Winchester did not more instantaneously reveal the leader. Yet when slavery

was abolished, she, too, found her work done; and so far as she prolonged its quarrels and jealousies into her memoir of Harriet Martineau she appeared, as I have already intimated, to the least advantage.

I have often asked myself whether it is really true that the Garrisonian or Disunion Abolitionists were really a superior type of reformers to any other which I have encountered, or whether it is in part a glamour which my youth threw around them. Yet I was not much older when I became intimately acquainted with Social Reformers or Fourierites, with Temperance agitators, with Woman Suffrage advocates; and I have never had quite the same glamour about them. With admirable individuals among all these, yet the collective tone has never seemed to be pitched quite so high. Still less have I found any such elevation of standard among clergymen, for instance, or college professors, or men in public office. I can only explain it by remembering that the anti-slavery reform was, of all such movements, the most absolutely disinterested, with the largest proportion of sacrifice and the smallest of personal benefit. It had undoubtedly in it that possibility of moral danger which even a small body may hold in the way of internal ambitions—as, doubtless, all the tumults of jealousy may rage within the limits of a parish sewing-circle; and some of its leaders were undoubtedly placed by it in a position of higher social prominence than they would otherwise have obtained, and thus gratified their ambition, if such poor ambition they had. For others again—as Phillips, Quincy, and Mrs. Child—it was a life of absolutely pure self-sacrifice; it separated them from the friends, the career, the pursuits which they would otherwise have chosen. The ideal of Phillips's existence, as I have often heard him admit, would have been the Senate or the Bar; and nothing but the purest self-abnegation led him to substitute for this the toilsome career of a wandering lecturer, a life he always hated. He honestly disliked, I think, to hear speeches or even to make them, and yet he gave his life to this arduous work until it became a second nature. More than once, in going to a meeting with him, I have heard him say: "What strange infatuation takes these people to hear public addresses? There is that respectable-looking pair across the street; they must have a happy home, probably with books, pictures, and music. Why do they leave it to hear somebody talk?" No doubt

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

From a photograph taken in 1865 at the age of 63.

ABBY KELLEY FOSTER

From a lithograph by Grozelier about 1858.

CAUTION!!

COLORED PEOPLE

OF BOSTON, ONE & ALL,

You are hereby respectfully CAUTIONED and advised, to avoid conversing with the

Watchmen and Police Officers of Boston,

For since the recent ORDER OF THE MAYOR & ALDERMEN, they are empowered to act as

KIDNAPPERS

AND

Slave Catchers,

And they have already been actually employed in KIDNAPPING, CATCHING, AND KEEPING SLAVES. Therefore, if you value your LIBERTY, and the *Welfare of the Fugitives* among you, *Shun* them in every possible manner, as so many *HOUNDS* on the track of the most unfortunate of your race.

Keep a Sharp Look Out for KIDNAPPERS, and have TOP EYE open.

***APRIL* 24, 1851.**

THEODORE PARKER'S PLACARD

Placard written by Theodore Parker and printed and posted by the Vigilance Committee of Boston after the rendition of Thomas Sims to slavery in April, 1851.

when he came upon the platform he warmed to his work; yet not always even this: young men sometimes went into the gallery to hiss, in order to see his eyes brighten and to hear his voice resound. He had, when off duty, the constant fatigue of beggars and petitioners; for both he and his invalid wife were generous to the last degree. It is to be remembered, too, that neither he nor his allies ever saw the bulk of those for whom they labored; the millions in bondage were beyond their sight, and those at hand were often discouraging. Phillips had not, so far as I know, a trace of that instinctive color-phobia which I have heard admitted by Emerson and by some younger anti-slavery men; and he recognized that intrinsic self-respect and dignity which marked the free colored families of Boston in those days and perhaps still; but he often lamented the want of solid and serious purpose among the colored youth, while allowing fully and magnanimously for their manifold disadvantages. On reflection, I am inclined to revert to my first impression, that the peculiar unselfishness of the anti-slavery reform was that which created a peculiar type of character among its votaries. Of course, in proportion as it mingled itself with political life, temptation came in; and it can hardly be said of the Republican party that it has kept the promise of its youth.

GERRIT SMITH
From a photograph by W. Rurtz, New York, about 1870.

But, whatever may be said of the tone or quality of the Garrisonian Abolitionists, history will accept as final the precedence accorded them by Lincoln in respect to the overthrow of slavery. On the other hand, when they assumed, as they often did, that they were the only type of Abolitionists, they claimed too much. No definition of that word can be permanently recognized that shall include Garrison and Phillips and yet exclude Channing and Parker, Whittier and Sewall, Sumner and Wilson, Palfrey, Gerrit Smith, and James Freeman Clarke. None of these were ever disunionists, either as a matter of policy or principle. Technically, as a policy, disunion undoubtedly failed. It must always be remembered that it was not advocated merely as an abstract point of moral consistency, irrespective of consequences, but as a legitimate working policy to be pursued. Wendell Phillips, in his speech at Music Hall, in Boston, January 20, 1861, argued for it as "the best possible method of abolishing slavery," and advised the North to "build a bridge of gold to take the Slave States out of the Union." Had his advice been followed, it is altogether probable that slavery would be existing to-day, or else that it would have been abolished only through a war severer than the Civil War of 1861–65. There is no question that, while the principles of the Garrisonian Abolitionists ultimately triumphed, yet this was in one respect over the ruins of the precise policy they advocated, the destruction of the Union. It was first pointed out, I think, by Carl Schurz, that, while they were right both in principle and motive, and while Webster, in motive at least, may have been finally wrong, yet it took Webster's influence also to establish, through love of the Union, the final success of the very principle he seemed to sacrifice.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

From a photograph by Mr. Waldo Story.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

XII.—TWENTY YEARS OF HARVARD

MR. LOWELL'S real connection with the daily work of the College ceased in 1876, when he accepted the offer of the mission to Spain. It covered the period when he wrote most, and when, as his cousin has said so well, in the passage I have cited, his work in prose and poetry proved to be most satisfactory to himself. His duty afterwards as a diplomatist, in Spain and in England, was of value to the country and of credit to himself. And his life as a man of letters had prepared him for such work. But, all the same, it is as a man of letters that he will be most generally remembered.

During the twenty-one years from 1855 to 1876 the College was going through the change which has made it the University which it is. If, by good fortune, any one can recollect what has been already said of the College of Lowell's boyhood, in the second paper of this series, that reader will see, from the letters of Lowell's which have described the years of his professorship, that it had not only enlarged in the number of pupils, but that the purposes and range of all persons connected with it widened with every year. This change from the "Seminary," as President Quincy used to call it, to the University of to day has not been wrought by any spasmodic revolution planned by either of the governing bodies at any given time. It has come about, healthy and strong, in the growth of the country—let us even say in the improvement of the world.

We have already printed in The Outlook a capital picture of the Presidents of Harvard College in whose administration the beginning of this change was made. After the close of that series come Thomas Hill and Charles William Eliot, the present incumbent, to whose energy, foresight, and courage so much of what may be called this revolution is due. I have already made some notes here of Mr.

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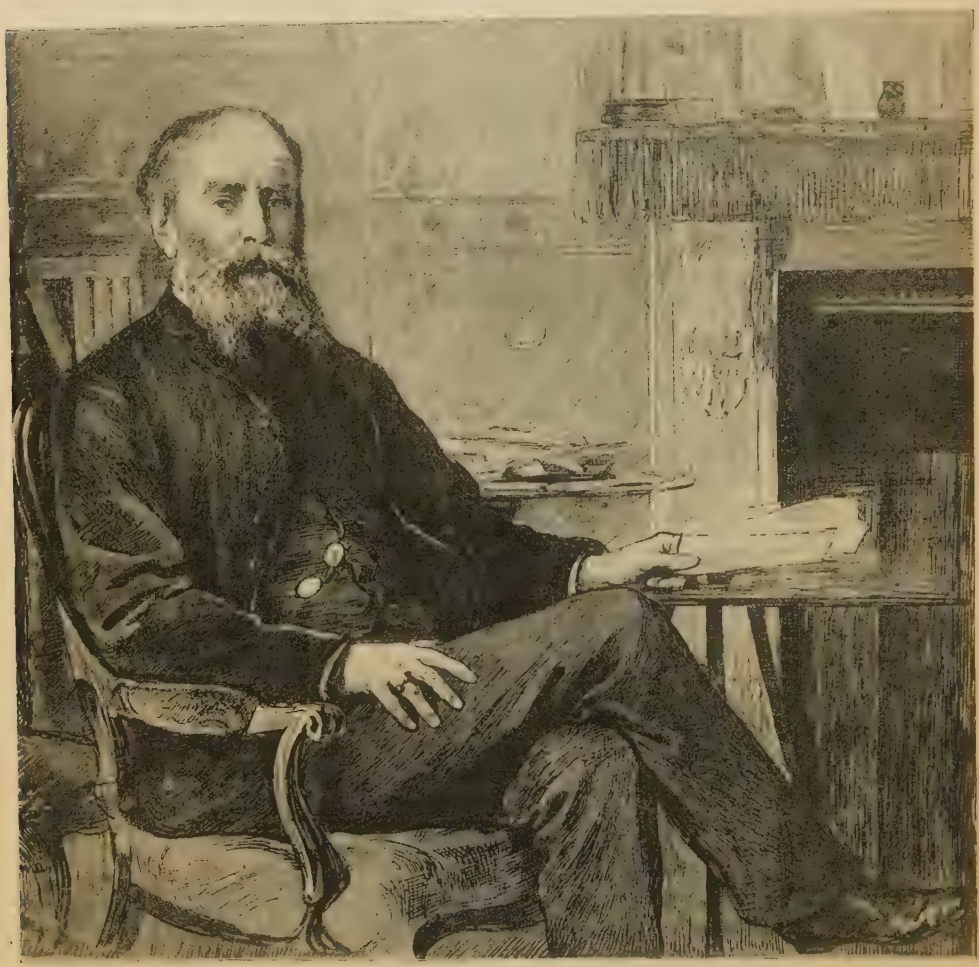
MR. STORY'S SALON IN THE BARBERINI PALACE, ROME

Quincy and Dr. Walker. It was in Walker's administration that Lowell returned to the College as Smith Professor.

Cornelius Conway Felton, who succeeded Dr. Walker, had been the Greek Professor, and had distinguished himself in his place as an editor of Homer and in papers on subjects of Greek literature. Perhaps he soon wore out his hopes for a class of school-boys. as perhaps we were. There was a great crowd of us in front of Holworthy, and Felton appeared on the steps of Stoughton or at a window. Somebody shouted, "Hear Felton! hear Felton! he tells us the truth," and the noisy mob was still to listen. A man might be glad to have these words carved on his tombstone.

When with other men of letters, Dr. Felton



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
From a portrait by Mr. Blake Wirginan.

Certainly in my time and Lowell's, when we were undergraduates, he made little or no effort as a teacher to open out the work of the Greek poets whom we read. Alkestis or the Iliad were literally mere text-books. All the same, the boys believed in Felton. I remember one scene of great excitement when he was a professor, when we thought we were very badly used by the government, was charming. And his kindness to his old pupils till they died was something marvelous. The published Sumner letters, the Longfellow letters, and other correspondence of the men of that time, with many of his careful reviews, and an occasional pamphlet, perhaps on some subject of controversy now forgotten, show how highly he was prized in his day and how well he deserved such esteem. For

many years he was one of the most acceptable writers for the "North American Review." He died, suddenly, after less than two years of service as President.

President Felton's successor, Thomas Hill, was a graduate of Harvard, as all her Presidents have been since Chauncy died in 1672. Dr. Hill was of a noble family—if we count nobility on the true standards—who were driven out of England by the Birmingham riots of 1791, and settled near Philadelphia. Dr. Hill was appointed President of Antioch College, Ohio, in 1859, and, after a very successful administration there, he was inaugurated at Cambridge in 1862. At Antioch he had succeeded Horace Mann in the presidency.

Dr. Hill's health failed, and he resigned in 1868, leaving behind him charming memories of his devotion to duty and of the simplicity of his character. I called upon him once, with Dr. Newman Hall, when he was in this country. It was delightful to see the enthusiasm with which Dr. Hill spoke of the pleasure he expected in the evenings of the approaching winter, from studying, with his charming wife, the new text of the Syriac version of the New Testament, which had then just been edited by Cureton. He was one of the most distinguished mathematicians of his time. After his death, Dr. Andrew Preston Peabody acted as President until the appointment in 1869 of Mr. Eliot.

I have already spoken, in one connection or another, of the professors to whom Lowell was most closely drawn—with one or two exceptions. Dr. Asa Gray, the distinguished chief of botany in America, made his home a center of all that was charming and interesting in the delightful circle of Cambridge society. Nothing could be more interesting than the simplicity of the spirited conversation of this most learned man, and the ease with which, while he really knew almost everything that was worth knowing, he spoke with utter absence of effect or visible erudition. Where a working gardener would tell you with delight that this or that plant was the "*Tomfoolaria eruditissima*," Gray would say, "Oh! that's one of those Australian sandworts." When he was still as fresh and cheerful as a boy, I heard him say, "It is great fun to be seventy years old. You do not have to know everything."

Another of his colleagues who gave distinction to the College, in America and in Europe, was the late Josiah Parsons Cooke, whose position as a teacher and in the ranks of original students in chemistry is so well known.

Lowell's own charming poem to Agassiz will be recalled by every one who cares for his life at Harvard. Not long after Agassiz had been invited from Switzerland to lecture before the Lowell Institute, he was appointed to a professorship in Cambridge, and he accepted the appointment. He lived in Cambridge from that time until he died—loving and beloved—in 1873. Mr. John Amory Lowell, the cousin of our Lowell, in his plans for the Lowell Institute (which has been already described) engaged Louis Agassiz to deliver one of their courses in 1847. His arrival in America may be spoken of as marking an era in education. Indeed, if the Lowell Institute had never done anything else for America than it did when it "imported Agassiz," it would have a perpetual claim for our gratitude. With his arrival there was ended, once and forever, the poor habit of studying Nature through the eyes of other observers. Men learned again the lesson which makes them see where they look. For it may be fairly said that Agassiz created here the school of original study which has for a generation past directed the progress of natural science in America. I believe I ought to say that the phrase "imported Agassiz," which I have ventured to quote, is Lowell's own. In his address at the Quarter-Millennial of the College he had the hardihood to say that Harvard had not yet developed any first-rate educator, "for we imported Agassiz."

I have never forgotten the enthusiasm of Agassiz's audience the first time I ever heard him. His subject was the First Ascent of the Jungfrau, the maiden mountain which had never been scaled by man until Agassiz led the way. He told us, with eager memory, of all the preparations made for what men called the hopeless invasion of those untrodden snows, of the personnel of the party, of their last night and early morning start at some encampment half-way up; and then, almost step by step, of the sheer ascent at the last, until, man by man, one after another, each man stood alone, where two cannot stand together, on that little triangle of rock which is the summit. "And I looked down into Swisserland." As I heard him utter these simple words of triumph, I said that Mr. Lowell might take credit to himself for bringing before our audience the noblest and best specimen, so far discovered, of that

greatest species of mammalia—long studied but as yet little known—of the very finest type, from the widely scattered genus of the race of MAN.

The simplicity of Agassiz's mode of address captivated all hearers. He put himself at once in touch with the common-school teachers. He had none of that absurd conceit which has sometimes parted college professors from sympathetic work with their brothers and sisters who have the first duty, in the district and town schools, in the infinite work of instruction and education.

Agassiz's Cambridge life brought into Cambridge a good many of his European friends, and broke up the strictness of a village coterie, by the accent, not to say the customs, of cosmopolitan life. To say true, the denizens of the forest sometimes intermixed closely with the well-trained European scholars. There used to be a fine story of a dinner-party at Dr. A. Guyot's when he lived at Cambridge. An admiring friend had sent Guyot as a present a black bear, which was confined in the cellar of his house. Another friend had sent him a little barrel of cider, which was also in the cellar. As the dinner went on upstairs, ominous rumblings were heard below, and suddenly an attendant rushed in on the feast announcing that the bear had got loose, had been drinking the cider, had got drunk, and was now coming up stairs. The guests fled, through windows and doors. I am not sure that Lowell was one of them, but the anecdote belongs in notices of his friends.

I should not dare speak of a "village coterie," nor intimate that at Cambridge there were men who had never heard of Fujiyama, or of places, indeed, not twenty miles away, but that these anecdotes belong a generation and more ago.

THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE

See "Under the Old Elm." From a photograph by Mr. J. Olssen, of Cambridge.

One of Lowell's fellow-professors told me this curious story, which will illustrate the narrowness of New England observation at that time. There appeared at Cambridge in June of 1860 a young gentleman named Robert Todd Lincoln, who has since been quite well known in this country and in England. This young man wished to enter Harvard College, and his father, one Abraham Lincoln, who has since been known in the larger world, had fortified him with a letter of introduction to Dr. Walker, the President of the College. This letter of introduction was given by one Stephen A. Douglas, who was a person also then quite well known in political life, and he presented the young man to Dr. Walker as being the son of his friend Abraham Lincoln, "with whom I have lately been canvassing the State of Illinois." When this letter, now so curious in

CAMBRIDGE: THE WILLOWS

From a photograph by Mrs. J. H. Thurston, of Cambridge. Lowell wrote

"This willow is as old to me as life;
And under it full often have I stretched,
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,
And gathering virtue in at every pore."

history, was read, Lowell said to my friend who tells me the story, "I suppose I am the only man in this room who has ever heard of this Abraham Lincoln; but he is the person with whom Douglas has been traveling up and down in Illinois, canvassing the State in their new Western fashion, as representatives of the two parties, each of them being the candidate for the vacant seat in the Senate." What is more, my friend says it is probably true that at the moment when this letter was presented by young Robert Lincoln, none of the faculty of Harvard College, excepting Lowell, had ever heard of Abraham Lincoln. The story is a good one, as showing how far it was in those days possible for a circle of intelligent men to know little or nothing of what was happening in the world beyond the sound of their college bell.

It would be almost of course that, in a series of articles which are not simply about Lowell but about his friends, I should include some careful history of the Saturday Club, which has held its regular meetings up to this time from the date of the dinner-party given by Mr. Phillips, as described in the July issue of The Outlook. But that story has been so well told by Mr. Morse in his memoir of Dr. Holmes, and is so well illustrated there, that I can hardly do more than repeat what has been said before. In his "Life of Dr. Holmes" there are two pages of admirably well selected pictures of some of the members best known. When the reader sees the names of gentlemen who have attended the Club more or less regularly in forty years, he will readily understand why Emerson and Holmes and Lowell and others of their contemporaries have spoken of the talk there as being as good talk as they had ever heard anywhere. Holmes's list, besides himself, was Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Motley, Whipple, Whittier, Professors Agassiz and Peirce; John S. Dwight, Governor Andrew, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and Charles Sumner, Presidents Felton and Eliot, Professors Norton and Goodwin, William H. Prescott,

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
From a photograph taken in 1860.

T. G. Appleton, J. M. Forbes, J. Elliot Cabot, Henry James, W. D. Howells, T. B. Aldrich, William M. Hunt, Charles Francis Adams, Francis Parkman, James Freeman Clarke, Judge Lowell, Judge Hoar, George F. Hoar, and Bishop Brooks,

Mr. Lowell's sympathetic habit and his thorough interest in everything connected with the College, his easy oratory, and the certainty that he never spoke without saying something worth hearing, made him of course a favorite officer in all college organizations. He was the President of the Harvard Alumni in the years 1874, 1875, 1876, and 1886. He was the President of the Harvard branch of Phi Beta Kappa from 1863 to 1871, and again in 1886–67. In such capacities he presided with admirable skill and good taste, and among the pleasantest recollections of his life are those of the happy addresses which he made at such times, almost wholly without premeditation. From two of these addresses I have already quoted in the fifth paper of this series.

One of the last times when I saw him and Emerson together was on the 18th of July, 1867, when Emerson delivered his second Phi Beta Kappa address. It had never happened before, I think, that the same orator should have spoken twice before Phi Beta Kappa with an interval of thirty years between the orations; nor is it probable that such a thing will ever happen again. In 1837 the word Transcendentalist was new, and it was considered "good form" to ridicule the Transcendentalists, and especially to ridicule Emerson. Yet he had his admirers then, especially his admirers in college, where the recollections of his poetry and philosophy, as shown when he was an undergraduate, had not died out. A few years ago I printed his two Bowdoin prize dissertations, written when he was seventeen and eighteen years of age, and they are enough to show that the boy, at that age, was father of the man. When he spoke in 1837, the oration was received in a certain patronizing way by his seniors. Mr. Cabot says, "He was regarded as a promising young beginner, from whom a fair poetical speech might be expected," and the address was spoken of with a gay badinage such as could not be called criticism. I remember, at the frugal dinner-party of Phi Beta Kappa after the oration of 1837, Mr. Edward Everett, who was an enthusiastic Cambridge man and college man and Phi Beta man, said, with perfect good nature, of the Transcendentalists that their utterances seemed to him to be compounded like the bolts of Jupiter,

> Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
> Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri,

and made this extempore translation:

> Three parts were raging fire, and three were whelming water,
> But three were thirsty cloud, and three were empty wind!

Emerson was too young and too modest, and had too much real regard and respect for

Everett, to make the reply which one thinks of now: "Whatever the bolts were made of, they were thunderbolts; and from Vulcan's time to this time, people had better stand out from under when a thunderbolt is falling." I can see Emerson now, as he smiled and was silent.

After thirty years, people did not say much about "thirsty cloud" or "empty wind." Emerson was in the zenith of his fame. He was "the Buddha of the West"—that is Doctor Holmes's phrase. He was "the Yankee Plato"—I believe that is Lowell's. And Phi Beta made amends for any vague questioning in the past by the enthusiasm with which it received him for the second time.

A queer thing happened on that morning. Emerson had a passion to the last for changing the order of his utterances. He would put the tenth sheet in place of the fifth, and the fifth in place of the fifteenth, up to the issue of the last "extra" of an oration. It was Miss Ellen Emerson, I think, who took upon herself the duty of putting these sheets in order on this occasion, and sewing them so stiffly together that they could not be twitched apart by any sudden movement at the desk. But the fact that they were sewed together was an embarrassment to him. What was worse was that he met his brother, William Emerson, that morning. I think they looked over the address together, and in doing so it happened that Waldo Emerson took William Emerson's glasses and William took Waldo's. Waldo did not discover his error till he stood in the pulpit before the assembly. Worse than either, perhaps, some too-careful janitor had carried away the high desk from the pulpit of the church, and had left Emerson, tall and with the wrong spectacles, to read the address far below his eyes. It was not till the first passage of the address was finished that this difficulty of the desk could be rectified; but the whole audience was in sympathy with him, and the little hitch, if one may call it so, which this made seemed only to bring them closer together.

The address will be found in the eighth volume of his works, and will be remembered by every one who heard it; but, on the whole, what impresses me the most in memory is the hearty thoroughness and cordiality of Lowell's congratulations when Emerson turned round after finishing the oration. "*Par nobile fratrum*," as one said; and one felt glad to have seen two such men together on such

ELMWOOD; THE PINE GROVE BEHIND THE HOUSE

a day. Lowell himself said of it, a few days later:

"Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual even with him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere; and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it, except that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault and not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you could not help feeling that if you waited a while all that was nebulous would be hurled into planets, and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha, ha! to the sound of trumpets!'"

On the 9th of July, 1872, Lowell and Mrs. Lowell sailed for Europe, without any plans, as he himself says. They remained abroad two years. They landed in England, but early in the winter he established himself, for six months as it proved, in Paris. They were in a nice little hotel there, where he is still remembered cordially—the Hotel de France et Lorraine. Here they lived quietly from November to the next summer.

He was in Paris in the last years of M. Thiers. The interests of politics centered on the relations between President Thiers and the Commission of Thirty—long since, I am afraid, forgotten by this reader. Lowell writes of Thiers's resignation, which closed his long career of public life, "I think it was the egotism of Thiers that overset him rather than any policy he was supposed to have."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
From a photograph taken in 1862.

Of this sojourn in Paris, a near friend of his gives me the following pleasant note:

"In the little office of the Hotel France et Lorraine, Rue de Beaune, Paris, hangs a fairly good likeness of James Russell Lowell, a large photograph, I think, taken some years before his death. It is, and has been for twenty years and more, the presiding presence of the little sanctum where Madame and Monsieur sit and make out their (very reasonable) bills and count their gains. The hotel is still a most attractive retreat for a certain class of us, who like quiet and comfort without display. Rue de Beaune is a narrow little street leading off the Quai Voltaire, which runs parallel to the Seine. On the opposite shore of the river are the fine buildings of the Tuileries and the Louvre; between flows the steady stream, covered with little steamers, pleasure-boats, bateaux-mouches, tugs. The great Pont-Neuf crosses the river, very near Rue de

Beaune, to the Place des Pyramides through the gardens of the Tuileries. It is one of the prettiest though not the gayest parts of Paris. The bridge and adjoining streets are crowded with life on foot and on omnibus; but take one step into Rue de Beaune, and you find silence, peace, and repose.

"In the winter of 1872–73 Mr. and Mrs. Lowell were living at this modest but well-known hotel, in its grandest apartments *au premier*. Somewhat dark and dingy even then, more so now, but neat and comfortable. The house must be very old. It is built round a little *cour*, or rather two little courts; and a winding staircase leads up through the principal part to the landings of the several stories. There were two parlors, if I remember, communicating. The walls were lined with bookcases, filled with Mr. Lowell's books, and other furniture of the cozy, comfortable order, when they established themselves in these congenial quarters.

CHARLES SUMNER AND HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Here they lived, read, wrote, talked, enjoyed themselves. Mr. Lowell was probably writing something of importance, but he had at that time no public or official business, no pressing engagements. He was, in fact, doing just what he pleased all the time. Of course his acquaintance was large in the American Colony and among the best French society of Paris, but I do not think he troubled himself about it much. He delighted in prowling about the book-stalls which abound in the Quai Voltaire, where old rubbish in print is displayed along the parapet of the river in tempting openness, and where a real bookworm may rummage and find something really valuable among apparently hopeless stuff. He loved a quiet little dinner (in their rooms) *à quatre*, or, still better, *à trois*, where the food was good enough, and the talk excellent; his cigar came afterwards. Mrs. Lowell, his sympathetic and congenial companion, sat smiling and interested at such times, like the proper wife of a good talker, not talking much herself, but showing in her pleasant, refined face that she appreciated and enjoyed the fun. Although her health, even then, was delicate, she was strong enough to share his life and interests. What they both liked the most was the quiet of their own fireside, and the unmolested pursuit of literary pleasures, stimulated by all the resources of the great city, without any parade, or the burden of a crowd of engagements. They might have been any humdrum couple of small means, passing the winter in the most delightful city in the world, with all the resources in themselves of wit, intelligence, and mutual affection."

While Lowell was in Europe, King Amadeo, the Italian sovereign of Spain, abdicated, and the Republic of Castelar was born. Lowell was in Venice in November, 1873, at the time of the Virginius massacre. But he does not seem to have known, better than any others of his countrymen in Europe, how near we were to war with the Spanish Republic. Yet in that month Mr. Fish had instructed Mr. Sickles to break off relations with the Spanish Government unless they

CAMBRIDGE: THE CHARLES RIVER MEADOW

An Indian Summer Reverie. Lowell wrote of this scene

"Below, the Charles, a strip of nether sky,
Now flickering golden through the woodland screen,
Then spreading out, at his next turn beyond;
A silver circle like an inland pond,
Slips seaward silently through marshes purple and green."

could reform their Cuban administration. "If Spain cannot redress these outrages, the United States will." Such were the words in his telegram to Madrid of November 15, 1873.

Lowell had once and again visited his old friend William Story in his residence in Italy. The Storys had visited America in 1865. With Mrs. Lowell he now had an opportunity to visit them in Rome.

Since Mr. Story went to Rome with his wife in 1847 he had been devoting himself to sculpture, but he had never forgotten his American friends; and his light pen kept him in the memory of many of those who did not see his statues. His Cleopatra had won general approval. When the Lowells visited Rome in 1873, the Alkestis was new, and Lowell writes of it with genuine pleasure. "It was so pleasant to be able to say frankly, 'You have done something really fine, and which everybody will like.' I wonder whether I shall ever give that pleasure to anybody." This, observe, dear reader, as late as 1874.

Lowell returned to America in the summer of that year, arriving in Elmwood on the Fourth of July.

I do not myself believe that a long residence in Europe is of great help to an American gentleman or lady so far as an estimate of one's own country goes. They are apt to read the London "Times" view of America, or that contained in Galignani's newspaper, or possibly the Paris edition of the New York "Herald." These utterances from day to day are not encouraging; but if they were true and adequate, one need not complain of discouragement. The truth is, however, that they are not adequate, and therefore they are not true. For one month when I was in Europe in 1873 the daily American dispatch in the "Times" was confined to the fortunes of some wretched Modoc Indians in California, who were hiding among their rocks and were being killed one by one by sharpshooters. For the rest there was practically nothing—nothing which showed me that brave boys were growing into brave men, that good girls were growing into pure women, that universities and libraries and Chautauquas and summer schools were giving a liberal education to half my country, that merchants were telling the truth and acting the truth, and inventors were renewing the world.

I go a little out of the way to say this, because I observe that Mr. Augustus Lowell, in his admirable notice of his cousin's life, suggests that his stay in Europe in 1872–73 to a certain extent modified his notion with regard to America and American politics. Mr. Lowell uses the following words:

During his stay in Europe Lowell had been distressed at the condition of politics in this country, and annoyed at the expressions of contempt for America it had called forth on the other side of the Atlantic. On his return he was horrified by the lack of indignation at corruption in public life, for the intense party feeling engendered by the war was still too strong to permit independent judgment in politics. He expressed his disgust in a couple of poems in the "Nation," called "The World's Fair" and "Tempora Mutantur." The verses were not of a high order of poetry, and at first one regrets that

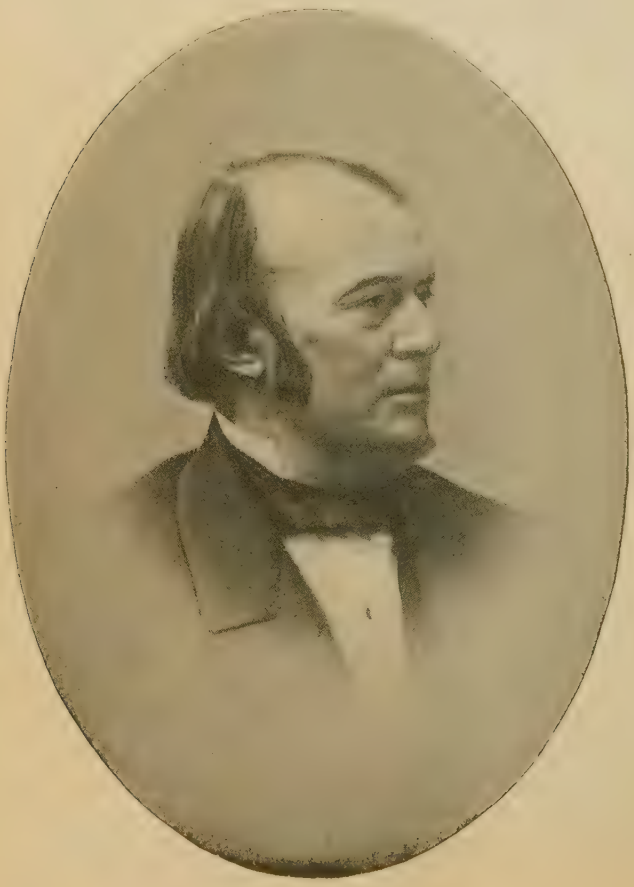
THOMAS GOLD APPLETON

Hosea Biglow did not come out once more to do battle with the spoils system, as he had with the slave power long ago; but the subject was not one that made it possible. Among the archaic sculptures buried on the Acropolis after the sack of Athens by Xerxes, and recently unearthed, is a fragment of a pediment representing Hercules and the Hydra. The hero is on all fours alongside the monster in a cave, a fitting type of the way political corruption must be fought at the present day. The war with slavery, like that of Perseus with the dragon, could be waged on wings with a flashing sword; but the modern reformer must go down on his hands and knees and struggle with reptiles in the dark.

Whether Lowell were right or wrong in thinking that a new wave of Philistinism had overwhelmed the administration of America is of no great importance to us here. I think

he was wrong. I think that the American people govern America, and that the intrigues or devices of the men who "run with the machine" are of much less importance than very young people suppose, who read very poor weekly newspapers. However that may be, this country has received great advantage from Lowell's determined interference and interaction in our politics in the years which followed his return in 1874. So vigorous were his writings that he was recognized as a pure public leader. I have always found that the "machine" is eager to join hands with any man of literary, inventive, or business ability who is willing, as the phrase is, to "go into politics." Certainly this was so in Lowell's case, and in the autumn of 1876 he was asked to take a seat in Congress which we call in Massachusetts the South Middlesex seat. It was the seat which Edward Everett had captured years before, in the face of the machine of his time. It was the seat which William Everett afterwards captured, by fine audacity, although he was not even a resident in the district. Lowell might have gone to the Congress of 1877 if he had chosen. He declined the position, estimating, I rather think, correctly his abilities and inabilities as a member of a legislative body. But, with the same desire to show that men of character and ability were interested in the Republican party, the nominating convention made him an elector for the presidency.

It was in the famous election after which Hayes was declared to be President by the Electoral Commission. I will say in passing that, as President of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, it had been my business to see to the transfer of two or three thousand voters from the North into Florida in the years after the Rebellion, and that it was no matter of surprise to me, therefore, that the Electoral Commission pronounced that Florida had given a Republican vote. I believe Florida would give such a vote to-day if there were any chance of its being counted.



LOUIS AGASSIZ
From an early photograph.

When it was clear that the election of Mr. Hayes would depend on a single ballot in the Electoral College, there were intriguers so mean as to suggest that possibly Mr. Lowell might be persuaded —I suppose by considerations which such men understand better than I do—to give a vote for Mr. Tilden. Any such hopes as these Mr. Lowell very promptly suppressed, as such a man can. That little correspondence, however, called attention to his name, even in the somewhat dark council chambers of the people who distrust "them littery fellers."

Fortunately for America also, in all turns of our politics, there has been the same sense of the value of literature and of the sphere of men of letters which has given the world about all the good diplomacy which the world has ever had. Somewhat as Franklin was sent

to France because the French had heard of him before, quite as Motley was sent to Vienna because he knew something about history and could speak the language of Germany, exactly as Mr. Irving had been sent to Spain as our Minister, the new Administration made advances to Mr. Lowell to ask him if he would not represent us at one of the European courts.

The following notes may be published now, for the study of annalists, as most of the people who are referred to are dead:

(April 13, 1876.) "What I meant to say was that if, when the Russian embassy was offered me, it had been the English instead, I should have hesitated before saying no. But with the salary cut down as it is now, I couldn't afford to take it, for I could not support it decently."

(April 19, 1876.) "I return Mr. Fish's letter. There is no more chance of their sending me to St. James's than to the moon, though I might not be unwilling to go. On the old salary I might manage, and it might do my health good. I have little doubt that it was offered to L. with the understanding that he would decline. I have not seen him for a few days. But it is too large a plum for anybody not 'inside politics.' It is the only mission where the vernacular sufficeth. Meanwhile, you will be amused to hear that I am getting inside politics after a fashion. I shall probably head the delegation from our ward to the State Convention."

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT
President of Harvard University. From a photograph taken in 1869.

Four foreign missions were offered him. He declined all, but in declining said, perhaps without much thought, that if they had offered him the mission to Spain he would have gone. Mr. Evarts was Secretary of State, and it may readily be imagined that he was able "to manage it." And so it was that this professor in Harvard College, who had kept his eyes so far open that he knew of the existence of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, was appointed to represent the United States in Spain.

[To be continued in the October Magazine Number]

HAND MILL

University Extension in Kentucky

By William Goodell Frost, Ph.D.

THE picturesque adventures which we are to describe are somewhat of a satire upon the dignified work known as university extension, but they have the same purpose—to bring the best elements of civilization within reach of the people—and they have the primal pedagogic quality of adaptation.

To estimate the success of this adaptation we must know the country and the people. How shall the ideas which characterize a modern university be interpreted to the family of a moonshiner on "Hell-fer-sartin Creek"? Externally the inhabitants of the Southern mountains are not, at first glance, prepossessing. Their homespun garb, often in tatters, rude speech, and shuffling gait, might lead us to class them with the "poor white trash." But there could be no greater mistake. The landless, luckless "poor white," degraded by actual competition with slave labor, is far removed in spirit from the narrow-horizoned but proud owner of a mountain "boundary." The "poor white" is actually degraded; the mountain man is a person not yet graded up.

The mountaineer is to be regarded as a survival. From this point of view his variations from the regulation type of the American citizen are both interesting and instructive. In his speech you will soon detect the flavor of Chaucer; in his home you shall see the fireside industries of past ages; his very homicides are an honest survival of Saxon temper—in a word, he is our contemporary ancestor!

The causes which have retarded his development are not far to seek. Take the circle of Southern States east of the great river, and each of them, except Florida and Mississippi, has a mountain back yard of large proportions. Bunched together, these mountain fractions constitute one of the largest horseback areas on the globe. From Harper's Ferry to the iron hills of Birmingham, two hundred miles and more in width—"knobs," caves, ridges, forests—stretches this inland empire which we are beginning to recognize by the name of Appalachian America. It has no coast-line like Greece, no arms of the sea like Scotland, no inland lakes or navigable rivers like Switzerland. Is it any wonder that pioneer conditions have lingered in a country where the only highways are the beds of streams? The whole South has been very slow about "coming to town." The Governor of one of these States recently said that a quarter of the people had never seen the court-house in their own county. And the people on "Cutshin" or "No Bizness Branch" have a good excuse. Progress must be slow in a land of saddle-bags.

Our extension work began with a preliminary tour five years ago. Our mountain guide was an old soldier who had moved to Berea to educate his family. "Children was all gals—all but the least one—and there was a better show fer 'em to teach in the mountings than to raise craps." He could find some

MOUNTAIN GIRLS COMING TO BEREA

MOUNTAIN PREACHERS FROM THE BLUE RIDGE

kinsfolk or an old comrade in nearly every county.

The time chosen was August, when the roads are least forbidding, and the mountain schools in session. The outfit was a saddle, saddle pockets, extra woolen shirt, rubber blanket, insect powder, comb and tooth-brush, pocket knife, five dollars in silver dimes, a Testament, package of postal cards, and a few leaflets.

The general plan was to speak at the school-houses, sending a boy ahead to "norate" the people the day before. We could visit a school-house as early as eight o'clock in the morning, and by hard riding reach a second school-house by eleven. Here, after the "speakin'," we would be invited to "come by" with a neighbor, and take a "snack." Another ride would bring us to our third school-house, where we would speak, take supper in the neighborhood, and preach at "early candlelight." Our "gaited" horses, with their "running walk" or "single step," never fatigued us; invitations were plenty, chickens abundant, and week after week we kept up our four meetings a day. Saturday was set apart for rest, and on Sundays we planned to strike some "Association" meeting, or funeral.

The mountain funeral is a survival from the time when preachers were scarce. It rarely takes place at the time of interment. It will be remembered that the boy Lincoln had a funeral sermon preached for his mother long after her death. In the mountains it is a convenience to have this ceremony at a time when the roads will be passable, and there is likely to be a large gathering of kinsfolk. Several memorial sermons will sometimes be preached on the same day. The prominence thus given to funerals during the months of good roads assists the fatalistic doctrines of the preachers in giving a very somber cast to their religion.

The Association meetings are held in the summer for the same reason. In one thing it must be confessed the mountain people have degenerated—they have lost the great Protestant idea that a minister must be an educated man. A few of their preachers aspire to greater knowledge—several have moved to Berea and entered school. But the majority rather glory in their ability to speak "as the Spirit gives them utterance." And their utterance is loud. The present writer was invited to preach at one of these associations, and in the middle of his discourse one woman nudged another, with the remark, "I wish he'd quit talkin' and go to preachin'!"

MRS. YOCUM STARTING ON EXTENSION WORK

And it is sad to see that this class of preachers is still being replenished. One young man, persuaded to attend a Southern theological school, was back in three months fully equipped.

"Yas," he said, "the Seminary is a good place ter go and get rested up, but 'tain't while fer me ter go thar no more 's long as I've got good wind."

Meeting a young man unusually well dressed at a mountain "court day," we asked if he was a teacher.

"No," he answered; "I couldn't get nary certificate."

"What are you doing, may I ask?"

"I'm tendin' some churches," was the unabashed reply.

And in proportion to their lack of education is their sectarian assurance. We found four kinds of Baptists, each refusing to recognize the validity of the ordinances as performed by the others.

In order to appeal to their strong religious sentiments, and yet avoid sectarian entanglements, we confined our preaching pretty closely to the Ten Commandments and a few undisputed but neglected truths and duties. If we preached to Baptists, they paid us the compliment of saying, "That's good Baptist doctrine." If we were among Methodists they, too, claimed us. On one occasion they came to our guide to ask to what "persuasion" we belonged. His answer was diplomatic: "If you air a preacher, and hev got yer Bible, and then can't spot yer man when ye hear him, I hain't a-goin' ter tell ye."

Following our tour of observation, we sent out a quartette of singers—a Berea teacher, a student of mature years, and a man and his wife who had been born in the mountains but educated in Berea. This "troupe" gives two entertainments on successive nights in the same place, and a varied programme of songs and addresses. They are followed from place to place by crowds of young people on horseback. The entertainments are given at night, and during the day the quartette disperses to visit schools and homes. Hospitality is unbounded, and many of the most important lessons are given at the fireside. Not infrequently the people will keep us awake till a late hour with questions, and sleep on the floor to give us a bed.

And this reminds us of the surprising propriety with which a dozen people of both sexes can sleep in the same room. Such an arrangement is expected on the occasion of all great gatherings, and is the regular way of living in most households. A lady of our party once went alone to lodge with an old

couple whose children were all married and gone. The lady was shown into one of the two rooms of the house, and the hostess kindly said, "Now there air plenty of beds in this room. Me and my ole man generally sleep in the other room, but if you air the least mite lonesome we will come in here and sleep."

Each year the work has become more systematic and effective, and with increasing acquaintance we can profitably make a longer stay in each place. This makes the work much less arduous, especially for our ladies. One way of unobtrusively correcting the grotesque ideas disseminated by the mountain preachers has been to send a lady teacher to give "Bible readings." There is the utmost reverence for the Bible, and while religious teaching by a man would be watched for points of controversy, and religious teaching by a woman would be considered out of place, the reading of select portions of Scripture, with natural explanations, meets with nothing but open-mouthed and grateful attention. Mrs. Yocum, of our Normal Department, accompanied by her little son, rode above five hundred miles the past summer.

As our illustrations show, there has been opportunity for not a few observations of mountain life which have been instructive and exciting to the lecturers themselves. Known to be "preachers or as good as preachers," they move among the roughest people with entire safety, and even find permission to photograph a moonshine still. And many are the tales of adventure connected with the late war—border tales that remind us of the Revolution—recounted by our friendly hosts. The mountain people were divided, though the greater part were steadfast in loyalty to the old flag.

"Were you in the war?"

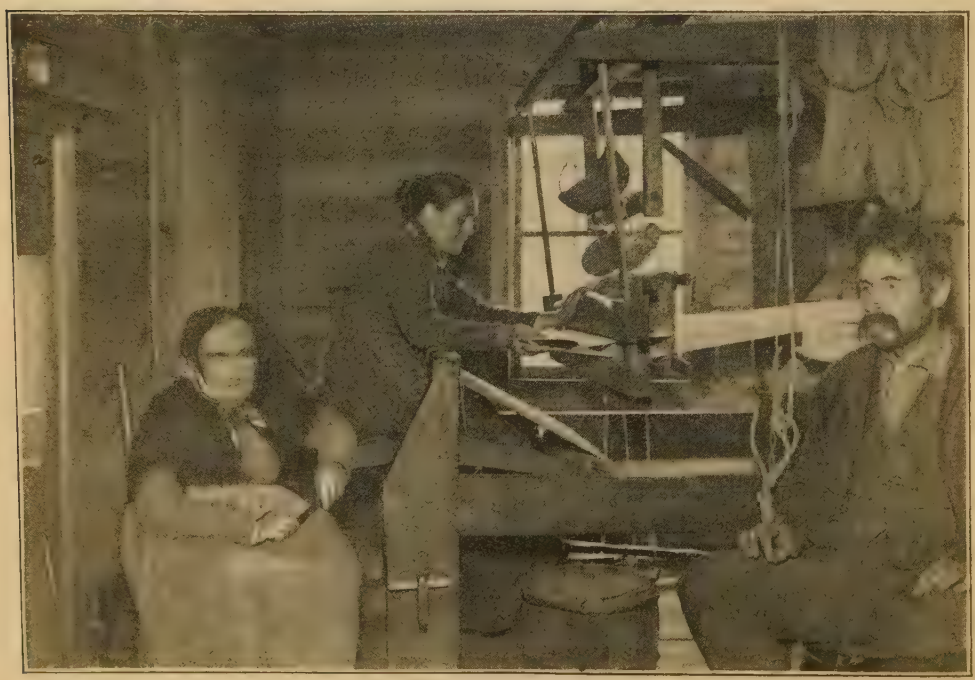
"Yes, sir; I was one of Morgan's horse-thieves."

"How fast could you ride when the Yanks were after you?"

"Well, I couldn't ride fast enough, fer they caught me and sent me up into Ohier."

Jackson County, Kentucky, claims to have sent more men into the Union Army in proportion to its population than any other county in the Nation. It is one of twenty contiguous counties without a printing-press. They adjourned court there to listen to a talk on education, and at its close one of the natives said, "Stranger, I could understand right smart of what you was a-tellin'. We had an officer in our regiment from New York or summers what spoke the same dialect as yeou do!"

The characters of the Craddock tales are easily verified in these excursions as types of



HAND LOOM

AMERICAN HIGHLANDERS

real life, as well as Abe Shivers, and Easter, the lovely heroine of John Fox's "Mountain Europa." Mr. Cable has touched mountain life only in "John March, Southerner," but his pictures are very characteristic. Lillian Bell, in her "Little Sister to the Wilderness," has given a picture of similar life in western Tennessee, and a word from her preface justly describes some of our highland friends:

"I have been led by the cry of the inarticulate, of that large, not-to-be-ignored portion of humanity whose thoughts need an interpreter; who, with womanish, nice perceptions, lack equally nice distinction in terms to enable them to express the fine shades of meaning which it is their gift to feel.

"They belong to that vast majority of people who, when you have taken pity on their hesitation and finished their sentences for them, cry out to you in gratitude."

The native refinement of some of the mountain folk is surprising. The women commonly wear knitted woolen mitts at all public gatherings, even in the summer-time, as a tribute to conventionality. Many a girl who has come to us barefooted, and without so much as a night-robe or an "individual comb," has been transformed within six months into a neat and self-possessed young woman, whose humble origin would not be suspected.

The extension work has not been merely a series of excursions. We feel that there has been too much "touring" and "exploiting" of the mountains even by well-meaning preachers, who have made no provision for permanent results, and who seem to the people rather irresponsible. The university extension work has been purposeful from the start. It has proceeded from one well-known center, and the people have felt that "that thar College at Bereer what old Fee and Cassius Clay started before the Wah, is a-sendin' these speakers." It has been made personal and "friendly" by the acquaintance of a few Berea students even from the most remote counties.

And the lines of effort have been well defined. The problem is to make the belated dwellers in the hills sharers in the best elements of our civilization. This is quite unique as an educational undertaking. There has never been such a problem before. We had, to be sure, a great Western frontier, but its pioneer settlements were always furnished with some proportion of educated men, and were closely bound to the older parts of the country. But in the case of this vast mountain region

LOG SCHOOLHOUSE ON BUFFALO HILL

Attended by thirty-five pupils.

there is no such leaven, and no such bond of communion with the rest of the world. There has never been a clearer call for the intervention of some intelligent guiding force.

Two principles have been kept steadily in mind: In the first place, our aim has been to give the essential rather than the accidental elements of civilization—to make the people sharers in the best things, but leave them unsophisticated. We will not teach them to despise the log-cabin, but to adorn it. And, in the second place, we respect their sturdy independence and endeavor only to help them to help themselves. The work is interdenominational—we co-operate with all Christian bodies. Instruction in the arts of life—hygiene, forestry, thrift, etc., is provided to give them at once new motives and new resources. And, above all, we propose to teach them to make the most of the common schools, which are barely in existence but have in them the germs of all good.

The States concerned in Appalachian America are all poor, inexperienced in popular education, and wholly unable to deal with the mountain problem. In many localities the school-houses are so far apart that half the population is practically debarred. The schools are so short that little learning is possible for the pupil, and little professional equipment for the teacher. And, finally, there is no one in the district who has an ideal of what a school ought to be.

To meet these conditions extension work seems more practicable and useful than great "conventions" or "conferences." The conference brings together those already interested; the extension work wakes up the people who are indifferent. Various forms of instruction are adopted. The popular lecture "The Ladder of Success" has been given hundreds of times. Talks on United States history are enjoyed by young and old. Discourses on how to make the most of the

A MOONSHINE STILL

The lecturer was led to this spot blindfolded, and the proprietor of the still prudently turned his back.

free school, the duties of school trustees, etc., and special meetings for farmers, for housewives, for preachers, and for teachers, are examples of the varied adaptations. Not least important is the discourse on "Arbitration," or "How to Settle Family Feuds without Bloodshed." Extension libraries and extension publications have been used as freely as our means would permit, and have helped to make the long period of "bad roads" less a time of mere hibernation in the mountains.

Very considerable results are already apparent. The people begin to understand what education means. New topics of thought and conversation are introduced. New standards are set up. The tone and even the outward appearance of many communities has been noticeably changed. And a very furor of desire for more of the same thing has been awakened.

Our lecturers not only give but gather much useful information, picking up old English ballads with interesting variants, and collecting countless "specimens" of old-time customs as well as other fossils from the hills.

We cannot allow our clients, the mountain people, to be called ignorant, for that term implies a certain moral delinquency. Rather let us paraphrase it and say that, like the patriarchs, they are unaware of the distinctive features of modern life.

Nor are they to receive this service at our hands simply because of their need. We need them also. What does America need so much as Americans? And here they are—vigorous, unjaded of nerve, prolific, patriotic—full of the blood and spirit of seventy-six. For many years they will not need a university; but if they are to be set in step with the world, and saved from the corrupting influence of the baser elements of civilization, they must have the sympathetic and skillful guidance of this university extension work.

The Map of the Country

By Alice Brown

A LONG-DELAYED hour had come. It was the night before their marriage, and they two stood alone in the still parlor, free yet from the scent of flowers, its solitude unbroken by the feet of coming guests. She stretched her arms high above her head, and the white sleeves fell away from them, leaving their roundness bare; the sapphires of his bracelet gleamed dark upon her wrist, a pledge and a promise. She looked like a young priestess exalted beyond belief, and moved supremely by the anticipated rites before her.

"Oh," she breathed, passionately, "I am saying good-by to my lover!"

He stepped forward, and brought down her arms to lie about his neck.

"Good-by?" he repeated, "and to your lover? You are binding him to you forever. A word from us both, and it's done."

She looked at him, and her mood broke up into a very charming audacity not unmixed with mirth. She was still exalted, but now, from some emotion purely human, she would balk at nothing.

"Come and sit down," said she, "here in this window-seat. Tell me, have I been a good sweetheart—nice, fine, dear?"

"You are wonderful, perfect; and you always have been."

"I thought you thought so. Now I'll tell you the secret of it all. It's because I'm wise enough to order my ways. I haven't lived in Vanity Fair for nothing. Moreover, I know how to be the very perfectest wife under heaven; so perfect that you'll find yourself lonesome as death when I die and you take unto yourself another."

"Don't, love! That's blasphemy, to-night, especially. But I'll forgive it you. Of course you'll be a perfect wife. It's your nature."

"No, no, it's not my nature! It's by grace. I'm like all the rest, and to-night I prove it. I saw my plan of action, and I followed it, all through courting-time; and now, when the field's to be won, I turn traitor. I show you my chart of warfare; woman-like, I betray myself."

He frowned, but only from perplexity. She had seemed so simple! Other folk had called her clever. Other men stood admiringly aloof; but he had known she was soft and smooth as unsnarled silk. Now she spoke like a changeling, and he looked about him for his own good child.

"I can't have you talk like that," he said. "Warfare? betrayal? One would think we were enemies."

"Oh, no! oh, no! only antagonists. There's antagonism between us—old as sex. That's why we long for each other. That's why we keep our orbits, drawn and yet pushed apart. Oh, it's a heavenly track, but don't make the mistake of thinking it can be held without the force of all the hands in all the universe. Listen, my dear, my lord! You know I love you?"

"Yes, yes! I know you do."

"I love you so much that, if I could, I'd efface the Me in me to make you happy. If I could! I know exactly how, and yet *I shall not do it.* We must go the way of all the others, running violently down a steep place into the sea of dreary common-sense."

"Oh, come now, that's not fair! Think of all the happy people we know—your father and mother, mine. It's easy enough to say the bitter thing about marriage—mighty cheap talking—but it's not fair."

"All the happy people we know! I can summon six. That's a good many. The rest have built them solid houses on the boulevard. Their castles tumbled down. But I can make you happy. Dearest, I will; still, being, as I said, a fool to-night, light-headed, dizzy, with much thought, I throw prudence to the winds and tell you the straight road. Do you know why you've seemed to love me so in all these months?"

"Seemed? Why, because I do. Because you are you, and I am I."

"Yes, that; I'm not denying the divinity of the thing. You've loved me indeed; but you've seemed to love me, too, and for one reason only. Because you are a man, born to the pleasures of the chase. I liked it, too. I was pursued; I exulted in it. To-morrow I am caught, labeled, put in my cage. I shall have fresh water and lots of sun; but the chase is over. You won't continue running when there's nothing to catch."

"But, dear love—"

"Nay, why should you? Why, indeed! But that's where the subtlety of it comes in,

the irony we never guess till late. You see I like being pursued, and I shall keep on liking it. I shall look round me on the big, big downs, and say, 'Where's the footfall I used to hear?'"

"Margaret! Margaret!"

"Now, 'List to me, my only love!' Here is something that women have learned and men have not. I'll tell it to you, and then you'll be the only man who knows. Won't that be grand? To you, all of you, marriage is an attainment; to us, it's a progress. You marry, and settle down with your pipe by the fire; I'm just as nice and just as fair as when you found new beauties in me every day, but now you judge me *au large*. You don't make inventories and read them aloud: item, one sweet temper; item, one bit of grace; item, one round cheek. I am a part of you, and it would be sore conceit thus to admire yourself. But if you did keep on idealizing me, if you did wrap me round with illusions, why, all our dreams would come true. You'd make an angel of me; and as for me, God knows I'm only too eager to call the archangel out of you."

"Suppose I don't! Suppose I go 'the way of all the rest.' What then? What will you do?"

"I individually, or I the perfect wife?"

"Both! You are the perfect wife."

"I'll tell you. I shall find out, one day, that life has got to be a little comedy, and that I am the star. I shall say, 'You don't want the inner part of me? You don't want to be bothered with the loves and doves that made your courtship bright? Very well, my lord, choose you!' And I shall be what you will: docile, sweet, unchanging, and you will never know you've lost me."

"Lost you—you, Margaret?"

"Yes, the real Me inside me, the one that longs to tell its hopes and fears and whims and fancies. For the life of the soul is real—real as oatmeal and clear coffee in the morning."

"Go on, Margaret. I like this. What else will she do, the perfect wife?"

"She will stifle lots of the natural impulses of her nature, and one especially. She will never say, 'Do you love me?' Never! never! She will stand listening at the door of your heart in still mornings and dark nights, hoping for it, hoping, hoping, wondering why it brooded over her solitude in the old days, and now nests far aloof—but she'll never, never ask."

"But, Margaret, my child, you'll know I love you! Every day will show you. How can you doubt?"

"I shouldn't doubt. But I should want to hear. Do you stop saying your creed because you've learned it? For love will mean something else then. Now it says, 'I've chosen you. I want you.' Then it would be, 'You are all I thought; yes, more! You are sweeter, fairer. I am grown closer to you.' But you won't say it, and I, if I'm clever, shall never beg you to."

"Not say it? Why sha'n't I say it?"

"Truly, Tom, I don't know! Just because men don't. I've observed them. They can't, after twelve months. It's morally impossible. You get used to joy as you do to the sunset. I notice you don't write poems to the clouds in the west. You just take your pipe out of your mouth long enough to remark, 'By George!' and then go on smoking. But you prize the sunset just the same."

"I see. I'm not clever, but I can understand. Some men do talk about the sunset. They make poems, and gabble everlastingly. You don't like my kind, that's all."

"Not like your kind? I adore it. You're just plain man. Them's the jockeys for me. (Oh, don't look at me owlishly, with your grand air! It's a quotation, and I'm stark mad to-night. I'll quote what I please, if it hits the prayer-book.) I love your kind, and you supremest. But I don't expect you to be articulate. You won't be. You can't."

"Now, it's no fair. I won't play. It seems to me I've spent the last ten months in telling you that one thing—I love you. And I'm ready for the home stretch: ten years, twenty, sixty!"

"Dear one, how good you are! But it won't avail us. You think you'll go on saying that baby catechism; but you won't. That's the A-B-C; you'll clamor for Third Readers. And believe me, I wouldn't have you other than your kind. Marry a pioneer? Not I! The van of human-racing's not for me. Only, as I say, you shall be left to your silence. You sha'n't be nagged. Not you!"

"What next? Read us the prohibitory statutes."

"Margaret enlightening the world! Well, I will. I'd tell you the scheme of creation to-night, if I knew it. Rule two: I shall never criticise you."

"Then how sha'l I know when I offend?"

"You won't, but we must both put up with that, both of us. It will be more or less

stultifying, and we sha'n't breathe quite so freely, living in a fog. But that's of course. You must criticise me, you know, and I shall change—like a chameleon. That's woman's way. It distinctly isn't man's."

"Do you mean to tell me a man can't stand up and listen to his faults, and—yes, by Jove, be glad to listen?"

"My lord, no! not from the creature nearest him. Perhaps it savors too much of a house divided against itself, and he dreads the roof about his ears. I've observed that, also. If somebody who is not your wife reproves you with a pretty pout, you say she's fastidious, and it makes you fain to climb. But madam! she's a shrew. Away with her to the pond!"

"And so there is not to be the most perfect confidence between us? We are not to think aloud, lay our hearts bare."

"Not by any manner of means! We are to live in little citadels of rose-colored reserve. I'm to say to myself, 'In all the big things of life—all the things that matter—he's perfection. Let the little ones buzz about my ears like gnats. They won't sting me—*much*—and if they do, pray Heaven he doesn't see the scar!' A fair cheek or no favor! But do you know what will happen?"

"An earthquake, I should hope. Or thunder! Anything to clear the air."

"We shall live together fifty years in unbroken tranquillity, and you never will know you've married a whirlwind. Then some day I shall do just what I have to-night. I shall say, 'Tom, I hate, *hate* to have you wear side-whiskers.'"

"But I don't!"

"Child, that's only an illustration. I wasn't born literary, but I hope I know where to find a metaphor at need. 'I loathe your great-grandmother's picture. I'm unspeakably nervous when you play the fife after ten o'clock. I detest your habit of plaid trousers!'"

"And all these things could have been amended fifty years before, if you'd only spoken up, and said so!"

"Yes, Tom, so it appears to you now, and so it would appear to me then, or I shouldn't speak at all. I should be deluded by the strange thing we call a sense of justice, that rises up in us and cries, 'You have no business to let me be bothered by the midges you could sweep away with a breath!' And next day, bewailing my lost bower, what do you think I should do?"

"I'm at the point now where I don't know what anybody would do. Go on, you queer woman-thing!"

"I should curl up close to you, and tell you I was nervous and had a headache. And all the rest of my life I should try to make you forget."

"But all that isn't fair, Margaret. It isn't square dealing between man and man."

"Ah, but it isn't man to man. It's man and woman. That's what complicates it."

"I don't care. There ought to be rules to hit our common humanity; they should work both ways. You expect me to know things by intuition, and do things I can't see. Is it fair?"

"Not a bit. But I'm going to do things I *do* see, for reasons I want to kick over the moon. It's as broad as it is long."

"What reasons?"

"Well, reasons I respect awfully in the main, but which are like sackcloth in the wearing. You see, really and truly, Tom, I do reverence you beyond belief; and that reverence must go into the detail I hate. It must even keep me from revolt when you stroke my fur crosswise. It must make me finely courteous to you—always—always. It must make me vow I will exact nothing."

"But suppose I think you've a right to exact?"

"Ah, that shows how dear you are, but it makes it no more possible to do it. If I am a wise woman, I shall refrain. The soul is an awful goddess, Tom. We don't talk about her much, but she's there just the same. Stay outside the veil, and she'll whisper to you all day long; but invade her shrine, and she slips away. Worship her, and she'll follow; hunt her home, and you've lost her. It's because she's so shy and sweet that when you seem to change to me, I sha'n't say, 'Why?'"

"When I change! How queer it sounds!"

"When you *seem* to change! When I've lived near you so long that you forget whose breath it is, they mingle so. Then I shall stay beside you very softly, never once saying, 'You used to do thus and so.' I shall realize you're turning, growing, stretching up, and pray the Almighty, who contains us both, that I may grow too, and that our new branches mingle. You shall be free, dear one. There shall be no shadow of a bond."

"But I want bonds. I exult in them, when it's you. I demand them."

"Ah, so do I! and the outer ones—the

ones of inner honor, too—we shall reverence beyond words. We shall keep every jot and tittle of the sacred law. But, nevertheless, we shall guard the soul inviolate. She shall have her wings."

"So there are days when we do not really meet!

"Yes; days when you, monsieur, do not appear at the rendezvous. It's woman's sneaking habit to be always there. And on those days, when you are five-sixteenths indifferent to me, I shall become—another Margaret. I shall put on doublet and hose. Do you know, I've always wanted to write an essay entitled 'Concerning the Art of Being a Man'? For we've that to learn of you. When you are in trouble or perplexity, and your castle falls about your ears, what do you do? Go out into the world, and try to forget. But we! we sit and mull at home, growing sodden with tears. We think it a species of disloyalty to put our grief in a precious box and hand it back to Almighty God to keep for us, while we try to beguile our minds. But I have learned the formula. I know! When you drop away from me ever so little, I shall go out—out—anywhere; under the sky, among people. I shall try to find some joyance with my kind, and then, if I come back and we renew ours together, so much the happier I."

"Margaret, you have put me miles away."

"Yes; isn't it cold and dreadful—for a minute? But that doesn't last. It's the only way to be near together. If we clutch and cling, we sha'n't get anything but the air. If we reverence each other—serve each other—why, some day we shall realize that, as much as two souls can be, we are fused into one."

He sat looking at her in amazement. Her face was white and passionate. The hands he held had grown very cold.

"Margaret," he said, "how do you know all these things? Marriage—*my* marriage—is a simple enough state, full of happiness, content. You've been studying the internal polity. Where did you get your data? Does it come to round, silky-headed things unsought?"

The woman-look came into her eyes, the look of brooding and perhaps premonitory pain. She shook her head sadly, and smiled.

"We know lots of things we're never told," she said—"things like these. Sometimes I think we evolved them through all the generations when you went to war and we stayed at home and mused over the cradle. It's our kingdom, really, you see, Tom. You're only Prince Consort. Don't you know that's why we're so pathetically different? It's a wonder we can speak a syllable of the same language. Our life has been all within for so many years that we keep the habit of secret, complex living yet. You must be patient with us. We spend our days hewing out our own crosses; you must come and give us drink."

She shook her head, with a very solemn look from far away.

"There's one pitfall," she said, "from which not even wisdom shall save me. Have I not learned the fallacy of wholesale betrayal? Have I not seen the woman sink and fail who throws away restraint and owns her worship? If she had kept one little fortress of reserve! If he had thought there was some inch of her he could not win! But no, poor princess! She pours her dowry down before him, and then walks beggared. If I could convince you that I should live if you deserted me! But no! I've told you I shall not, and I shall tell you yet again."

Silence fell between them, and in its hush she seemed to waken from another state—an unfamiliar one. She looked at him apprehensively; she shrank a little from his glance.

"And after all," he said, at last, "I haven't known you a bit. I didn't guess you had these thoughts, half-fears, half-tremors. Why, Margaret, you make me wonder whether you really will be glad!"

She stopped him, not by a word, but a swift curling up against his breast. He forgot what he was beginning to think, and gathered the whole sweet burden of her into his arms. She laid her cheek against his, and whispered to him divinely:

"What did I say, love? Forget it. These things don't matter. Nothing does but you. I'm not myself to-night. My head aches a little, and I'm nervous."

The formula rang familiar in his ear. It seemed to him he might have heard it, not long before; yet, when he looked down into her eyes, they were clear wells of shining light, and he found only his own image there. But as they sat thinking over the dear new world to be born to-morrow, another thrill of memory wakened in his brain. The tendency of their talk looked to him all of a piece.

"Dear!" he said. "Dear!" Then he stopped. Something was glimmering before

him, vague though palpable. Suddenly the outlined vision rose and took its shape to his mind's eye.

"Margaret," said he, "seems to me we've both been trying the boot on one foot. My faults, and how to weather them! I don't want to say it, but—how about *your* faults, dear?"

She pushed herself back at arm's length, her hands on his shoulders. Her eyes widened in a lovely and unreasoning terror.

"Why, Tom," said she, "you said—you've often said—I haven't any!"

He put her hands passionately to his lips.

"And it's true," he vowed. "It's God's truth. You haven't one."

They sat there still, knowing the unknown country was before them, and they were not afraid. At least the man was not; but the woman shivered a little, now and then. She was not adventurous, and she had chanced upon the bones of other travelers.

The Seven Ages of Man: Old Age[1]

By Lyman Abbott

IN the memorial window at Stratford-on-Avon the seventh and last age of man is represented by a picture of Isaac propped up in his bed, while Jacob is deceiving him. I would rather have chosen the life of Moses, his natural force not abated, his eye undimmed, although many years had passed over his head and much service he had rendered, going out alone from his people, and entering into that loneliness which is characteristic of old age when one after another of the companions of life have dropped off from him. Or I would have taken the appeal of Samuel to the people, Have I defrauded any of you? have I taken any bribes? have I rendered any unjust judgment?—and receiving the generous testimony of all the people to his faithful and undeviating service. Or I would have taken the old age of David, recounting in that memorable psalm of his the mercies of God which had accompanied him through all the years of his pilgrimage, forecasting death, and giving directions how the government should be administered after he had gone from the earth. Or I would have taken, perhaps best of all, the old age of Paul, the missionary of the Gospel, chained to a soldier in Rome, awaiting his martyrdom, gladly looking back in memories over the past, peaceful in his captivity and his confinement in the present, and joyously anticipating his redemption and his glorification in the future.

For youth is not the happiest time of life, but old age the happiest, if youth and manhood have been well spent. You are not to think that to-night I am addressing old men only; if I am to tell you how to grow old gracefully, I must tell you at the beginning of life; for no man can grow old gracefully unless he begins early. He may grow old submissively, resignedly, patiently; but he cannot grow old gloriously and joyously, so that his last days are his happiest days and his best days, if his youth has been wasted and his manhood misspent.

A graceful and blessed old age must have three elements in it; a happy retrospect, a peaceful present, and an inspiring future. And old age cannot have either one of these three if the youth has been wasted and manhood has been misspent. "I am already being offered, and the time of my departure is at hand, for I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness"—a blessed retrospect, a peaceful present, an inspiring future.

Let us look at them separately.

The graceful and happy old age must have a happy retrospect. A man may indeed enter into old age and in oblivion forget somewhat of the past, but not if his memory is preserved to him. The old man lives in the past, and if his past is full of wasted hours and misspent opportunities, then those memories must be full of bitterness. It cannot be otherwise. The happy old man looks back along the path of gladness; the memories of that past gather round him and inspire his heart with rejoicings. So the old man looks at life as David looked at it and recounts the mercies of God that have accompanied him all his way-

[1] A series of Sabbath-evening sermons preached in Plymouth Church, stenographically reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author. For previous sermons in this series see issues for July 23 and 30, and August 6, 13, 20, and 27.

Queen Wilhelmina and Her Realm

By William Elliot Griffis

"It is dark at the base of the lantern." This Japanese proverb has been well illustrated in this month of the birthday of two Queens in Holland. The very nearness in language, inheritance, ideas, and manners of the Dutch to the English-speaking peoples serves to exaggerate into caricature outward differences, and to "make darkness visible." I could easily compile enough blunders, perpetrated by pens, pictures, and types in American and British journals, concerning recent Dutch events and persons, to show what a comparatively unknown land Holland still is. To represent Queen Wilhelmina as "crowned" in a Roman Catholic cathedral or a Lutheran church edifice, or to talk of "the compact entered into by William the Silent in 1813" (!), or to draw close analogies with the coronation ceremonies of absolute monarchs like the Czar, is to turn Dutch history into something like opera bouffe. The truth is quite different. In telling my story I shall speak of what I know and have seen. The white star which I wore made every policeman my guide, protector, and friend in densest crowds. The "red *carnet*" furnished me, potentially some months ago, through Dr. Abraham Kuyper, President of the Netherlands Circle of Journalists, and actually placed in my hands August 30, signed and stamped by the Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs, and containing not only signatures but my own photograph, for recognition, was a veritable "open sesame" to many doors. It placed me on the very best places for observation and hearing, and in the Nieuwe Kerk, directly in front of the Queen, when she read her brief address, which is *already a classic*—I do not hesitate to call it this—and when she took solemn oath to her people to maintain their rights, and uttered her prayer:

"Zoo waarlijk helpe mij God almachtig!" (So help me truly, almighty God.)

There was no coronation proper. To say that Nederland is a democratic monarchy is not contradiction; it is a statement of balance and harmony. The Queen did not even wear a crown, but only a tiara. The whole programme was planned for the people's enjoyment, and not for a favored few of "the court." There was no "religious" ceremony—that is, no ecclesiastical formula or monopoly; but, as befits this land of long toleration and the leader among nations in freedom of conscience, Jew and Christian, Protestant and

OLD DUTCH ARTILLERY

From the Historico-Allegorical Procession at Amsterdam, September 7, 1898.

Roman Catholic, Mennonite, Lutheran, and Reformed, took oath and made invocation to the Deity in his own way. Brief, impressive, thrilling, was this inauguration of a constitutional ruler over a free people. In spirit and in form the ceremony of September 6 was the renewal of the ancient covenant of affection and loyalty between the house of Orange and the Dutch people, in mutual obedience to that fundamental law of the land which governs both ruler and ruled. Never, till the hand of death closes the doors of hearing and memory, will the thrill imparted by that clear, strong, sweet voice be forgotten, as she spoke:

"I count myself happy to rule the Dutch people, small in number, but great in courage, great in nature and in character.

"The words of my ever-to-be-remembered father I make wholly my own: 'The house of Orange can never, no never, do enough for the Netherlands.'"

Thus is the spirit of William the Silent, lover of the people, maintainer of right and law, servant of servants, incarnated in this fair maiden of eighteen, strong in will, gracious in manner, lovely in person.

Let my readers pardon apparent presumption of knowledge, but from one of the playmates of the Queen, from another lady closely intimate with the Queen-mother and the maids of honor at court, and from a province-governor, and from one of the ministers of the Royal Cabinet, I have learned most of the personal facts I state. Among others is this, that Wilhelmina's proclamation to her people and the inaugural address in the church were her own compositions, scarcely touched by her mother and gladly approved in both Chambers of the States-General; and the same wonderful voice that filled and thrilled all understanding hearers in the church, surprised and touched by its marvelous sweetness and power the guests at the State banquet in the palace.

In the south transept of the "New Church," built before America was discovered, one may now see the splendid window, just unveiled, of stained glass and colossal proportions, the gift of the people to the Queen, which shows, by historic figures and in allegory, the union of the House of Orange and the Netherlands. With richest colors, sheathed in light, it pictures William, Maurice, Frederick Henry, and the other four Williams, all stadholders of the Republic, with their illustrious consorts, Louise de Coligny, Amalia van Solms, Marie Stuart; and (after "the Dutch took Holland" from their French "deliverers" in 1813) the three kings, William I., II., III., and Queen Emma—the tender, wise, beloved mother of Netherlands' happy Queen. Beneath this double row of worthies, republican and regal, are two allegorical pictures that begin and bring to date the nation's modern history. In one, William of Orange makes a covenant of love and service with the seven States federated by the Union of Utrecht in 1579. In the other, Wilhelmina, holding the Bible, receives as a heavenly gift the Grondwet (constitution), and thus the ancient covenant of a family rich in nature's noblemen with a free nation is sealed again.

Grand and appropriate is this picture wrought in material through which heaven's light may ever stream; for, from palace to hut in the Low Countries, from Axel to Finsterwolde, and from Koeworden to the Hoek of Holland, the Bible is read, loved, and honored as from God—the foundation of home and State. Yet, here, in this land rescued from the very ocean, on which the Dutch "found bread and a sword," ever since William (Catholic and Lutheran by birth and education and Calvinist by conviction) protected the Anabaptists—true spiritual ancestors of a majority of English-speaking Christians—conscience has been free. Perfect liberty was not, is not, found anywhere on earth, but it has been ever strong and deep and wide in Holland. On the day of the inauguration the clouds broke with impressive timeliness, and the jeweled maiden in white, majestic in person and glorious in all her environment, yet also most winsome in character, stood radiant in the sun's tempered light, the charm of all eyes.

This was the central event in that honeymoon of festivities which began on Wilhelmina's birthday, August 31, and ends—unless even the young Queen's abundant energies flag—on September 17, by which time she will need a long nap at Soestdijk. Nineteen years ago, a pretty, rosy, plump bride, herself descended from William the Silent and the princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont, Emma, wedded "the old King" William III. The baby born the next year redeemed the monarch's waning popularity and gave joy to the nation. This year, on the eve of her daughter's majority, in a tender address to the people, she resigned her station as Queen-regent. Wilhelmina's strong and beautiful proclama-

QUEEN WILHELMINA

tion came next day, and was read in the churches in which the people of all forms of worship met by myriads. After this—for the Dutch are devout first—began the fun and play. The covetous and severe groaned, and some of the shopkeepers of Amsterdam fell into grief, wishing "the whole thing soon over," for absolutely no business could be done during four days, and the joyful arrangements for the many brought derangement to the few during a week or more.

To attempt description of the decorations and illuminations and of the crowds—singing, dancing, overflowing with fun and good humor, tickling each other with "American fun-makers" (peacock-feathers), and making Laocoön groups of each other by miles of colored paper rolls and strips, or to tell of the music and art, the costumes and architecture, would be useless and tedious. Yet I must note some of the more intellectual and æsthetic ways of the inauguration, as well as those which pleased the eye and the palate.

This is woman's century, and perhaps the next will even more be hers. In the Hague the national exhibition of woman's work in all lines of endeavor was a most suggestive and impressive display, showing, in light and shadow, astonishing needs, but great progress. But, although every town and village proves how good a helpmeet for the man the Dutch woman is, there is no Wellesley or Vassar College here yet. In the Congress of Diplomatic History one could see how often the Dutch Republic had served as neutral ground for the meeting of the peace envoys of many nations. In Amsterdam the imposing collections of Rembrandt's portraits and pictures showed, with fresh emphasis, the power of this king of shadows, master of light that reveals not its source, matchless portrayer of

THE PROCESSION IN THE SQUARE BEFORE THE PALACE

JAN STEEN, CUYP, AND OTHER PAINTERS. THE FLOAT FOLLOWING REPRESENTS STEEN'S PICTURE "THE QUACK DOCTOR"

From the Historicc-Allegorical Procession at Amste.dam, September 7, 1898.

the human face, painter of Puritanism, realistic interpreter of truth in all forms, lover of golden-browns. Then, in the same building, to which the journalistic white star and red *carnet* gave instant admission, were the exhibitions of modern art, the gallery of historical paintings, showing Netherlandish history from Civilis to Thorbecke, the museum of relics of the House of Orange, and of the hundred or more varieties of national costumes.

At the House of the Press on Saturday evening, where the representative of The Outlook found one hundred ladies and gentlemen from many lands, and at the mansion of the Burgomaster, where jewels flashed and orders and decorations gleamed, we had our first taste of Amsterdam's hospitality. The happy season had been ushered in by a royal shower of decorations as rich as that which fell in the lap of Danae of mythology. I recognized the names of several Dutch friends, men of letters, thus adorned.

On Monday of the Kronings Feest, seventy thousand trained children sang in the public schools of Amsterdam, and received as many silvered commemorative medals. Soon after sunrise people began to mass in the thoroughfares leading to the Dam. Most Dutch cities began on a terp or artificial mound to which the prehistoric amphibious folk rushed for refuge when floods rolled in. By and by the terp became the dorp, or village, when the ground had been faced with timber and a dam built to hold the land fast. Gradually, by dams and canals, which helped to drain the spongy land, the cellarless houses were built, and the streets, named usually after the trades and occupations, the churches, the cloisters, the saints, or the heroes, were laid out. So grew up the dam on the Amstel, or Amsterdam, which the herrings first made rich, and over which Gijsbert, the feudal lord, ruled. In the fifteenth century the Great Church was built—its most interesting corner being at Moses-and-Aaron Street and Dam—strange combination to English ears. Not until Spanish tyranny

REMBRANDT'S "THE NIGHT WATCH"

From the Historico-Allegorical Procession at Amsterdam, September 7, 1898.

was forever quelled for Dutchmen, in 1648, after eighty years' struggle, was the superb City Hall, now the Palace, reared. "Called the eighth wonder of the world," it stands on over 13,000 piles.

The Hague is the residence of the Queen, but Amsterdam is the city where sovereign and people exchange vows of mutual loyalty. After hours spent in seeing the guard drill and in studying the crowd while waiting on our tribune, or platform, directly opposite the veranda on which Wilhelmina was to stand, the joyful boom of the cannon announced her coming. The military, sailors, infantry, and cavalry first moved in and filled the square. Then, in a carriage drawn by eight horses with postilions, appeared two ladies; one young and fair, in white; the other substantial in years and figure, dressed in silk of a heliotrope shade. Bowing right and left, waving her little pocket-handkerchief, Wilhelmina seemed not only overflowing with happiness herself, but she put the clouds of spectators on the houses and the people below into a state of unmeasured delight. She rode around the square, disappeared for a few moments in the one doorway made different from the others only by a velvet canopy—for the Palace has no one imposing entrance—and then reappeared on the veranda. Then all banners dipped, swords gleamed, and muskets were held to a "present." Yet this was not all, for the Queen herself had arranged to meet her own people at even closer range. So the military were dismissed, and then, with order and deliberation, the long-held-back masses in the streets leading to the Dam moved into the space, and eighty thousand throats uttered welcome to the sweet lady in white who appeared on the balcony. "Leve de Koningin!" was the cry.

THE QUEEN MOTHER

On Tuesday the elect of Netherlands and the guests from many countries gathered in the Nieuwe Kerk. My own seat was directly over the middle aisle and in front of the throne chair on the great platform. Embroidered coats, orders, and decorations on the breasts of men of achievement, all the pomp and splendor of the heroes of army and navy, all the gorgeousness of richly gowned and jeweled ladies, were there. The purple and black of the Roman Catholic Bishops, the Lutheran and Reformed pastors in caps and robes, the Jewish rabbis, the consuls, the gold-collared members of the States-General, made enough variety in color; but the Chinese envoys, the diplomatic corps, the vassal princes of East India, were dazzling in bullion, color, feathers, swords, or medals. It must not be forgotten that Queen Wilhelmina rules, besides her six million Dutch subjects, about thirty-five millions of the Malay race in the East Indian archipelago. Holland is the greatest colonizing nation after Great Britain. The Sultan of Siak—I should need two lines to write his full name and titles—and the deputed envoys of other Malay sultans, and the large delegation from the Far East, with their odd head-gear and golden garments, have made a striking feature in all the spectacles of this week. By eleven o'clock the red-covered platform was filled with grandees, and the Queen-mother, who rode from the Palace, was in her seat next on the left to the chair soon to be filled. Wilhelmina, with her usual democratic determination, had willed to walk from the Palace to the chair occupied before her by her father and grandfather. So, after a storm of popular cheering heard outside, we saw the lovely maiden in white and diamonds, wearing over her breast an orange scarf with a glittering star, and the velvet and ermine robe of royalty sweeping from her shoulders.

QUEEN WILHELMINA

From a photograph taken in the coronation robe

AMSTERDAM HARBOR. THE Y RIVER

From this spot Henry Hudson sailed for America

Its train was held up and then duly spread after she had taken her seat. About her stood her cabinet, ministers, and flag-bearers; in front sat her legislators. Between both, on the red-velvet-covered table, were, indeed, the crown and sphere, emblems of royalty, but in the center and supreme was the Grondwet, the written constitution of the nation.

Almost as simple as an American inauguration was this of the Dutch Queen, in a kingdom that secures even more liberty than was known in the republic of 1579–1792. It consisted mainly of a wonderfully clear and strong address, by a young girl who in person and carriage looked every inch a queen, and the mutual exchange of oaths of obedience to the constitution by her and the members of her States-General. The whole ceremony lasted less than an hour. There was some music. Then all flags dipped, and, in a storm of cheers, the waving of hats, cries of "Live the Queen," the auditors slowly separated, delighted with the dignity, sweetness, and power to win hearts shown by the maid who so nobly incarnates the spirit and virtues of a noble house. The blending of girlish simplicity, womanly dignity, and a true wisdom and insight, shown in her speeches, carriage, and acts, augurs happily for the Netherlands. Especially careful has she been to please the people, the sailors, country-folk, fishermen and women, and the islanders who have come to see the sights, and the sight of all—the first lady of the Vaderland. Both in the afternoon and in the evening, mother and daughter rode through decorated Amsterdam, when the sky was almost hid from view by flags, festoons, arches, and mid-air fantasies, in which, with the red, white, and blue, was everywhere seen the orange. At night the double glory of reality and reflection along the canals and the white spangles and blazing frontlets of fire made a scene indescribable.

Even the Dutch Puritans never parted with their organs, music, and art. On Wednesday morning, arrayed in light green, Wilhelmina, on the palace veranda, listened to the old national airs and the new anthems, one or two of which are by the venerable Nicholas Beets, author of "Camera Obscura," and living, at the age of eighty-six, in Utrecht. After morning music a great Volksfeest was held in the vast arena back of the Rijks Museum, where, before her Majesty, the gymnastic societies from all over the country marched, dipped banners, and exhibited skill and prowess in muscle. None of Diedrich Knickerbocker's men of the beer-barrel model, or of Irving's caricatures, could be seen here, but only clean-limbed, handsome manhood. One beautiful sight was the flight of fifteen hundred homing pigeons.

Then followed a striking costume procession, in which the makers of Dutch history moved in charming counterfeit before our eyes. Warriors and statesmen, stadholders and kings, painters, explorers, printers, living pictures, that had apparently just left the canvas and frames of Rembrandt and Jan Steen, marched by in the exact dress of the various periods. How we did pity them as they weltered in the blazing sun, under wig and helmet and lofty hat! The Arctic discoverers had the worst of it, in their polar-bear skin and seal coats; but the fellows in shining brass and glued or wired-on mustachios also compelled pity. Next day, behind the scenes, Prince Frederick Henry of the twenty-four hours previous, now a plain mynheer in every-day clothes, confessed to me how nearly he came to suffocation, and how early he went to bed, missing even the river-illumination and fireworks—at which so many aliens took vile colds. I question whether any water-fête was ever finer on earth than that seen on the Y river, September 7, from 8 to 11 P.M. Gondolas, junks, galleons, yachts, steamers, every shape and size of boat, hung with lights numbering from one to twenty thousand, moved over the water, while royalty, the populace, and foreign guests rapturously enjoyed the scene.

The next day, after her Majesty had inspected the heirlooms of her ancestors in the Orange-Nassau Exposition, I saw her again in the magnificent Concert Gebouw. She was dressed in figured white satin, with pink flowers in her hat corresponding to those wrought in her skirt. The King's widow, as Emma is now styled, was in her favorite dress of lavender or heliotrope shade, richly embroidered with light-tinted flowers. Both, as usual, held bouquets of flowers. On the immense stage, backed by an organ which is one of the finest in Europe, and played by a master, sat seven hundred singers and players on instruments. The cantata in praise of the Queen, the touching soprano solos by Mrs. Reddingius, the sublime Twenty-third Psalm by half a hundred virgins in white, the songs by Holland's ablest tenor, and the Hallelujah chorus were rendered with amazing spirit and excellence of technique.

In a round of pleasurable functions like a

crown of brilliants in memory, Wilhelmina's presence and speech at the inauguration gleams first; but next, in personal enjoyment, was my sight of the Queen at the dramatic representation of "Orange in Netherlands," on Thursday evening. I do not know to whom I was indebted for the honor, but I sat near enough to royalty to note the dimples in her elbows and the play of rose and white in her cheeks. Certainly in evening dress, amid the flashing lights, she could not look more handsome, and every movement seemed grace itself. In the audience sat the Javanese princes, members of the Cabinet, the royal governors of the provinces, the great burgomasters, and most of the leading men of the Government, with their wives and daughters. The hour's tableaux and dialogues showed the scene of July 9, 1672, when it seemed as if, before the dangers from the invading hosts of the French and Louis XIV., and the quarrels of Tromp (which Britons, with traditional and almost sacred inaccuracy, write with a *Van*) and De Ruyter, Holland was to be crushed out of existence and the House of Orange come to desinence through disaster. William III., his gayly attired admirals, the regents of Holland's grandest city, the Scheveningen fish-vrouw, Holland's *matroos* (sailor), and the village folk, were all finely represented with spirit and art. The acting was superb. While in his grief and dejection, the genius of the House of Orange, a white-robed woman on the seashore, consoles the stadholder, and prophesies that he will wear the crown of England, and that, despite storm and stress, both Holland and the House of Orange will live on in glory through the ages. Then, after marvelous mechanical effects and the soft, sweet music of the Wilhelmus Lied, there bursts into glowing light a panorama of history and a gallery of Orange leaders, with the portrait-figure of Wilhelmina. At this all rose with the cry, "Leve de Koningin!" Amid the storm of homage, the graceful maiden stood with dignity, and then, bowing sweetly with smiles, made exit.

To-day, Friday, the pageant and festivities are transferred to the Hague, and among other features is a solemn religious service in the Great Church, in which Wilhelmina was baptized, and where, in centuries gone (despite the very ornamental modern iron spire, like fashion's notion of yesterday on a centenarian's head), William I., Maurice, Barneveldt, Frederick Henry, and her other ancestors worshiped. Illumination by night and all sorts of festivities by day will run into next week. A banquet and fireworks at Scheveningen, receptions, honors, and enjoyments of various sorts, including a lunch with Mesdag, the painter, with a round of excursions, await the gentlemen and ladies of the press.

On Sunday, September 11, in the English church in the Beguijn Hof, where, since Amsterdam declared for the Reformation, speakers of our tongue, including not a few of the founders of New England, have worshiped, a commemorative service is to be held; one of the addresses is to be on Divine Providence in the History of the Netherlands and the United States, and the relations between the two peoples.

"Klein maar Dapper" was the motto of a band of boys whom I saw parading on the Dam square. Such is Holland—Little, but brave. Certainly God has used this small nation to accomplish great purposes. May Holland's future be even greater than her past!

The Hague, September 9, 1898.

WILLIAM I. AND HIS NOBLES

From the Historico-Allegorical Procession at Amsterdam, September 7, 1898.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Photograph from a crayon drawing. Copyright, Rockwood, New York.

Roosevelt and His Men

By Jacob A. Riis

THERE was a thunder of hoofs on the road that descends the slope from Camp Wikoff to the Life Saving Station, and a squad of horsemen swarmed over the hill. A stocky, strongly built man on a big horse was in the lead. In his worn uniform and gray army hat he suggested irresistibly, as he swept by, Sheridan on his wild ride to "Winchester, twenty miles away." They were gone like the wind, leaping the muddy ford at the foot of the hill and galloping madly across the sands. My horse, that had been jogging along sedately enough till then, caught the spirit of the rush and made after them, hard as he could go. On the beach we caught up with them, riding in and out of the surf with shouts of delight, like so many centaurs at play. The salt spray dashed over them in showers of shining white, but they yelled back defiance at the ocean. Their leader watched them from his horse, and laughed loudly at their sport.

They were Roosevelt and his men. "Roosevelt's Rough Riders" belong to history now with the war in which they held such a picturesque place. Even as I write, the first steps are being taken toward mustering them out, and likely before this meets the eye of the reader the famous regiment will have been disbanded, and its members—those who survived the campaign before Santiago—will

have stepped back with their chief into the ranks of a people intent upon the arts of peace whence they came at the call of their country almost in a single day. I had seen them go, full of youthful spirits, spoiling for a fight, and it was my privilege to hear the last speech their Colonel made to them on the night when the news of the disbandment came. He had ridden up from the Commanding General's quarters with the message, and, calling his men about him in the broad street facing the officers' tents, told them of the coming parting.

"I know what you were in the field," he said. "You were brave and strong. I ask now of you that every man shall go back and serve his country as well in peace as he did in war. I can trust you to do it."

They tried to cheer, some of them, but they had no heart in it. The men went quietly to their tents with sober faces, and I saw in them that which warranted the trust their Colonel put in them.

The Rough Riders were not, as many have supposed, a product of the war with Spain. On the contrary, the mounted riflemen were the historic arm of the United States from the earliest days of the Nation. In the War of the Revolution they came out of the West and killed or captured the whole of the British forces at King's Mountain. A descendant of two of the three Colonels who commanded them then fought with Roosevelt at Las Guasimas and on the St. Juan hill. They furnished the backbone of Andrew Jackson's forces in the war of 1812. As the Texas Rangers they became famous in the troubles with Mexico. They conquered the French towns on the Illinois, and won the West from the Indians in a hundred bloody fights. In the Civil War they lost, to a great extent, their identity, but not their place in the van and the thick of the fight. Theodore Roosevelt as a historian knew their record and value; as a hunter and a plainsman he knew where to find the material with which to fill up the long-broken ranks. It came at his summons from the plains and the cattle-ranges of the great West, from the mines of the Rocky Mountains, the hunting-trail of the wilderness, and from the counting-rooms and colleges of the East, wherever the spirit of adventure had sent young men out with the rifle to hunt big game or to engage in the outdoor sports that train mind and body to endure uncomplainingly the hardships of campaigning. The Rough Riders were the most composite lot that ever gathered under a regimental standard, but they were at the same time singularly typical of the spirit that conquered a continent in three generations, eminently American. Probably such another will never be got together again; in no other country on earth could it have been mustered to-day. The cowboy, the Indian trailer, the Indian himself, the packer and the hunter who had sought and killed the grizzly in single combat in his mountain fastness, touched elbows with the New York policeman who, for love of adventure, had followed his once chief to the war, with the college athlete, the football-player and the oarsman, the dare-devil mountaineer of Georgia, fresh from hunting moonshiners as a revenue officer, and with the society man, the child of luxury and wealth from the East, bent upon proving that a life of ease had dulled neither his manhood nor his sense of our common citizenship. They did it in a way that was a revelation to some who under other circumstances and in a different environment would have called them "dudes." In the fight they were the coolest and in the camp frequently the handiest of the lot. One whose name is synonymous with exclusiveness in New York's "smart set," and who for bravery in the face of the enemy rose to command of his troop, achieved among his brother officers the reputation of being handiest at "washing up" after "grub," when they had any. And it happened more than once on the long marches through the Cuban jungle, when "Roosevelt's Rough Riders," compelled to campaign on foot, in humorous desperation had taken the more fitting title of "Wood's Weary Walkers" to themselves, that some Eastern-bred man with normal manners of languid elegance was able to relieve his hardier Western neighbor who had never walked five miles on foot in his life. When at the end of the march the college chap came trudging up cheerfully carrying two packs beside his own and ready for the chores of camp that his tired comrade might rest, a gap was closed then and there in our national life that had yawned wider than it had any right to. More than all political arguments, more than all the preachments of well-meaning sociologists, did this brief summer's campaign contribute to fill out the gap between East and West, between North and South, between "the classes and the masses," unless I greatly mistake. It was not in the contract, but it

COLONEL ROOSEVELT AT MONTAUK POINT

came out so when once they got a fair look at each other and saw that in truth they were brothers.

There were clergymen in the ranks. I am not referring now to Chaplain Brown, whose stout defense of his Western men—he was from Prescott, Arizona—when he thought I was attacking them, I remember with mingled amusement and pleasure. He was an Episcopalian of no special affiliation with high church or low church tendencies within his fold. "You see, I don't go much on the fringes of religion," he said simply. He was after the genuine article, and he found it in his cowboy friends—real reverence, and such singing! He was holding forth to me upon this theme as we lay in the long grass, when I ventured to remark that I had heard that his people were given to violence, shooting-matches, and such. He denied it hotly. They were the quietest, nicest fellows; only once in a while, when a fellow was caught cheating at cards, then—

"But," argued the Chaplain, rising on his elbow and earnestly pointing a spear of grass he had been chewing at me, "when a man cheats at cards, he ought to be shot, oughtn't he? Well, then, that is all."

I confess to a certain enjoyment in the thought of Chaplain Brown's theology on a background of the Rough Riders' singing at "meetin'" in the woods. The combination suggests that first funeral on the ridge at Guantanamo, with the marines growling out the responses to the Chaplain's prayer between pot-shots at the enemy, flat on their stomachs under the sudden attack; and, indeed, Colonel Roosevelt himself gave testimony that he had seen Chaplain Brown bring in wounded men from the field under circumstances that were distinctly stirring. But for all that the Chaplain is a digression. The clergymen I was thinking of wore no shoulder-straps. They carried guns. One of them came up to bid his Colonel good-by when I was sitting with him. He was tall and straight, and of few words.

"That man," said Mr. Roosevelt, as he went across the field back to the camp, "represents probably the very best type of our people. He is a Methodist preacher, of the old circuit-rider's stock, strong, fearless, self-reliant. His people had been in all our wars before him, and he came as a matter of course. You should have seen him one morning sitting in the bomb-proof with his head just below the traverse where the shrapnel kept cracking over his hat. They couldn't touch him, as he knew, and he sat there as unconcerned as if there were no such thing as guns and battles, breaking the beans for his coffee with the butt of his revolver. He wasn't going into the fight without his coffee. He was a game preacher."

An hour later, when, after a visit to the two mascots of the regiment—Josie, the mountain lion, and the eagle, Jack—I was chatting with Lieutenant Ferguson, a young Englishman who won signal distinction in battle, the flap of the tent was raised and a tall trooper darkened the entrance. He came to make a report, and stood silently at attention while the officer examined it. His questions he answered in monosyllables. "That was Pollock," said his superior when he was gone. "He is a full-blooded Pawnee. He has never anything to say, but you should see him in a fight. I shall never forget the ungodly war-whoop he let out when we went up the San Juan hill. I mistrust that it scared the Spaniards almost as much as our charge did. I know that it almost took my breath away."

Such was the material of which the regiment was made. Ninety-five per cent. had herded cattle on horseback, on the great plains, at some time or other. A majority had been under fire. The rifle was their natural weapon. They were not to be stampeded, and they knew how readily to find the range of the enemy's sharpshooters, a fact that rendered them far more effective in a fight than the average volunteer, who had hardly a speaking acquaintance with his gun. Ninety per cent. of the Rough Riders were Americans born and bred. Perhaps a hundred were of foreign birth—German, Norwegian, English. There were Catholics and Protestants, and they joined with equal fervor in the singing that edified Chaplain Brown. They stood all on the same footing. The old American plan ruled: every one on his merits. In the last batch recommended for promotion by Colonel Roosevelt for gallantry in the field was a Jew. The result of it all was a corps that excited the admiration of the regulars who fought side by side with them.

Of their gameness innumerable stories have been told. The Indian Isabel was shot four times in the fight at Las Guasimas, but stayed in the firing-line to the end. Private Sievers, shot through the body, demanded to be propped up against a tree and given his rifle and canteen. So fitted out, he fought on until his comrades charged for-

ward and he could no longer shoot without danger of hitting them. The ambulance men found him and took him to the hospital in the rear, deeming his wound mortal. In the camp he was supposed to be dead until, a week later, he came limping out on foot. He had got tired of the hospital and started for the front where "something was going on." So with the carpenter Powland from Santa Fé, who was shot through the side, and sent back by Colonel Roosevelt, who saw the blood dripping from the wound. He went obediently until he was out of sight, and then sneaked back into the ranks. After it was over they seized him and took him back to the hospital, where the surgeons told him he would have to be shipped north. That night he escaped and crawled back to the front as best he could. He fought beside his Colonel all through the Santiago fight.

It was predicted that, with their antecedents, they could not be disciplined so as to become effective in the field; but exactly the opposite happened. They showed the world the new spectacle of a body of men who could think and yet be soldiers; who obeyed, not because they had to, but because it was right they should, and they liked to. They might not have been perfect in what the Chaplain would have called the fringes of soldiering. The pipe-clay and the regulations, and all that, they knew nothing about. But they kept order in their camp, and they knew the command Forward, when it was given. In their brief campaign they had no opportunity to learn any other. Their soldiers' manual was brief. It forbade grumbling, and there was none. Three days they camped out in the sun and rain on the San Juan hills, fighting by day and digging burrows by night, with little to eat and only the ditches to sleep in, but not a complaint was heard. When the enemy attacked, suddenly and in full force, at three o'clock in the morning, they were there to meet him, and, hungry and shivering, drenched through and through by the rains and by the heavy dews, they drove him back.

"That is the test," said their commander, speaking of it afterward: "to wake up men at three o'clock in the morning who have had nothing to eat, perhaps for days, and nothing to cover them; to wake them up suddenly to a big fight, and have them all run the right way; that is the test. There wasn't a man who went to the rear."

The Rough Riders were natural "scrappers," from the Colonel down. The science of war as they took it from him and practiced it summed itself up in the simple formula to "strike hard, strike quick, and when in doubt go forward." It was so Napoleon won his victories. But the Spaniards complained bitterly. The Americans did not fight according to the rules of war, they wailed. "They go forward when fired upon instead of falling back." Accordingly they, the Spaniards, were compelled to run, which they did, denouncing the irregularity of the proceeding. It was irregular. It was one of the several things in this extraordinary war that did violence to all the traditions, and tangled up military precedent and red tape in the field in a hopeless snarl. However, enough remained over in camp, after the fighting was over, to more than make up for it.

The regiment was before the people almost continuously for three months. Raised, organized, equipped, and carried to Cuba within a month by the same splendid energy and executive force that fitted out the navy for its victorious fights in the East and West, it took the field at once and kept it till the army rested upon its arms under the walls of Santiago. All the way up it had been the vanguard. Colonel Roosevelt had resigned his office as Assistant Secretary of the Navy just in time to lead his boys to Cuba as next in command. The commander at the start was his friend, Colonel Leonard Wood, an old army man, who is just such another as he and has made a unique record for hard common sense and ability as Military Governor of Santiago. From that time on the dispatches from the front dealt daily with the Rough Riders' exploits. When, at Las Guasimas with General Young's corps, they drove before them four times their number of Spaniards, frightened at their impetuous rush in the face of a withering fire from the shelter of an impenetrable jungle, the croakers said that they were ambushed, and, as in the old days when Roosevelt led the police phalanx, the cry was raised at home that he should be put on trial, court-martialed. The fact was that the Rough Riders were fighting a most carefully planned battle. It was the way they won that frightened the cravens at home, as it did the Spaniards. The victory cost some precious lives, but it is at such cost that victories are won, and the moral effect of the attack was very great. Beyond a doubt it saved worse bloodshed

later on. It has been Theodore Roosevelt's lot often to be charged with rashness, with what his critics in the rear are pleased to call his "lack of tact." It is the tribute paid by timidity to unquestioning courage. Roosevelt is very far from being rash. His practice is, on the contrary, to study a situation most carefully in all its bearings before he takes action, and until he has got a perfect grasp of it. But, having made up his mind where the right of the thing lies, he is as swift to action as he was deliberate in council. There is then no longer another side to the case with him. The campaign having been carefully planned, and General Wheeler having issued his orders to attack the enemy, the thing left to do was to charge. And they charged. The number of the enemy had nothing to do with it, nor the fact that he was intrenched, invisible, whereas they were exposed, in full sight. He was to be driven out; and he was driven out. That was war on the American plan, as understood by the Rough Riders.

Ten days of marching and fighting in the bush culminated in the storming of the San Juan hills, with Colonel Roosevelt in full command, Colonel Wood having been deservedly promoted after Las Guasimas. The story of the famous charge up the barren slope, of Colonel Roosevelt's summons to his men as they halted under a perfect hail-storm of bullets to pull themselves together, of the splendid bravery of the colored cavalry regiment that had been lying out with the Rough Riders in the trenches and now came to the support of their chums with a rush, and of the victory wrested from the Spaniards when all depended upon the success of the attack, will be told in years to come at every American fireside. How much of the quick success of the campaign is really due to the Roosevelt Rough Riders, what fates hung in the balance when their impetuous rush saved the day, when retreat had been counseled and in effect decided, we shall understand better as time completes the disclosures concerning the real state of the invading army on the night of June 30. Let it be enough now to say that it did save the day. Others fought as valiantly, but the honor of breaking the Spanish lines belongs to the Rough Riders, as the honor and credit of standing firmly for an immediate advance upon the enemy's works belongs to their Colonel and his bold comrades in the council of the chiefs in that fateful night.

It was one of the unexpected things in this campaign that seems destined to set so many things right, that out of it should come the appreciation of the colored soldier as man and brother by those even who so lately fought to keep him a chattel. It fell to the lot of General "Joe" Wheeler, the old Confederate warrior, to command the two regiments of colored troops, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and no one will bear readier testimony than he to the splendid record they made. Of their patience under the manifold hardships of roughing it in the tropics, their helpfulness in the camp and their prowess in battle, their uncomplaining suffering when lying wounded and helpless, stories enough are told to win for them fairly the real brotherhood with their white-skinned fellows which they crave. The most touching of the many I heard was that of a negro trooper who, struck by a bullet that had cut an artery in his neck, was lying helpless, in danger of bleeding to death, when a Rough Rider came to his assistance. There was only one thing to be done: to stop the bleeding till a surgeon came. A tourniquet could not be applied where the wound was. The Rough Rider put his thumb on the artery and held it there while he waited. The fighting drifted away over the hill. He followed his comrades with longing eyes till the last was lost to sight. His place was there; but if he abandoned the wounded cavalryman, it was to let him die. He dropped his gun and stayed. Not until the battle was won did the surgeon come that way; but the trooper's life was saved. He told of it in the hospital with tears in his voice: "He done that to me, he did; stayed by me an hour and a half, and me only a nigger!"

The colored soldiers had taken a great liking to their gallant side-partners. They believed them invincible, and in the belief became nearly so themselves. The Rough Riders became their mascot. They would have gone through fire for them, and in sober fact they did. So fighting and burrowing together, holding every foot they gained from the enemy, they came at last to the gates of the beleaguered city, and there were stayed by the white flag of truce. Two weeks they lay in the trenches ready to attack when the word was given, and then came the surrender. Up to that point the Rough Riders had borne up splendidly. Poor rations had no terrors for them. If "cold hog" was the sole item on the bill of fare, it went down

with a toast to better days. Starvation they bore without grumbling while fighting for their lives and their country. The sleepless night, the rain-storms in the trenches, the creeping things that disgust Northern men, the tarantulas and the horrible crabs, they took as they came. It was not until they were fairly back home, in Camp Wikoff, that they rebelled against tainted food sent up from the ship and demanded something decent to eat. But before that they had their dark day, when the fever came and laid low those whom the enemy's bullets had spared.

It was then, when the fighting was over but a worse enemy threatened than the one they had beaten in his breastworks—an ally on whose aid the Spaniards had openly counted, and, but for the way in which they were rushed from the first, would not have counted in vain—that the Rough Riders were able to render their greatest service to their country, through their gallant chief. Until Colonel Roosevelt's round robin, signed by all the general officers of the army in Cuba, startled the American people and caused measures of instant relief to be set on foot, the fearful truth that the army was perishing from privation and fever was not known. The cry it sent up was: "Take us home! We will fight for the flag to the last man, if need be. But now our fighting is done, we will not be left here to die." It was significant that the duty of making the unwelcome disclosure fell to the Colonel of the Rough Riders. Of all the officers who signed it he was probably the youngest; but from no one could the warning have come with greater force.

The Colonel of the Rough Riders at the head of his men on San Juan hill, much as I like the picture, is not half so heroic a figure to me as Roosevelt in this hour of danger and doubt, shouldering the blame for the step he knew to be right. Perhaps it is because I know him better and love him so. Here was this man who had left an office of dignity and great importance in the Administration to go to the war he had championed as just and right; who had left a family of little children to expose his life daily and hourly in the very forefront of battle; whose every friend in political life had blamed him hotly, warning him that he was wrecking a promising career in a quixotic enterprise—apparently justifying their predictions at a critical moment by deliberately shouldering the odium of practically censuring the Administration of which he was so recently a member. For that was what his letter amounted to; neither did the Administration long let him remain in doubt that it had so accepted it. Verily, it is not strange if there were those who would have shrunk from the duty, and called him "rash" for doing what he did. They did not know the man. It was enough for him that it *was* duty, that it was right. He never had other standard than that.

So the army came home, his Rough Riders with it, ragged, sore, famished, enfeebled, with yawning gaps in its ranks, but saved, they to tell of his courage and unwearying patience; how in the fight he was always where the bullets flew thickest, until he seemed to them to have a charmed life; how, when it was over, as they lay out in the jungle and in the trenches at night, they found him always there, never tiring of looking after his men, of seeing that the wounded were cared for and the well were fed; ready to follow him through thick and thin wherever he led, but unwilling to loaf in camp or to do police duty when the country was no longer in need of them to fight. Once more the right had prevailed, and the counsel of expediency been shamed. Roosevelt's Rough Riders had written their name in history.

"They were the finest fellows, and they were dead game. It was the privilege of a lifetime to have commanded such a regiment. It was a hard campaign, but they were beautiful days—and we won."

We were lying in the grass at his tent, under the starry August sky. Taps had been sounded long since. The Colonel's eye wandered thoughtfully down the long line of white tents in which the lights were dying out one by one. From a darker line in front, where a thousand horses were tethered, quietly munching their supper, came an occasional low whinnying. That and the washing of the surf on the distant beach were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the night. A bright meteor shot athwart the sky, leaving a shining trail, and fell far out beyond the lighthouse. We watched it in silence. I know what my thoughts were. He knew his own.

"Oh, well!" he said, with a half-sigh, and arose, "so all things pass away. But they were beautiful days."

I knocked the ashes from my cigar, and we went in.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a crayon portrait by Mr. Akers, after a photograph by Mr. F. M. Sutcliffe, of Whitby, England, owned by Mr. Moorfield Story, of Boston.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

XIII.—MR. LOWELL IN SPAIN

WHEN, a year ago last spring, I began the collection of materials for this series of papers, I certainly did not think that this chapter would have to include any study of our political relations with Spain through the century of our national existence. Yet now that in June of 1898, with an army landing in Porto Rico, I weave together the materials for this chapter, I do not turn far from "Lowell's Friends" if I speak of Spanish politics.

The reader ought to understand that while the Spanish mission has always been spoken of by uninformed people as a somewhat lazy corner in that somewhat old-fashioned salon which takes the name of "Diplomacy," the United States Minister in Spain has always been walking amidst hot coals, or explosive friction matches. Some drowsy people, whose principal business in life has been to cut off the coupons from securities which other people had earned for them, waked up the other day with surprise to learn that this country had at last taken up the gauntlet of war. The United States meant to finish the job which Drake and Burleigh and Howard and Elizabeth left unfinished three centuries ago. But other people were not surprised. If they have cared about the history of the hundred years which have made the United States a nation—and which have seen ten or twelve changes either of constitution or of dynasty in Spain—men have known that open questions, some of them of great seriousness, have all the time entangled the diplomatic web which was woven between the two nations.

Into the heritage of these complications Lowell came when—in a pacific time—he presented his credentials at Madrid. The sovereign then on the throne was Alfonso XII., and one of Lowell's earliest dispatches describes the ceremonies attending his marriage with Mercedes, the young Princess. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was Don Fernando Calderon Collantes. The short-lived republic which began in 1873, on the abdication of Amadeus of Savoy, had, in its time, given way, and the old Bourbon family had returned in the person of Alfonso XII.

In the short period of the republic I happened to be editing a monthly magazine in Boston. Like most intelligent Americans, I hoped to see republican government extend itself in Europe.

I wanted, at all events, that my readers should know the truth about it. I struck high, as an editor always should do. So I waited on Charles Francis Adams, the same who had carried through our negotiations with England in the Civil War with such masterly success. If there ever were a republican and democrat, it was he; if there ever were a person confident in the strength of America, it was he; and I certainly expected his sympathy in the cause of the newborn Spanish republic.

I asked him to write our article on Spain and the new republic. He listened to me with all his perfect courtesy; and then he advised me—I might say he bade me—take no stock in the enterprise. I pressed him; I said, "Surely, we want to extend republican institutions in Europe?" And he smiled, sadly enough, and said, "Do not expect anything of Spain, Mr. Hale. The truth is not in them."

In this old Bible axiom of Covenanters and of Puritans is the secret of all the difficulties between England and Spain in Drake's time, between this country and Spain in Jefferson's day, and in each of the crises of negotiation since. Spain and her statesmen really think that a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth. Our representatives do not think so. The difference makes a jar when the neophyte in diplomacy discovers it.

In the Pickering correspondence are some curious memoranda which show what Jefferson thought and planned. Jefferson had seen the real Philip Nolan killed, and twelve American companions of his kept in imprisonment in Mexico because the Spanish Government violated its own passports. This all began as early as 1801. In 1825 Mr. Alexander Everett, our Minister in Spain, offered the Spanish Government one hundred millions for Cuba. Under Mr. Polk's government, twenty years after, the offer was re-

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newed. Mr. Soulé, our Minister in Madrid between 1853 and 1855, complicated matters by his personal quarrels. He fought a duel with Turgot, the French Minister, and incurred the dislike, naturally enough, of the French Government. At a conference of three American foreign Ministers at Ostend in 1854, Buchanan, Mason, and himself, Soulé pressed the importance of the annexation of Cuba to the United States, and carried with him both of his coadjutors.

But it is not at all necessary that we should enter into the details of these complications. The history of all this diplomacy has been admirably written by Professor Hart and is published in "Harper's Magazine" of June, 1897. We should probably have gone to war with Spain at Mr. Soulé's suggestion, but that at that moment, in 1854 and 1855, the weak government of that weakest of men, Franklin Pierce, was in very hot water at home. The Administration had offended the whole North by its operations in Kansas, and it was no time to ask for a war which seemed likely to end in the annexation of another slave State to the Union. Mr. Soulé was recalled, and some sort of *modus vivendi* was patched up which carried us through the Civil War. Mr. Lincoln appointed Mr. Koerner as our Minister in Spain, who was succeeded by Mr. John P. Hale.

One is glad to say that at this time the drift of the somewhat wayward movements of Spanish administration was in our favor. A curious little anecdote, which I think has never been printed, illustrates this; and as it has an indirect bearing on after diplomacy I will repeat it here. After our Civil War had ground along for nearly three years, Louis Napoleon, as will be remembered, took a hand in it. He formed the ingenious plan of uniting other nations in a change of the international law governing blockades. The admiralty law of the world at present extends the jurisdiction of any nation for one marine league from its shores. If, therefore, a blockade-runner could get within three miles of Jamaica, Cuba, or Porto Rico, he was safe from any interference from our blockading fleet. Napoleon ingeniously proposed that, instead of one league, this limit of local sovereignty should be extended to three leagues from shore. He knew well enough that England would never consent to this change; but he had that audacity which enabled him to persuade the Spanish Ministry to come into his plan.

Maps of the West Indies now are plenty, and any reader who will look at the positions of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the little French islands in the West Indies will see how seriously such an extension of a neutral limit would have hindered the operations of our blockading fleets. All this negotiation was conducted with great secrecy, and orders were sent from Spain to the West Indies, instructing the local authorities there to extend threefold the range of their dominion over the sea. These orders had already gone when Mr. Horatio Perry, our Secretary of Legation at that time, got wind of this treachery of our ally.

What Mr. Perry did in this issue was wise. He told his wife. She went immediately and told the Duchess of Montpensier, who had none too great love of Louis Napoleon, the nephew of his uncle, and the occupant of Louis Philippe's throne. She told her sister, the Queen. The Queen sent at once for Mr. Perry.

He told her what the Emperor had done, and what her own Ministers had done. I suppose he said, "You are injuring your best friends—at the solicitation of this intriguer, whom you hate, and who is your worst enemy." The Queen said this was the first she had heard of the matter, and she would send for her Prime Minister.

So she did. And he came. And she asked him if this thing had been done. And he confessed that it had; her Majesty had signed the order on such or such a day.

"But no one told me what it meant," said poor Isabella. "No one told me that this was a heavy blow to my American allies."

No. No one had told her. The Minister explained that as well as he could. If her Majesty disliked it, he was sorry, but it was too late to help it. Why too late? the Queen asked. Because a steamer had gone to the West Indian fleet with the orders which changed one league to three leagues.

Then Queen Isabella spoke the words which, as I count it, were the best words of her life:

"It is not too late for me to accept your resignations."

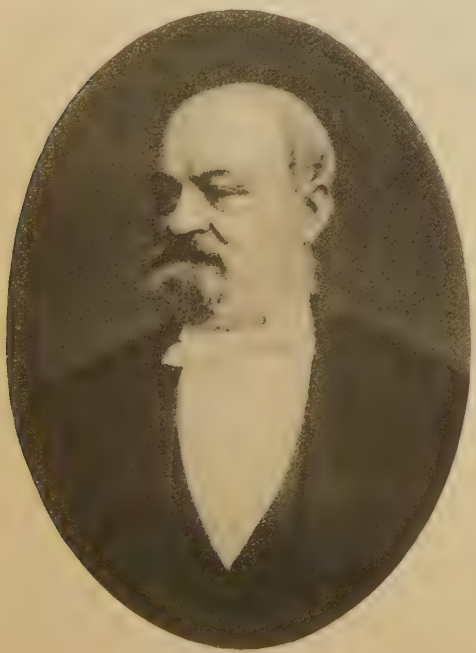
And when it came to that, it proved that the Señor Don did not want to resign, and the other Señores Dons did not want to resign, and they found up a fast steamer to take out orders rescinding the other orders. And so the Emperor Napoleon got a slap in

his face, and so the blockade was maintained for the next year.

And so Spain scored one on her private account with the Washington Government, and Isabella II. found one decent thing on the credit side when she stood at the bar of St. Peter or history.

Whoever will refer to the published state papers will find no reference to this interesting incident. It is the sort of thing they leave out in printing. But you can see that it must have taken place in the autumn of 1863, if you will read between the lines.

As I have said, the intelligent reader of these lines has read Professor Hart's admirable review of the diplomacy of the United States and Spain regarding Cuba for a hundred years; or, if he has not read it, he had better read it as soon as he can find the "Harper's" for last June. He will learn that in that century there were but two cases of direct interference with the destinies of Cuba, one by President John Quincy Adams in 1826, and one by President Grant in 1875. At the same time he will find that there were filibusters in 1849, 1851, again in the years 1868–78, again in 1884–85, when the American Administration gave these filibusters neither aid nor comfort. In 1854 and 1873 there came reasons for war, and they were not regarded. Simply, these references to events



PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS

ALFONSO XII. OF SPAIN

of the utmost importance will show the reader what were the traditions of our Legation in Madrid when Mr. Lowell arrived there, in August of 1877.

I must have talked with him about the Spanish politics of his time, for I saw him often in London, just before I visited Spain in 1882, and I traveled there with the benefit of his instructions. But I kept no notes of what he said, and I dare not refer any of my own impressions directly to him. For myself in Spain I had only the poor chance which a traveler of forty days has to learn from the daily newspapers, from table-d'hôte talk, and from interviews, too short, with intelligent men of all parties and professions.

I conceived a very high respect for the rank and file of the Spanish people. Ignorant? Yes, if reading and writing are the tests of ignorance. For only one-fifth of the population can read their own language. But the people themselves, the average people, as I saw them, seemed to me a very civil, friendly, self-respecting, thoughtful, and industrious people. They were ready to oblige a stranger, and they did not expect a penny or a shilling, as an Englishman or Irishman does when he has obliged a stranger.

I see that careful students of the position now say that the class of people in administration in Spain, the people who make and

JUAN F. RIAÑO

unmake ministries and dynasties, are more absolutely separate from what I call the rank and file than anywhere else in the world. I had a suspicion of this when I was in Spain.

At the same time, I observed that the circulation of the daily newspapers in Madrid was as large as that in Boston, the two cities being of about the same size. They were bitter and violent in their satire and in their attacks on each other. I think there were three bright and well-illustrated comic dailies, each with a large colored cartoon. Here, I think, was the tribute to the people who could not read. I suppose that the proportion of people who can read is much larger in Madrid than in the nation at large.

Sagasta was at the helm in 1882, as he is now. I find that I wrote of him then, "If you trusted the newspapers, you would say that there is only one man in Spain, or possibly two, who wanted Sagasta to stay in—that this one was Sagasta himself—that the other was possibly his confidential private secretary. You would say that everybody else was wild to have such an absurd pretender pushed from his throne, and every morning you would be sure that he would fall before the next day, and would be at once forgotten."

But at the same time I wrote, "As it seems to me, Sagasta is one of the ablest men in Europe, and I think the King has as high an opinion of Sagasta as any of us can form. . . . And I think the King is a remarkable young man, and that if he can hold on for five years longer, as he has for the last eight, he will be counted, not only as one of the wisest sovereigns in Europe, but as one of the wisest of the nineteenth century."

This, so far as the young King goes, is very strong; it now seems absurd. But one hopes so much from young kings! and this fine fellow—that he was at least—died when he was not thirty-one. The first story any one told you of him, when I was in Spain, was this: that when he was asked to take the crown, after the Republic of Castelar had broken down, he said, "Yes, I will come if you wish. Only, when you want me to go, tell me so, and I will go. Remember, all along, that I am the first Republican in Europe."

Of the young King, Lowell himself gives his opinion in this anecdote:

"On Saturday, the 26th [of October, 1878], the King received the felicitations of the diplomatic body. Among other things, he said to me, 'I almost wish he had hit me, I am so tired.' Indeed, his position is a trying one, and I feel sure that if he were allowed more freely to follow his own impulses and to break through the hedge of etiquette which the conservative wing of the restoration have planted between him and his people, his natural qualities of character and temperament would make him popular."

To us in America it is interesting to remember that the governess of this young king, who made so favorable an impression in his short reign of eleven years, was one whom we may call an American lady. That is to say, Madam Calderon, to whom the important charge of the education of this prince was intrusted, was the wife and afterward the widow of Calderon de la Barca, a distinguished Spanish diplomatist. She was Miss Fanny Inglis, born in Scotland, the granddaughter of Colonel Gardner, of Preston Pans. In her youth she removed to Boston with her sister, Mrs. McLeod, and there was a teacher in her sister's school. She was a very brilliant, conscientious, and agreeable person, and as the wife of Calderon de la Barca when he was Spanish Minister to the United States, and afterwards in Mexico, made, as she deserved, a wide circle of friends. She had the charge of this prince as soon as he needed a governess, and of his sisters. The Spanish Government showed its appreciation of her services by presenting

to her a beautiful home, above the Alhambra, in Granada, where many of her old American friends subsequently visited her. She died in the Royal Palace at Madrid, in the winter of 1881–1882.

Of Lowell's own life of nearly three years in Madrid, he says himself, in a private note, that the Secretary of Legation whom he found there says that it is the hardest-worked Legation in Europe.

I have myself known personally five or six gentlemen who have held the position, and all of them have given me the same impression. I remember one of these gentlemen told me that he was still at work on a claim that Mr. Fish sent to Mr. Sickles, our Minister in Spain, the dispatch to which I have referred, "If Spain cannot redress these outrages, the United States will."

Why was Spain let off then? It seems such a pity now. A short shrift then would have saved two or three hundred thousand lives which have been lost in the barbarism of Spanish administration since. Whoever will read the complicated correspondence of that year will see that General Grant exercised the utmost forbearance. Spain was at that moment a republic: what American wanted to crush a poor little European republic which could hardly hold its head above water?

THE PALACE OF LA GRANJA

which one of our captains had against the Spanish Government for interference with his vessel ten years before. The *mañana* policy had dragged the thing along so far. So that in that Legation one had to keep in mind the history of half a dozen Spanish dynasties.

At this moment, writing when we are in war with Spain and the plaza of Santiago de Cuba is again historical, it is impossible not to go back a quarter of a century. At that time the Governor of Santiago shot, without trial, in that plaza, fifty-four men, most of them American citizens. They had been captured in the Virginius, a filibustering steamer; but according to any law of any nation which pretended to any civilization, they deserved and should have received trial. It was then The gentlemen in authority in Madrid descended to the most pathetic petitions that they might be excused—if only this time we would let them off from what they deserved, no such barbarism should ever be tolerated again. The Minister of Foreign Affairs would come over himself to the American Legation to plead a postponement of justice. At the end Spain promised to pension the families of the people her viceroy had murdered. So General Grant gave way, and when, four years after, Mr. Lowell arrived, it was his duty to show that we had forgiven, and were trying to forget.

Of the foreign dispatches from our Ministers, our Government means to print only that which is wholly harmless in future diplomacy.

There is, therefore, but little of Lowell's in print which bears upon the questions most interesting now. But once and again he says that, when the Spanish Government had paid something which it owed, the Foreign Minister would beg that notice might be taken of it, as showing their friendly wish to do their duty when they could.

Here is a little scrap, unimportant enough in itself, but fairly pathetic now in its open confession by a Spanish Minister of the power for reserve or deception which such a Minister has—or thinks he has.

In inclosing it Lowell says:

(April 2, 1878.) "The interpellation of General Salamanca may either indicate that there is some doubt in the mind of the party to which he belongs as to the complete pacification of Cuba, or that he thought it a good topic about which to ask a question that might be embarrassing to the Ministry. The answer of Señor Canovas admits, as you will see, that armed resistance still exists, and seems to imply even more than it admits. I am not sure that it would be safe to draw any inference from this, as Señor Canovas has, from the first, shown great discretion and reserve with regard to the recent events and Cuba." . . .

(Inclosure) "Señor Canovas. . . . For the rest, the Government, in fact, knows concerning the internal condition of Cuba, concerning the preliminaries of capitulation, and concerning other points, more than it has hitherto had occasion to lay before the members of this body. But this is not what I said before; I did not say that the Government had not more information on this than it had communicated to Congress, for if that were the case I should not have had occasion to suggest what I have suggested. . . . Concerning what preceded the capitulation, concerning the capitulation itself, concerning what the Government expects after the capitulation, concerning what it believes will result from the capitulation, concerning the possible length of the war, concerning the reasons the Government has for hoping what it may hope and fearing what it may fear—the Government has its own knowledge and thinks it inopportune, at present, to enter into discussion. But concerning the fact of the forces which have submitted, concerning what remains to be done in the way of pacification, the Government has no kind of secret."

Señor Canovas was the Minister who was murdered last year.

KING AMADEUS

With such cares, and in such difficult surroundings, Lowell spent the close of 1877 and the years 1879 and 1880. He was then summoned, very unexpectedly, to transfer his residence to London as United States Minister to England.

In the meantime, with his astonishing power of work, he not only attended curiously well to the work of the Legation, but had devoted himself sedulously to the study of the Spanish language and literature. His private letters have the most amusing and interesting references to such studies. When he was presented to the King, he made his speech in English, the King answered him in Spanish, then came forward and exchanged a few compliments in French. But very soon it appears that he was determined not to be dependent on any interpreter, or on the accomplishment of any of the foreign officers with whom he had to do. "I am turned school-boy again, and have a master over me once more—a most agreeable man, Don Herminegildo Giner de los Rios, who comes to me every morning at nine o'clock for an hour. We talk Spanish together (he doesn't understand a word of English), and I work hard at translation and the like." And again: "This morning I wrote a note to one of the papers here, in which my teacher found only one word to change.

THE PALACE AT MADRID

Wasn't that pretty well for a boy of my standing?"

This he writes to his daughter and to Miss Norton: "I like the Spaniards, and find much that is only too congenial in their genius for to-morrow. I am working now at Spanish as I used to work at Old French—that is, all the time, and with all my might. I mean to know it better than they do themselves, which is not saying much. . . . This is the course of my day: get up at eight; from nine, sometimes till eleven, my Spanish professor; at eleven breakfast, at twelve to the Legation, at three home again and a cup of chocolate, then read the paper and write Spanish till a quarter to seven, at seven dinner, and at eight drive in an open carriage in the Prado till ten, to bed twelve to one."

He writes to a friend in 1878 that he found that the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs sometimes smoked a pipe in the secrecy of home "I was sure he must be blistering his tongue with Spanish mundungus, and sent him a package of mine. He writes to say, 'It is the best I ever smoked in my life; I had no idea there was anything so good.' So I sent him yesterday ten more packages, and have promised to keep his pipe full for so long as I am here."

Of his own work in his vocation as diplomatist he says: "I am beginning to feel handier in my new trade, but I had a hard row to hoe at first. All alone, without a human being I had ever seen before in my life, and with unaccustomed duties, feeling as if I were beset with snares on every hand, obliged to carry on the greater part of my business in a strange tongue, it was rather trying for a man with so sympathetic and sensitive a temperament as mine, and I don't much wonder the gout came upon me like an armed man. Three attacks in five months! But now I begin to take things more easily. Still, I don't like the business much, and feel that I am wasting my time. Nearly all I have to do neither enlists my sympathies much nor makes any call on my better faculties. I feel, however, as if I were learning something, and I dare say I shall find I have when I get back to my own chimney-corner again. I like the Spaniards, with whom I find many natural sympathies in my own nature, and who have had a vast deal of injustice done them by this commercial generation. They are still Orientals to a degree one has to live among them to believe. But I think they are getting on. The difficulty is that they don't care about many things

that we are fools enough to care about, and the balance in the ledger is not so entirely satisfactory to them as a standard of morality as to some more advanced nations. They employ inferior races (as the Romans did) to do their intellectual drudgery for them, their political economy, scholarship, history, and the like. But they are advancing even on these lines, and one of these days—but I won't prophesy. Suffice it that they have plenty of brains, if ever they should condescend so far from their *hidalguia* as to turn them to advantage. They get a good deal out of life at a cheap rate, and are not far from wisdom, if the old Greek philosophers who used to be held up to us as an example knew anything about the matter."

It must have been a joy to Mr. Evarts, in the Department of State at home, to read Lowell's dispatches when they came. It is reserved for those who have the inner keys to the inner bureau of the Department to read them all; but here are some passages which have been printed in the Government reports—because harmless—which make one understand why he was sent to England when there was a vacancy there:

(February 6, 1878.) "In these days of newspaper enterprise, when everything that happens, ought to happen, or might have happened is reported by telegraph to all quarters of the world, the slow-going dispatch-bag can hardly be expected to bring anything very fresh or interesting in regard to a public ceremonial which, though intended for political effect, had little political significance. The next morning, frames of fireworks are not inspiring, unless to the moralist; and Madrid is already quarreling over the cost and mismanagement of a show for the tickets to which it was quarreling a week ago."

. . . "Whoever has seen the breasts of the peasantry fringed with charms older than Carthage and relics as old as Rome, and those of the upper classes plastered with decorations, will not expect Spain to become conscious of the nineteenth century and ready to welcome it in a day."

. . . "A nation which has had too much glory and too little good housekeeping." . . .

Here is the pathetic account of the young Queen's death. She was the first wife of Alfonso XII. The present Queen Regent (the Austrian) is the second:

(July 3, 1878.) "Groups gathered and talked in undertone. About the palace there was a silent crowd day and night, and there could be no question that the sorrow was universal and profound. On the last day I was at the palace just when the poor girl was dying. As I crossed the great interior courtyard, which was perfectly empty, I was startled by a dull roar not unlike that of vehicles in a great city. It was reverberated and multiplied by the huge cavern of the palace court. At first I could see nothing that accounted for it, but presently found that the arched corridors all around the square were filled, both on the ground floor and the first story, with an anxious crowd, whose eager questions and answers, though subdued to the utmost, produced the strange thunder I had heard. It almost seemed for a moment as if the palace itself had become vocal.

. . . "The match was certainly not popular, nor did the bride call forth any marks of public sympathy. The position of the young Queen was difficult and delicate, demanding more than common tact and discretion to make it even tenable, much more influential. On the day of her death the difference was immense. Sorrow and sympathy were in every heart and on every face. By her good temper, good sense, and womanly virtues, the girl of seventeen had not only endeared herself to those immediately about her, but had become an important factor in the destiny of Spain. I know very well what divinity doth hedge royal personages, and how truly legendary they become even during their lives, but it is no exaggeration to say that she had made herself an element of the public welfare, and that her death is a national calamity. Had she lived she would have given stability to the throne of her husband, over whom her influence was wholly for good. She was not beautiful, but the cordial simplicity of her manner, the grace of her bearing, her fine eyes, and the youth and purity of her face, gave her a charm that mere beauty never attains."

We may call this dispatch the first version of his sonnet:

DEATH OF QUEEN MERCEDES

Hers all that Earth could promise or bestow,
Youth, Beauty, Love, a crown, the beckoning years,
Lids never wet, unless with joyous tears,
A life remote from every sordid woe,
And by a nation's swelled to lordlier flow.
What lurking-place, thought we, for doubts or fears
When, the day's swan, she swam along the cheers
Of the Alcalá, five happy months ago?

The guns were shouting Io Hymen then
That, on her birthday, now denounce her doom;
The same white steeds that tossed their scorn of men
To-day as proudly drag her to the tomb.
Grim jest of fate! Yet who dare call it blind,
Knowing what life is, what our humankind?

Early in 1880 Lowell received unexpectedly a request, from the Department of State, that he would represent the Nation in England. He writes to his daughter the following interesting account of his transfer:

Day before yesterday I was startled with a cipher telegram. My first thought was, "Row in Cuba! I shall have no end of bother!" It turned out to be this: "President has nominated you to England [this President was Hayes]. He regards it as essential to the public service that you should accept and make your personal arrangements to repair to London as early as may be. Your friends whom I have conferred with concur in this view."

Then Mr. Lowell says that he was afraid of its effect on Mrs. Lowell, who was recovering from a long and desperate illness; but she was pleased, and began to contrive how he might accept. He goes on, "I answered, 'Feel highly honored by President's confidence. Could accept if allowed two months' delay. Impossible to move or leave my wife sooner.'"

When I was in Madrid they told this story, which I think was true. The two months' delay did not prove necessary. Just at this juncture poor Mrs. Lowell was confined to her bed, and had been for some time. It happened that a candle set fire to the curtains. The attendants fell on their knees to implore the assistance of the Holy Mother, but Mrs. Lowell sprang up and herself took the direction of the best methods for extinguishing the flames. So soon as nurses and others could be brought into shape, it proved that the adventure had not been an injury to their mistress, but rather an advantage. The doctor was summoned at once, and within a very short time was able to say that Mrs. Lowell could be removed to Lisbon and so by steamer to England. Mr. Lowell was said to have telegraphed at once to Washington that he could transfer his residence immediately, as he was asked to do. Accordingly, by a well-contrived and convenient arrangement, the invalid was taken by rail to Lisbon or Oporto, thence by steamer to England, and arrived there, with her husband, with no unfavorable results to her health.

MERCEDES, QUEEN OF SPAIN

In this sketch of Mr. Lowell's life in Madrid I have not attempted, and indeed have not been able, to introduce even the names of the friends in whose society Mr. Lowell took pleasure while in Spain. But American scholars, and indeed the scholars of the world have been so much indebted to Señor Don Pascual de Gayangos, whose recent death has been so widely regretted, that I ought not to close this chapter without referring to him.

This gentleman is another of the distinguished men born in 1809. In early life he studied in France. He visited England and married an English lady. When he was but twenty-two years of age he held a subordinate place in the administration at Madrid. He returned to England while yet a young man, and resided there. Articles of his will be found in the "Edinburgh Review" at that time. After the Oriental Society published a translation by him of "Almakkari's History," he was appointed Professor of Arabic in Madrid. He had studied Arabic under De Sacy. Every American student in Spain for the last half-century has been indebted to his courtesy, and, I may say, to his authority in Spain.

[To be continued in the November Magazine Number.]

EVENING AT CAMP

Life at Willett's Point

By Albert Scott Cox

Company G, Twenty-second Regiment, U. S. V.

THE blue cloud-lid of morning slowly rises, and the yellow-eyed day peeps over the horizon. What does it see? Nothing alive but the tired-footed sentinel. Barracks are sleeping, tents are sleeping—sleeping laboriously, grunting, roaring, wheezing like tired brutes. Suddenly the bugle-call breaks the snoring chorus, and twenty mouths in every conical tent swear at the interruption. Four hundred toes that all night long have been trying to occupy the same place at the same time squirm reluctantly around the center tent-pole, and at last, with a sudden rush, carry their disgruntled owners into line, with shoe-strings trailing, while the bugle seems to repeat those tormenting words: "Can't get 'em up, can't get 'em up, can't get 'em up in the morning." Morning is out of time, the soldiers declare, as they dress while running to answer "Here;" but the limping sentinel thought that night had settled forever.

The bugle-call at Willett's Point brings artillerymen and engineers of the regulars and the separated companies of the New York Twenty-second into line, and over the water comes the call that arouses those of the Twenty-second at Forts Slocum and Schuyler.

The tents have replaced the water-soaked straw of Camp Black with wooden floors, which furnish an unenviable bed. With the men in the barracks, Company G, commanded by Captain Dayton, and those detailed for service with the engineers, it is different. They are fairly reveling in comforts, and rise from their little cots and mattresses, and from between sheets, with a cheerful yawn and go to their bath-tubs for hot or cold water, and sit in their new mess-hall with all its modern conveniences, and nod and wink at their neighbor, and say, "Hey, Bill, ain't it a snap?"

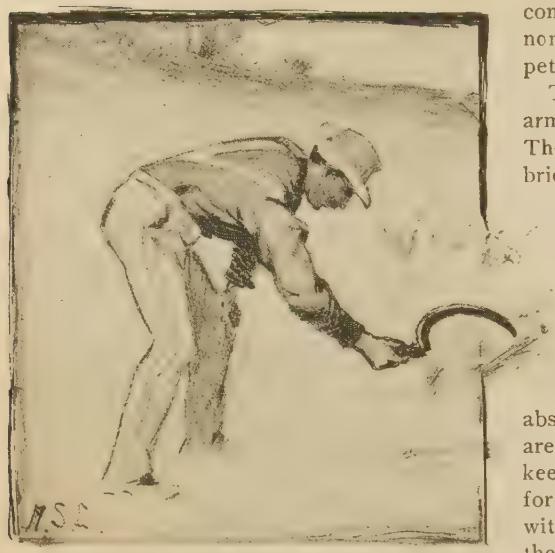
It is in this hall that the magic pitcher pours forth its varied drinks. In civil life the waiter is known as Mr. T. Wetherby Brummell, but this week, detailed for the kitchen, in his working trousers and undershirt, he is only Bill. He is extremely gracious and servile, when he doesn't forget himself and scale a plate of beans the length of the table. He comes and goes, doubling like a jackknife. The mellow tone of his voice suggests how greatly concerned he is for the comfort of all, but those gray and greasy cups tell us that Bill is a monstrous hypocrite. He lavishly offers to pour from the magic pitcher chocolate, tea, or coffee, ice-cool lemonade or claret punch; and so the thirsty soldier orders what he likes to please his fancy, but drinks the same old "boot-leg."

When the malicious Bill has finished rubbing his palms and talking of salmon and green peas, roast lamb and mint sauce, turkey capon, and fricasseed humming-birds' wings, he adds bacon to the list, and the discreet soldier faces a piece of oozing fat with greater effort than he would a Spaniard.

The great horror of the soldier here is police and special detail. The man who came from sedentary life, burning with martial ardor, finds himself cooling when detailed to drive the ice-cart from door to door, washing and delivering his load to soldiers' cottages, officers' homes, to camps and kitchen barracks. It may be he whiles away the time scrubbing floors or greasy pans, or assists the post carpenter, or does chores for the baker, or sweeps the streets, or mows the lawn, or guards prisoners at work with fixed bayonet and gun loaded. Before a private has recovered from his surprise at finding himself a stevedore, he is in the coal business, driving his little cart over the post at a rate that permits of meditation.

There are the pontoon boats to be loaded on carts for service in distant lands, and old army wagons, with honorable bullet-wounds of the Civil War, to be again moved out for the service of their country. Now and then one finds a lad who thinks his fate worse than that of any special detail. He could not stand steadily in the ranks, and again he marches in the awkward squad of recruits, until he would not turn his head to see "the greatest show on earth." There's Jack, who drilled an hour by himself and did not like it. He pulled the trigger at the command "Recover," disgraced the volley-firing, and paid the penalty.

The occasional return of troops from the



SOME FIELD WORK

South or from the front, withered veterans, some with a ghastly yellow pallor on their sunken cheeks, brings vividly to mind the frightful ravages of war. The spirit of the drum-major is irresistible; he is filled with delight as he leads these wasted, tottering men as heroes through the gate. The well-groomed guard drawn up in line come to present arms, and the rifles of the dusty, tired travelers fall to a port as they salute. From all spectators a shrill cry greets the returning company—seemingly a small reward for battered frames and ruined health. Some have another reward. It is a ride from the station; but they take it in an ambulance.

A sick man is cured for a moment when passing the guard-house. He recognizes an old friend, and up comes his weather-beaten, fever-stricken face. A proud smile, that the neglected beard cannot hide, replaces the dull look of exhaustion. Half gayly, he exclaims, "What do you think of her, Bob? How does *she* strike your eye?" The "she" referred to is led a captive in the rear. She was born in Spain, but now follows the column meekly enough into Willett's Point. "She" is silent and sullen now, but she spoke in anger near Santiago, and threw nails and broken shells at the Cuban invaders. Her fit of temper caused the loss of five men of the Thirty-third Michigan Regiment and the wounds of many others. Veterans and recruits gather eagerly around her and look down her bronze throat that will probably never roar again. What a toy she is, though, compared with the monstrous modern cannon that look out to sea over these parapets!

The greatest pleasure offered on an army post is the privilege of absence. The proximity of the city permits of a brief relief now and then from the monotony of the life. It is an unwritten law that the man who returns from these visits shall not mention in the dormitory or tent the delicious dishes he has eaten; for a violation of this law he will be beaten silent with pillows or stormed with shoes. One who wears a uniform on leave of absence knows that the American people are fond of their soldiers. He feels the keen interest all have in them when he for the first time walks through the street with his uniform. Nearly every one reads the device upon his hat and surveys him from head to foot as though eager to know to what branch of the service he belongs. In America a soldier is a novelty. For more than a generation he has been an unfamiliar object. The public are curious to know the details of his life, and shower questions upon him. Children beg for a button from his coat, grandmother inquires tenderly for the welfare of her grandson whom she says has gone to war; yet it may be these soldiers

AN AMATEUR ICEMAN

have never met. Sometimes brass buttons will win a smile that would have been lost in civilian's dress. Many a loafer and many a toper warms to the soldier, gives his hand, and offers a drink. Now and then a soldier's money is refused.

There are many little offerings from humble sources that show the regard in which the service is held. When an Italian fruit-vender looks at the uniform and from his little store gives twenty for a dozen, it is a touching tribute.

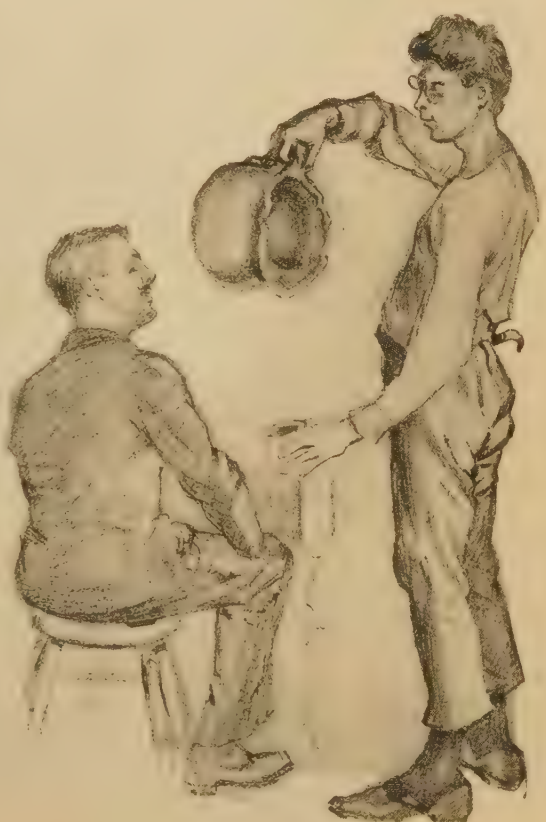
A camp is an incubator for rumors. When rumor 341,123 came gliding over the garrison, one man regretted to hear that we were at once to leave our comfortable barracks; but the next fellow, who could never be coaxed or driven to work, and who carries his back like an interrogation point, told some lady visitors, in his most affected and *blasé* tone, that this lazy life was killing him.

So the day goes by with work, drill, and idleness, and the boys toe the line at dress parade again, looking their best, boots and buttons shining. Officers are a credit to their commands in their becoming uniforms. A conspicuous figure in the field is the drum-major.

Down the line he comes with feet that seem to scorn the earth, stepping with an air of magical magnificence possible only for a drum-major. At the firing of the cannon down goes the flag. Companies spring to attention, and for a moment the dull routine and drudgery of the daily life is forgotten. With a thrill the thought passes along the line that it is all for the service of the Stars and Stripes. The sacrifice is great to many an officer and many a private, though not a gun is fired. Each night at this hour from the field music comes "The Star-Spangled Banner," which recalls the soldier's pledge. Spectators with uncovered heads join in the spirit of the moment. Now night comes stealing over the garrison, men find their way into the canteen to wet their throats after the double-quick that surprised them at dress parade, and they try to prove with many words that all made errors at drill except themselves, and why the line was bad. Some wander outside the gate to sit on the hotel veranda, mingling with the civilians and fancying, perhaps, that they are at a summer resort, which Willett's Point resembles, with its pleasant nooks and groves. Sometimes soldiers drink this hotel by the water dry, but these adventures are near pay-day. Wait awhile, and you will see whole companies of thirsty men, and tents full of them planning a dinner and torturing their appetites with their imagination.

Who are these men who have offered themselves as targets for foreign bullets and to endure conditions that are privations to the meanest of them? The volunteer represents all grades of life: clerk, student, stevedore, and professor are there. They are but a handful of humanity, picked at random from the world, often linked only by one sentiment—the desire to support the authority of our country.

There are individuals who do not represent a class, who came into the service because they had nowhere else to go, and, when not standing rigidly at the command attention, they will beg for a loan of a quarter or a chew of tobacco from reveille to taps. It matters not in the least from what class of society the volunteer comes, if the foundation of his character is sturdy manhood, good



THE MAGIC PITCHER

fellowship is maintained with all; but there is trouble in store for the pretender. The continual and enforced contact permits of careful analysis of individuals—they are sifted one by the other until their true worth is found.

HEAVY WORK

There is doubtless a pleasant social life at the comfortable homes of the officers, looking over the green parade-ground on one side and the ocean on the other, but there is no novelty in it. You know the workings of a well-ordered conventional community; so I dwell on the daily life of the privates. Bankers and butchers building pontoon bridges, and teachers and horse-jockeys taking them down the next day for drill, is unusual; and so is it unusual to see a plumber working for $15.60 per month. I know, however, a patriotic one who is doing it; but it took the Government of the United States, with over two hundred thousand men in the field, to get these prices. Spain and plumbers' prices fall before Uncle Sam. All privates with a trade or a trick are at his service for $15.60 per month.

The volunteer generally has a home that needs him, and interests that are sacrificed by his absence. The regular makes the army his home. There are those, however, who have lived at this post through the entire term of their service. A hovering uncertainty, however, always flutters around the soldier's future—an unrest that wears upon the mind and makes it catch eagerly at all reports that may bring the truth as to the next move.

The non-commissioned officers and privates who have made this garrison their home for years are worthy citizens, competent soldiers, and alive to patriotic impulses. They received the volunteer regiment quartered upon them in a friendly manner that was appreciated. I am glad to testify to their courtesy.

Willett's Point has been fortunate in having Major Knight for its commander. Volunteer officers and men have realized this. Regulars long in the service feel that he is their friend, and that justice will be given them, whether it is a pleasant reward or punishment that is due. Confronted as the commander is with many problems and endless details, the private has seen that the Major does not forget the comfort of his orderly.

The prettiest hour of the day in camp life is when night first settles over the canvas village, and the lights dimly burning within fall on groups of card-players and story-tellers, who cast huge and absurd shadows. Pipes and cigarettes are spattered over the tent like fireflies. One match starts the spark for endless numbers of smokers. Matches are scarce, like everything else, at the camp, that costs anything; but talk—no one pays for that. Lights go out when Tattoo sounds, but still the stream of talk, chat, chat, chat. There are rumors, numerous as mosquitoes, always rumors, till the last faint note of Taps sends its drowsy echo over camp.

It is a sensitive point with this snoring chorus of the volunteer force that the public still think of them as "tin soldiers," when it is through no fault of theirs that they have never seen the front. They have had their day and night dreams of that hour when they might gladly pay the greatest price for their honor, and of the glory of hard-fought battles.

A Canal-Boat Voyage on the Hudson

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

THE vacation I like best is one that gives me fresh insight into the way people live. If the environment is unusual, so much the better. It is not ease and rest, nor is it mountain scenery or the smell of salt water, that gives me most pleasure, but the chance to live for a time amid new surroundings with those who gain their livelihood by working with their hands. The hand-workers, as contrasted with the brain-workers, possess a peculiar attraction, partly because they are the largest class and make the bone and sinew of every nation, partly because they are comparatively unartificial and have a never-failing smack of picturesqueness that grows naturally out of their habits and surroundings.

Ever since I have known the Hudson as a real live river and not simply as a crooked streak on the map, I have had the wish for a closer acquaintance with the life on the canal-boats, whose long, lazy tows are one of the stream's notable features. Each evening, in the warm-weather months, a tow of these deep-laden craft just out from the Erie Canal leaves Albany for New York. The Hudson in its journey to the sea makes barely eight miles a day. It is too slow even for the canal-boats, and they always make the trip back and forth in the wake of a steam vessel. As you look from the shores you see people on the boats, you see little cabins at the sterns with stove-pipes sticking out of the roofs, and you see many lines of washing flying. The tows, indeed, are floating villages, and there is a touch of romance about them that stirs the gypsy blood in one at once.

At any rate, with me, the impulse to go was very strong. Here was the chance to see a novel phase of life, and that amid the famous scenery of the Hudson. If the canal-boat folk would take me, I would make one trip down the river, at least

It was late in the afternoon, and I was in Albany wandering along the wharves. The day was dull, and, to a stranger, the high, rusty warehouses and breweries flanking the river were depressing. A number of canal-boats were moored along shore, some low and snug, some loaded high with an unwieldy bulk of lumber or hay. There was not much going on aboard them—just two or three men in sight doing odd jobs about the decks, and a woman in a pink waist standing at a cabin door and looking out on the river. The only attention I got was from a lad dozing on a cabin roof, who, at sight of my valise, roused up and asked what I was peddling. Things were equally quiet on the wharves. A few boys and men were loitering about, but there was no stir, no activity, not even in the vicinity of the frequent corner saloons.

I was half wishing to give up the trip, when three canal-boats arrived from up the river, and the tug in charge pushed them in to the wharf near where I stood. I spoke with a man who jumped on shore with a rope, and he pointed out one of the rough, sunburned workingmen on the boats and said that was the "captain"—he was the man who owned the three boats, and if I wanted to go to New York he was the one to talk with.

The captain, who in dress and looks was no different from his fellows, proved friendly, and was perfectly willing I should go down the Hudson on his vessels. I offered to pay my fare, but he said "No" emphatically, and added: "I don't want any money. It's no trouble. Most of my crew left when we got to the end of the canal, and there's room enough. But you'll have to take things as they are. I can't answer for what your bed ll be. Like enough it isn't fit for you, and then again it may be all right. It's just as the men left it, and they're sometimes pretty dirty fellows."

But I could go. That was a relief, for the uncertainty of ways and means when one is starting out on such an expedition always keeps one's spirits at a low ebb. I did not worry much over possible hardships.

"I don't know how you'll manage about your meals," the captain continued. "Usually I have my wife and children along, but this time I've got a housekeeper. My wife took sick last month and she stayed at home this trip; so I had to get Mrs. Libbey to cook and tend to the other work, and I don't know

DINNER!

how she'll feel about taking a boarder. Perhaps she'll think she has enough to do now. You'll have to fix that with her. The best way is to speak to her yourself when you find her out on deck. If she don't want the job, why, you can get all you want to eat to-morrow from the bumboats."

With this the captain turned to his work. I did not want to run the risk of going hungry till to-morrow and leave the chance of getting something then to the "bumboats," whatever those might be. So I went on shore and visited a meager little grocery not far away, where I bought a supply of cookies and a can of salmon. With these I thought I could hold body and soul together the entire trip if necessary.

The weather was threatening, and evening

came early. Lanterns were lit on the boats, and lights twinkled out one by one all about the river and along the shores. Presently a horn blew, and the captain and the two men, "Duncan" and "Hugh," who made up the river crew, strolled down into Mrs. Libbey's cabin on the best boat to have supper. I was on the point of going after my can of salmon and bag of cookies when the captain reappeared and invited me to come in and eat with the others. He said he had fixed things with Mrs. Libbey, and I could pay her for my board whatever I saw fit when we reached New York.

I preferred to be one of the family, and I followed the captain's lead and crooked myself down into the cabin. The ceiling barely missed one's head, the walls were honeycombed with cupboards and drawers, and there was a folding bed in one corner and a cook-stove in another. The floor was covered with oilcloth, and the whole place was neat and orderly. The table filled the middle of the room. Most of the chairs were nothing but backless campstools that could be closed up and tucked away when not in use. The table was not so large but that everything on it could be reached without much stretching, and I was invited to draw up and help myself. We had beans, meat, potato, bread and butter, crackers, and tea. The fare right through the voyage was plain and coarse, but not unwholesome. The canal-boat people were inclined to neglect their forks as conveyances for food, and each reached his own knife to the butter-plate from time to time. However, these things are not peculiar to canal-boats. We four men left little spare room at the table, and Mrs. Libbey sat back near the stove and chatted, and saw that our cups were kept filled with tea.

By the time I returned to the deck preparations were being made to start. Dusky figures were moving about here and there on the boats and on the wharves. A short, slouch-hatted man, with much swearing and violence of manner, was making up the tow. There were many lights on the river—yellow, red, and green. Tugs were moving here and there whistling and puffing, and in the hazy air of the half-clouded evening the scene seemed full of movement, mystery, and strange noises.

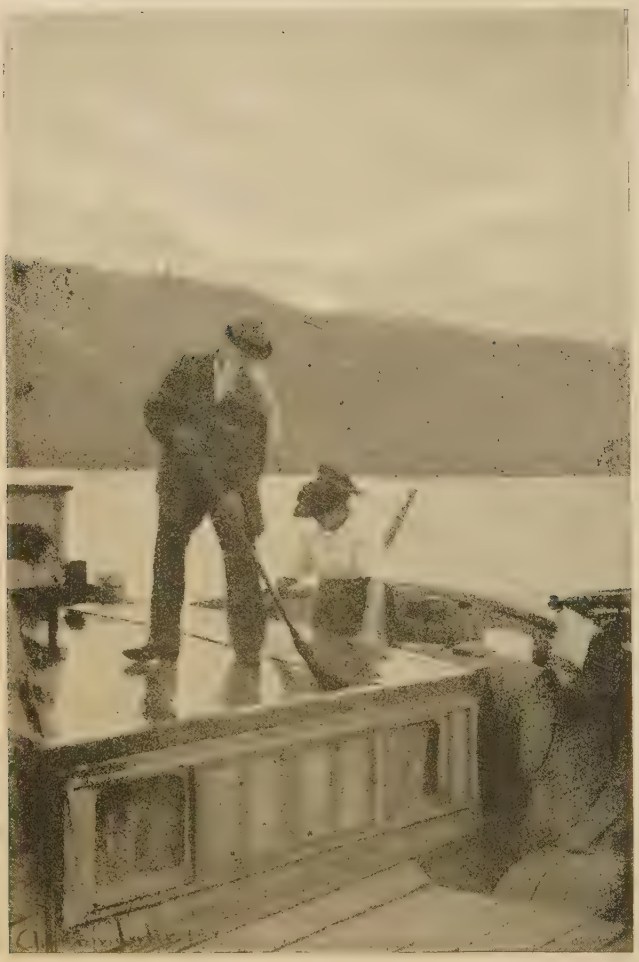
At eight a great steamer just starting for New York left its pier a quarter of a mile above, and its mountain of lights drifted down past us. Except for the tall smoke-stacks towering above the pile, its size and its wealth of glow and glitter made it seem, as seen from the humble canal-boats, a veritable "floating palace." On an upper deck was a search-light peering about with its one eye, flashing its bit of vivid illumination now on this side the river, now on the other, bringing out the color and form of all it touched with astonishing clearness amid the surrounding night. As soon as the steamer reached the open river its engines began to pant, and it soon vanished on its swift course southward.

Shortly afterwards the shore-lines of our tow of canal-boats were cast loose, and we too were on our way down the river. But ours was not the easy flight of the brilliant passenger-boat that preceded us. Our long, clumsy tow was being dragged through the gray evening gloom by a single stout steamer, and the blunt, deep-laden canal-boats plowed their way through the dun waters very heavily. In our rear the sparkle of the city lights slowly faded, and the glows in home windows on the wooded shores grew fewer and farther between. Responsibility for the night was now past, and it was not long before everybody turned in.

Our tow included between thirty and forty boats, made up in tiers of four abreast. The boats in each tier were snug together, and though they sometimes swung apart a foot or two, there was never much difficulty in stepping from one to the other. The captain I had adopted owned three of the boats in our tier, and the odd one was in charge of an elderly Frenchman, his wife, two dogs, and a cat.

I had a bunk in a little cabin at the rear of the middle one of our three boats. This cabin was a kind of storeroom—a catch-all for every sort of rubbish. Here were pieces of harness, cast-off clothing, rags, tools, bolts, kerosene cans, a tub of paint, etc. It had various odors, and these were not improved when Duncan, my fellow-roomer, lit a stout tin lamp and turned it low to burn all night. The apartment was mostly below decks, and as for ventilation, one could about as well have slept in a dry-goods box with the cover on.

My bunk looked short, but there proved to be a recess in the farther wall where I could stow away my feet. It was a bed without linen, and the coarse blankets and bed-ticking pillow looked so uninviting that I concluded to sleep on top in the clothes I had on. A



SWABBING

calico curtain was strung on a wire along the front of the bunk. This I drew, and, with the dim light of the lamp shining through it, and with the swash of the water around the stern of the boat in my ears, I went to sleep. On the whole, things were very quiet, and, though the boat rolled a little and now and then softly bumped against its neighbor, the motion was so slight and we slipped along so smoothly that it was hardly different from being on land.

When I clambered out on deck a little before six the next day, the weather was still dubious, and during the morning we had frequent scuds of rain. Toward noon a thunder-storm came rumbling down on us from the Catskills, but after that the sky showed signs of clearing, and the head wind which had been tossing the waves into white-caps grew quieter.

Right after breakfast Mrs. Libbey had cleared everything out of her cabin that could be cleared out, set up her washtub, and gone to washing. I suppose every other woman on the tow did likewise. The first day on the Hudson is always washing day, for on the second day the boats are in salt water, which sets back a hundred miles up the river. In the brighter spells between showers, clothes-lines had been set up on the decks and a few garments swung on them; but with the first streak of sunshine after the thunder-storm, tubs were brought up to the open air, the clothes-lines filled, and surplus garments were spread all about. The boats with all this bunting had quite a gala air.

The first work of the day for the men was to feed and care for the horses, which were in low stable-cabins at the bow of the boats. The trip back and forth on the Hudson and the stay in New York are vacation for the horses. In spite of the narrowness of their quarters, they seemed contented enough, yet it moved one's pity to see their galled shoulders. The horses would cringe and plunge when the men touched their sores to wash them or rub on oil. Our fleet carried seven horses. On the canal they worked in two relays, three horses in one and four in the other. The boats kept going night and day, and it was steady work for the horses—six hours on and six hours off for all the week and a half it took to go through the canal. Their shoulders are very tender, and Duncan said, "Some of the horses, after they have had their rest and start in to work again, will rear and kick, and it's all you can do to make 'em buckle down to pull—they're just that mean in disposition. Still, you can't blame 'em. They're just like folks, and a man with a sore toe would act worse 'n they do. You see, their collars are bearing on their shoulders all the time for six hours, and the chafing makes so much heat that, with the sweat, it

scalds them. If they could only stop once in a while and have the collars lifted up, so's to let the air under, they'd be all right."

The horses undoubtedly have a hard time on the tow-path, and it is the destiny of very many of them to be drowned by being dragged into the water by a fouled tow-line. When boats are passing each other, and the line gets caught, unless it is unsnapped at once, in go the horses. Sometimes the owners go in after the horses and try to cut them loose, but it is dangerous business.

After the men finished caring for the horses, they turned their attention to cleaning the decks. They dipped up great quantities of water and dashed it all about the premises, and then scoured off everything with their brooms. This is a before-breakfast task of daily recurrence. The plentifulness of the water supply seems to give the canal-boat folk the same mania for scrubbing that the Dutch have in Holland. They used it copiously for everything. When a man washed his face he dipped up a brimming pail for the purpose; and I suppose he would have used another pailful to brush his teeth in, only that is an attention to the toilet generally dispensed with on the canal craft.

The general work of the day consisted in doing odd jobs of tinkering, putting things in order, pumping the water out of boats that leaked, mending harness, etc. But there was plenty of leisure, and there was a great deal of lounging and visiting. Hugh and Duncan found time to attend to various affairs of their own, and to read several chapters in some ragged paper novels. Hugh, just before he settled down to reading, invited me to call on him. He had slicked up the cabin where he slept and had given its atmosphere an individuality of its own by fumigating it with sulphur for the benefit of the cockroaches. Besides, he had scoured or mopped it out after some fashion, and it was so damp and chilly that he now concluded he would start a fire. He had tried to improve the appearance of his rust-coated stove by going over it with kerosene, and when he kindled the fire its oil-soaked surface began to smoke. In the depressions of the covers intended for the insertion of the stove-handle the kerosene had gathered in little pools, and from these slim tongues of flame leaped up. It was a curious-looking stove, and it sent out a curious-smelling smudge, but Hugh took it calmly. He was a great, stout, hardy fellow, not to be disturbed by trifles. He said he was going to the Klondike in the spring, and already could see himself in his mind's eye picking up the gold "nudgets" there.

About ten o'clock in the morning I had a chance to find out what a bumboat was. It

PASSING THE PALISADES

came from some town on the distant shore—a rusty little steamer, not much larger than a good-sized rowboat, peddling vegetables, fruits, butter, milk, and, in the season, ice-cream and bottled drinks. It crept up to us with a slender piping of its infantile whistle, fastened to the front tier of boats, did what trading it could, then cast loose, and, with another announcement of attenuated toots, dropped back to the next tier. Our tow was a little world in itself. These bumboats constituted our only connection with the rest of mankind, and the excitements of the voyage are so few that their visits were always welcome. The bumboats make the tows their chief source of income, but they also do trading along the wharves of their home towns and of villages neighboring.

Each tier of the tow is separated from that in front and behind by six or eight feet of water. The space is spanned by a few strands of rope, but this makes so slight a connection that sociability with neighbors who precede or follow is to a large extent cut off. A man, if he chooses, can put one leg over a rope and hitch himself across the vacancy, but not many attempt this. Our captain was the only one I saw do it. I don't suppose there was any special danger, but I would prefer to have something else below me than that turmoil of water if I were to follow his example. He had put on a dress coat right after dinner, and crossed the rope, and spent half the afternoon roosted on a cabin roof talking with Captain Jones, who owned two boats in the tier ahead of us.

Our social intercourse was mostly with the old Frenchman and his wife, who owned the rusty ice-boat in our tier. Our folks visited with them back and forth by the hour. His strong point was politeness, and hers talkativeness. They did a great deal of scrubbing during the day, and in the afternoon, when there was danger of running short of material to exercise their scrubbing energy on, the wife brought out a rug of Brussels carpeting and laid it on the cabin roof. The husband looked at her doubtfully out of the corner of his eye when she poured a pail of water over it. Then she rubbed on soap and scoured it in with a brush, and next squeezed the water out with a bit of wood. After that she began at the beginning again, with the pouring on of water, and so she continued, as if bent on wearing the rug out. The man saw his roof getting dirty, and mounted it with his broom, and swept it almost as assiduously as his wife scoured the carpet. Now and then he would pause and look at her speculatively, as if it was beyond his ken what his wife's real intentions were with regard to that carpet. Once he inquired, mildly, if it wouldn't get dirty again, and she said yes, it would be just as bad as ever in a week. At this the man looked a shade downcast, but he did not venture to question the wisdom of the labor. His wife scolded him well from time to time for his clumsiness. He was rather stiff, but he meant well, and I thought she had an exaggerated idea of his incapacity. He had a placating tone and a placating manner, but it was apparently all lost on the woman.

It is not simply men who live on the tows, but whole families, from babies up to grandmothers; and it seemed to me that, being always on the water, they were subject to peculiar dangers. I asked Duncan about this. It was in one of the morning showers, and he had got a pailful of suds from Mrs. Libbey, and brought it over to our cabin to do some washing. He fixed up a seat, put his dirty garments in the pail, and, after expressing a longing for a washboard, scrubbed the clothes out on his knuckles. He said Mrs. Libbey was willing enough to wash for him, but he didn't want to be beholden to her. "If she did favors for me, I'd have to do 'em for her, and if I shouldn't, why, she'd chin about it somewhere."

In reply to my question, he told how, two years before, two girls lost their lives. "They danced overboard," he said. "There was a fiddle playin' on the tier ahead, and they caught hold of each other for a little waltz, and one of them stepped over the side and clung to the other, and they both went in and were drownded."

When he finished this story, Duncan got up and put his head out of the hatchway. "Come here a minute," said he.

"You see that long, rocky island we're comin' to with the woods on it? Well, it was right about opposite to that I had a child of mine drownded. I owned a boat in those days, and my wife and three children were on board. There was a bumboat come up alongside the outer boat, and I went along ahead with one of the children, and my driver took my little girl, and we were goin' to buy the children some candy; and when the man was steppin' across from one boat to another it must 'a' been the boats pulled apart and he didn't calculate right, and in they went.

HARD AND FAST

I never see it happen, and then I heard some one cry out there was a man overboard. We got the man out, but the girl never rose. She must 'a' went in under the boats.

"You couldn't stop the tow, and I got off on the bumboat and stayed behind. It was eight days before we found the body. She'd be seventeen years old now, if she'd lived. That sickened my wife of boating. She was always afraid we'd be losing our other two children; so I sold out and bought a little ten-acre farm. I got six children now, and my wife thinks we better give 'em some education more'n they could get on the canal, and I earn money summers boating, and she runs the farm with the children, and I guess we'll give 'em some schoolin'. I didn't get much myself. I went on the canal when I

was ten, and after I got boatin' you couldn't dog me off it. Well, I tell you, I get thirty-five dollars a month and board, and it's a steady job. There ain't many things you could do better in."

With this he wrung out the pair of trousers he had been at work on and carried them outside and hung them on the swaying rudder-handle.

There was no pause in our voyage. Night and day alike we continued to toil steadily southward. The steamer dragging us by three sagging tow-ropes was so far on ahead that no sound came to us from it save when it whistled, but we could see the measured sway of its walking-beam, and the water breaking into foam beneath its paddles, and the smoke drifting away from its tall chimneys.

On the morning of the third day, when I looked out soon after sunrise, I found New York in sight, dim in the hazy south. We were passing the last of the Palisades, and I regretted to think that during the night we had gone by much of the river's finest scenery. The most impressive view of the trip was one I had had at Storm King the evening before, and I doubt if the whole length of the river affords anything finer. We had passed Newburg, with its multitude of lights, and I had gone below to while away the evening, when the captain called to me. I had not thought the Highlands so near, and the sight from the deck was a surprise. The river had narrowed, and a rugged mountain shouldered up into the sky on either hand. The full moon sailed among the clouds, and the great cliffs frowning down on our gloomy line of canal-boats were very striking and powerful.

Through the early voyage the shores were monotonous, and, lower down, where we should have seen the blue ranges of the Catskills, the mists shrouded the distance completely. Frequent residences looked out on us from the wooded banks, and now and then we passed a town. Often a great ice-house would loom up at the water's edge, and on both sides of the river were lines of railroad tracks where the trains at close intervals were speeding along, sending out to us the faint rumble of their wheels and the sharp notes of their whistles. These were the chief land features, while the river itself was so vast that until we neared New York the craft on it were so few and far between that it seemed lonely.

REPAIRING THE HARNESS
(A scene on deck.)

We had New York in sight at dawn, but the tide was against us, and it took all the morning to reach our destination at the lower end of the city. The sun shone clear and hot, and the glare of the white paint, added to the heat, made the exposed deck rather uncomfortable. Still, there was a fascination about the approach to the city that made it impossible to stay long in the cabins. The multitude of buildings, the shipping that crowded the miles of wharves and filled

LOOKING UP THE HUDSON

the wide river with the coming and going of vessels of all sorts and sizes, roused us and kept our interest on tiptoe.

One member of our boat's company I had seen little of heretofore, but to-day he was much in evidence. This was a young man who was a passenger like myself, only he was wholly penniless and slept under a manger among the horses. He was a seedy, shiftless-looking fellow, and he had dozed away most of the voyage under the manger. Hugh said the man was "working" his way to New York, but that must have been metaphor, for I never saw him do anything that looked like labor. The day before I had learned that he had had nothing to eat since we left Albany, and that moved me to crawl down into his stable-cabin and offer my cookies and can of salmon. He accepted hungrily, and began to eat at once just where he was, under the manger. This last day he showed more spirit, and was out on deck in the sun watching the city with considerable interest. He talked with the crew freely, and spoke of himself as a "prodigal son." He said his father was a New York broker and a man of wealth. He could imagine him with his arms open to receive him and ready to put a ring on his finger and kill the fatted calf. "It's more likely, though," he added, "that I'm the fatted calf that'll get killed. Still, I haven't bothered the old gent for over a year now, and he ought to be thankful for that."

There was a general effort on the part of the inhabitants of the tow to make a good appearance in our approach to the metropolis. Clothes-lines were taken in; the rough, every-day working garments were changed for better, and most of the men took pains to shave. When you saw them at their best, they were by no means unattractive.

On the whole, I got an agreeable impression of the canal-boat folk. There was a home air about them that was unexpected. They were hard-working and thrifty, and the drinking habit was the exception rather than the rule. It is true the men swore a good deal in their ordinary conversation, but they did it with no air of profanity. It was just an oil to the flow of their remarks. In their feeling it apparently made what they said clearer, and themselves more companionable. The women, too, made free with slang and even rougher expressions, yet they were not without a certain refinement.

Our captain was probably a fair example of the successful canal-boatman. He was an Irish Catholic; had started on the canal as a driver when ten years old. Now, at the age of thirty-five, he owned three boats that were worth on an average $2,000 each, and a fifteen-acre farm. The farm produces hay enough to winter his horses and twenty others, and he values it at $5,000.

There is a rougher element on the canal. These are the "trippers"—men hired as drivers just for the passage through the

canal. They are often hard characters with no more clothes than they wear on their backs, and, as soon as they are paid off, take a vacation and spend all their gains in a spree before they go to work again. But it is only the sober men who ever work up to the ownership of boats.

Most captains pay no attention to Sundays, yet there are those who tie up on the Sabbath and go to church. They will even lose three or four hours of Saturday rather than be where there is no church. But wages go on Sunday the same as week-days, and the average man sees a clear loss of five or six dollars in tying up, and he thinks he can't afford it.

Some of the families winter on their boats lying at the wharves in New York City, and they say they do it very comfortably. Mrs. Libbey told of a friend who tried living in a tenement instead. The family paid eighteen dollars a month rent, and it was a crowded, stifling li tle place, not nearly so good as a canal-boat.

The freighting season lasts from May to December, and in the cold weather the majority of the boat-folk are at their home villages in central New York. They don't work very hard in winter, they said, but just dress well and have a good time. The women, in particular, enjoy the winter. "The summer," said Hugh, "is all rain for them, but the winter is all sunshine."

The men mostly marry girls brought up on the canal, and when they do pick out a city girl they are apt to regret it, for she isn't usually fitted for the life and "can't get to like it."

Noon came, and we were opposite the picturesque jumble of lofty buildings at the lower end of the city. A little later we were making fast to a pier down near the Battery, and I prepared to leave. Personally, I had received only kindness and hospitality on the trip, and the voyage had held so much that was novel and interesting that it was with real regret that I left the canal-boats and became an ordinary landsman once more.

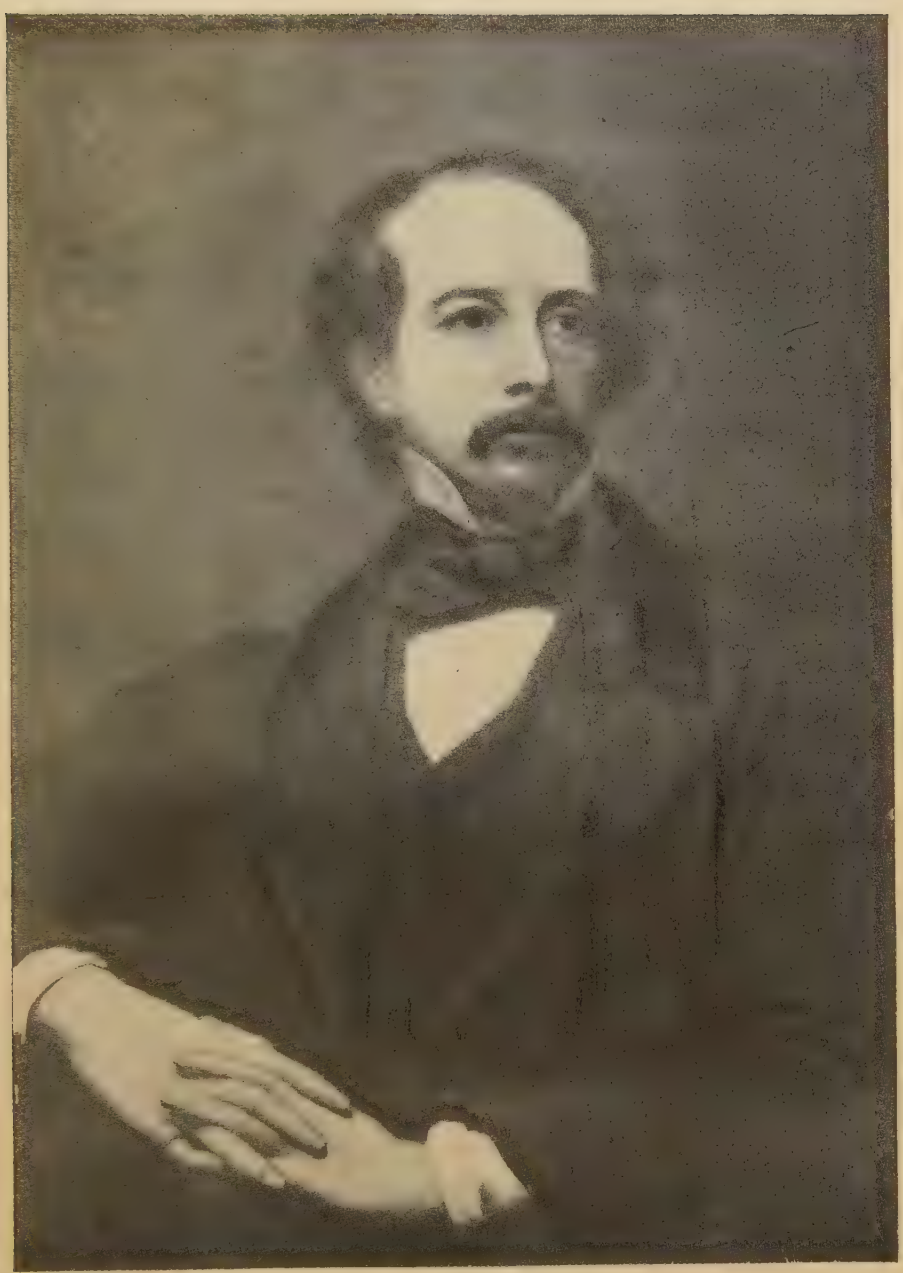
Charles Dickens

By Laurence Hutton

THERE is in existence, somewhere, a copy of "The Christmas Carol" with the following inscription in its author's handwriting: "To W. M. Thackeray, from Charles Dickens, whom he made very happy once, a long way from home."

One who has been made very happy, very many times, at home and abroad, by Dickens, and by Thackeray too, hardly knows, in the limited space at his command here, how to say how happy Dickens has made him, or how much the works of Dickens have influenced his life. "David Copperfield" was the first book he ever read; and nothing in its way, in his estimation, has ever surpassed it. The second book he read was "Pendennis"—they appeared almost simultaneously, when he was a very immature reader indeed—and the young Arthur nearly rivaled the young Trotwood in his affections. Divided in later years between his allegiance to the creator of Agnes and his allegiance to the creator of Laura, as the master of his own guild, he felt for a long time that Thackeray, somehow, in a purely personal way, was the finer character and the nobler man; perhaps because Thackeray once patted him on his little red head, long before he had the good fortune to behold Dickens in the flesh; perhaps because Thackeray had had no John Forster to do him injustice with the best of intentions. But when, in 1891–2, he edited the letters of Dickens to Wilkie Collins, through his reading and re-reading of those familiar notes and epistles, in manuscript, in galley-proof, in page-proof, for magazine and for book form, he became more and more impressed with their charm and their great interest as literature, as well as with the personal charm and even with the personal worth of their writer; and he learned to like the man Dickens better, as he knew him better; and he began to realize that the world itself is better for knowing the better side of a well-known man.

Although Dickens was emphatically an all-round man, he does not seem to have made, as a poet, a lasting impression upon the critics. Mr. Stedman, in his "Victorian Poets," says, "Could Dickens have written verse—an art in which his experiments were, for the most part, utter failures—it would



CHARLES DICKENS

From the portrait by Ary Scheffer in the National Gallery, London.

have been marked by wit and pathos, like Hood's, and by graphic Doresque effects, that have grown to be called melodramatic, and that give a weird strength to 'The Dream of Eugene Aram,' 'The Haunted House,' etc."

Some experiments of Dickens in the way of verse-making which have not been failures altogether are here presented. The first, and the best known, of his rhymes has found a place in Mr. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology." It was written in 1836 or 1837, and it appeared originally in the twelfth chapter of "Pickwick:"

THE IVY GREEN

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the moldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green!

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green!

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green!

The second poem was written in the Album of Lady Blessington, in July, 1843. Mr. Forster, who reproduces it, in a foot-note says that "the lines are quite worth preserving."

A WORD IN SEASON

They have a superstition in the East
That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper:
Holding that any scrap which bears that name
In any characters its front impress'd on,
Shall help the finder thro' the surging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly, they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves—for they are not, like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation;
And, always stooping in the miry ways
To look for matter of this earthly leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters;
And yet, where they who should have oped the door
Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent the Book in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among those pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best High-Churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the virtues in the market-places.
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse
(They curse all other men, and curse each other),
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse,
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

The third experiment is not to be found in Forster's Biography. It was printed in the London "Daily News," with which journal Dickens was then connected, on the 14th of February, 1846:

THE HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE LABORERS

"Don't you all think that we have a great need to cry to our God, to put it in the heart of our greaseous Queen and the Members of Parliament, to grant us free bread?"
—*Lucy Simpkins at Breen Hill.*

O God, who by Thy Prophet's hand
Did smite the rocky brake,
Whose water came at thy command,
Thy people's thirst to slake;
Strike now upon this granite wall,
Stern, obdurate, and high,
And let some drops of pity fall
For us who starve and die!

The God who took a little child
And set him in the midst,
And promised him His mercy mild,
As, by Thy Son, Thou didst,
Look down upon our children dear,
So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
And let their images appear
Where Lords and Gentry are!

O God, teach them to feel how we,
When our poor infants droop,
Are weakened in our trust in Thee,
And how our spirits stoop:
For in Thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep;
And their young looks, so full of care,
Would make Thine angels weep.

The God who with His finger drew
The judgment coming on,
Write for these men, what must ensue,
Ere many years be gone!
O God, whose bow is in the sky,
Let them not brave and dare
Until they look (too late) on high
And see an arrow there!

O God, remind them! In the bread
They break upon the knee,
These sacred words may yet be read,
"In memory of Me!"
O God, remind them of His sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how He gave them bread to eat,
And went from door to door.

The question, "Will Dickens last?" has been asked a hundred times in print since Dickens died; and many times, and in various ways, has the question been answered. All men admit that Sir Charles Grandison has become a bore, where he is known at all; that G. P. R. James's solitary horseman has ridden on, entirely out of the sight of the present-day reader; that Cooper's Indians and backwoodsmen no longer scalp the imagination of the boy of the period; that Marryat's midshipmen have been left alone and neglected at the mastheads to which he was so fond of sending them; that no one but the antiquary in literature cares now for Waverley or Rob Roy. But it is too soon yet to say how long it will be before Bleak House will become an uninhabitable ruin, or when the firm of Dombey and Son will go out of business altogether. Don Quixote is as vigorous as he was three centuries ago. Robinson Crusoe, born in 1719, still retains all the freshness of youth; who can prophesy how Mr. Samuel Pickwick, the Don Quixote of 1839, will be regarded in 1998? or how Mr. Samuel Weller, his man Friday, will be looked upon by the readers of a hundred years from to-day?

Dickens certainly wrote for his own time, and generally *of* his own time. And during his own time he achieved a popularity without parallel in the history of fiction. But the fashions of all times change; and although Dickens has been in fashion longer than most of his contemporaries, and is still the fashion among old-fashioned folk, there are acute critics who say that his day is over. The booksellers and the officials of circulating libraries tell a different story, however; and when little children, who never heard the name of Dickens, who knew nothing of his great reputation, turn from "Alice in Wonderland" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to the "Cricket on the Hearth," loving the old as much as they love the new, it would seem as if the sun had not yet set upon Dickens; and that the night which is to leave him in total darkness is still far off.

A strong argument in favor of what may be called the "staying qualities" of Dickens is the fact that his characters, even in a mutilated, unsatisfactory form, have held the stage for half a century or more, and still have power to attract and move great audiences, wherever is spoken the language in which he wrote. The dramatization of the novel is universally and justly regarded as the most ephemeral and worthless of dramatic productions; and the novels of Dickens, on account of their length, of the great number of figures he introduces, of the variety and occasional exaggeration of his dialogues and his situations, have been peculiarly difficult of adaptation to theatrical purposes. Nevertheless, the world laughed and cried over Micawber, Captain Cuttle, Dan'l Peggotty, and Caleb Plummer, behind the footlights, years after Dolly Spanker, Aminadab Sleek, Timothy Toodles, Alfred Evelyn, and Geoffrey Dale, their contemporaries in the s'andard and legitimate drama, created solely and particularly for dramatic representation, were absolutely forgotten. And Sir Henry Irving, sixty years after the production of "Pickwick," drew great crowds to see his Alfred Jingle, while that picturesque and ingenious swindler, Robert Macaire, Jingle's once famous and familiar confrère in plausible rascality, was never seen on the boards except as he was burlesqued and caricatured in comic opera.

It is pretty safe to say—and not in a Pickwickian sense—that Pecksniff will live almost as long as hypocrisy lasts; that Heep will not be forgotten while mock humility exists; that Mr. Dick will go down to posterity arm in arm with Charles the First, whom he could not avoid in his memorial; that Barkis will be quoted until men cease to be willin'. And so long as cheap, rough coats cover faith, charity, and honest hearts, the world will remember that Captain Cuttle and the Peggottys were so clad.

Dickens has been accused of being an irreligious man, and of exhibiting a lack of reverence for sacred and serious things. His Chadband and his Stiggins have been cited as gross libels upon the clergymen of England, by men who forget his Frank Milvey, in "Our Mutual Friend," and who pay no heed to the fact that he rated severely whatever was bad and reprehensible in the members of every profession. Stiggins and Chadband are no worse than Gradgrind, who was in the hardware line; than Pecksniff, who was an architect; than Ralph Nickleby, who was a money-broker; or than Tackleton, who was a maker of toys.

Dickens was not a church member, or what is called an Orthodox Christian; but he preached many a good sermon for all that; and his text was the Golden Rule, in all its various readings. In many wholesome, reverent ways does the Bible figure throughout his pages. One of the earliest recollections of David Copperfield was the story of the raising of Lazarus, as it was read to him and Peggotty by his mother one Sunday evening. Little Nell used to take her Bible with her to read in the quiet, lovely retreat of the old church. "I ain't much of a hand at reading 'writing-hand,'" said Betty Higden, "though I can read my Bible and most print;" Oliver Twist read the Bible to Mrs. Maylie and Rose Fleming; Pip read the Bible to and prayed with the convict under sentence of death; Scrooge heard Tiny Tim say, "And He called a little child to Him, and set him in the midst;" and when Jo was on his death-bed, Allen Woodcourt asked him:

"'Did you ever know a prayer, Jo?'

"'Never knowed nothink, sir.'

"'Not so much as one short prayer?'

"'No, sir, nothink at all.'

"'Jo, can you say what I say?'

"'I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I know it's good.'

"'OUR FATHER'—

"'Our father!—yes, that's werry good, sir.'

"'WHICH ART IN HEAVEN'—

"'Art in Heaven—is the light a-coming, sir?'

"'It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME!'

"'Hallowed be—thy—'

"The light is come upon the dark, benighted way! Dead! . . . And dying thus around us every day."

Upon the morning of the day on which the mortal part of Dickens was laid to rest in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, June 14, 1870, the New York "Tribune" published the following Monody, in Dickens's own words, compiled and arranged by the writer of the present article:

CHARLES DICKENS

"Dead, your Majesty, Dead, my lords and gentlemen, Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends, of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day."—*Bleak House, Chap. 67.*

"The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion, the fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last, unchanged, until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of immortality. And look upon us, angels of young children, with regard not quite estranged, when the Swift River bears us to the Ocean."—*Dombey, Chap. 17.*

"The spirit of the child, returning, innocent and radiant, touched the old man with its hand, and beckoned him away."—*Chimes, Second Quarter.*

"The Star had shown him the way to find the God of the poor; and through humility and sorrow and forgiveness he had gone to his Redeemer's rest."—*Hard Times, Book III., Chap. 6.*

"I felt for my old self, as the dead may feel, if they ever revisit these scenes; I was glad to be tenderly remembered, to be greatly pitied, not to be quite forgotten."—*Bleak House, Chap. 45.*

"From these garish lights I vanish now forever more; with a heartful, grateful, respectful, affectionate farewell—and I pray God to bless us every one."—*Last Reading, London, March 6, 1870.*

"When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always."—*Old Curiosity Shop, Chap. 71.*

"Lord, keep my Memory Green."—*Haunted Man, Chap. 3.*

"'Now,' he murmured, 'I am happy.' He fell into a light slumber, and, waking, smiled as before, then spoke of beautiful gardens, which, he said, stretched out before him, and were filled with figures of men, women, and many children, all with light upon their faces, then whispered that it was Eden—and so died."—*Nickleby, Chap. 58.*

". . . died like a child that had gone to sleep."—*Copperfield, Chap. 9.*

". . . and began the world—not this world, oh, not this world. The world that sets this right."—*Bleak House, Chap. 65.*

". . . gone before the Father; far beyond the twilight judgments of this world, high above its mists and obscurities."—*Dorrit, Book II., Chap. 19.*

". . . And lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now."—*Curiosity Shop, Chap. 71.*

"It being high water, he went out with the tide."—*Copperfield, Chap. 30.*

A RED ARMY OF THE CROSS

A Quarter-Century with the Sioux

By Herbert Sherman Houston

AT the battle of the Little Big Horn, where Custer was killed, one of Sitting Bull's chiefs was Gall, the giant of the Sioux. He was brave as a mountain lion and strong as a steer. Of every trait and tradition of the savage he was an embodiment, and of Indian paganism the very incarnation.

One day a white man attacked Gall with a weapon he was not used to. It was a prayer-book, and the man's face shone with a gentleness that surprised Gall quite as much as did the weapon. The Goliath of the plains grunted opposition, and long remained as flinty as an arrow-head, but Bishop Hare—for the man with the prayer-book was none other than the great apostle to the Sioux—laid quiet and kindly siege, winning first Gall's wife and daughter to the Church, and at last the great chief himself.

So it came that when Sitting Bull's brave chieftain came to a peaceful end, not long ago, it was as a confirmed member of the Church, one of the six thousand red soldiers of the Cross that are the fruits of Bishop Hare's labors for a quarter of a century.

It was with the spirit of a true soldier that Bishop Hare had gone out to his great work. In a sermon a few Sundays ago at Calvary Church in New York the good Bishop said that when traveling over the trans-Missouri country years ago the thought had come to him as to what could ever induce him, with all his ties of kinship and association binding him to the East, to go out and live in the West. It was the call of duty, which has ever been to him *vox dei*, that did it eventually, and held him there for many years. Among the Western Sioux he saw great need of the Church's ministry, just as among the Eastern Oneidas, long years before, his grandfather—the famous Bishop Hobart, of New York—had seen a similar need, and had answered it. In 1873, when he was consecrated missionary bishop of Niobrara, he was but thirty-four years of age.

BISHOP HARE

Before him was the bright promise of high honors in the Church.

A brilliant preacher, cultured, of a family in which the episcopate seemed hereditary, as with the Potters and Doanes, William Hobart Hare, already the Secretary of the great missionary society of the Church, listened to no whisper of ambition when he went to the wilderness. It was as young Gregory longing to leave Rome for the Angles that he left the East for the Sioux. In the words of one of the most eminent Protestant Episcopal clergymen in America, in conversation with the writer, "There has been no finer type of genuine self-sacrifice than that of Bishop Hare, in turning from every association he held dear, and giving himself up to his Indians. He is a nineteenth-century saint."

CHIEF GALL

But if there has been any self-sacrifice in it all, no hint of it has ever come from Bishop Hare. He has been blithe as a lark through all the years. Among the warlike Sioux he has come and gone with the gentleness of Anselm among the Saxons. By degrees the savagery has softened, giving way to a dawning civilization. Tepees have changed to houses, medicine-lodges to chapels, and in many other ways the red man has been slowly lifted toward the plane of the white. As this lifting has gone on under his watchful care the Bishop has doubtless found his reward. He has seen reared in the Indian wilderness forty-eight neat churches and chapels, thirty-four small but comfortable mission residences, and four large boarding-schools, and in the sheepfold of his missionary jurisdiction over seventy congregations have been gathered, and out of them his clergy, twelve of whom are Indians, have presented nearly five thousand for confirmation.

The simple trust these red children of the plains have in him is seen in these lines in an appeal from an Indian clergyman and his people for the rebuilding of St. Elizabeth's School at Standing Rock Agency, after it was burned down a year ago:

Dear Bishop:

We who undersign here are sorry to see our great lost—that is, that our school is burned down, and our people here are all very sorry and cries for our school, and our whole people here who were belonging to our church are ready to do all in their power to help if you are willing to put up the school, because we know that our *grown-up* people here will be benefited by the services in the church. Dear Bishop, we pray you and God that we have our school again, and we the people be calm down and work for the school. We have no words to express our deep sorry with dear Bishop. We trust you will let us know you will try to put up the school again. We shake your hands.

The Indians themselves raised $400, and this, with the insurance money and aid from the East, has made it possible to have their wish realized, and St. Elizabeth's is rebuilt.

Every year Bishop Hare's Indians assemble in a great convocation. In all America there is no religious gathering more impressive or more interesting. And as for picturesqueness, there has been nothing to approach it since Peter the Hermit and the Crusaders. From every agency of the Sioux,

DALLAS SHAW
(An Indian Deacon)

EMILY SHAW, WIFE OF DALLAS
(Rosebud, S. D.)

Indians of a dozen different tribes—Sissetons, Wahpetons, Santees, Yanktons, Blackfeet, Ogallalas, and all the rest—journey to the meeting-place. Some of them are on the road over two weeks, winding in long trains over the hills, as the whites used to do for protection against these same red men. Above them float white banners on which is emblazoned the sign of the cross. When they reach the meeting-place from north and south and east and west, they pitch their tents, and by the time the convocation opens there are five hundred patches of white canvas dotting the plain, giving shelter to three thousand Indians. The delegations from each mission field, headed by one of their number bearing their banner, followed by forty Indian catechists in black cassocks, and by the white and Indian clergy and the Bishop in their vestments, march over the brown carpet of short buffalo-grass to the swelling strains of the processional, "Onward, Christian Soldiers;" and then, on the great bare bosom of the earth, they kneel and join in the service. Many of these Indians were at the battle of the Little Big Horn. Bishop Hare has been among them for a quarter of a century, and there has been a great change in them.

INDIANS AT THEIR NOONDAY MEAL

Youth : A Narrative

By Joseph Conrad

THIS could have occurred nowhere but in England, where men and sea interpenetrate, so to speak—the sea entering into the life of most men, and the men knowing something or everything about the sea, in the way of amusement, of travel, or of breadwinning.

We were sitting round a mahogany table that reflected the bottle, the claret-glasses, and our faces as we leaned on our elbows. There was a director of companies, an accountant, a lawyer, Marlow, and myself. The director had been a Conway boy, the accountant had served four years at sea, the lawyer—a fine crusted Tory, High Churchman, the best of old fellows, the soul of honor—had been chief officer in the P. & O. service in the good old days when mail-boats were square-rigged at least on two masts, and used to come down the China Sea before a fair monsoon with stun'-sails set alow and aloft. We all began life in the merchant service. Between the five of us there was the strong bond of the sea, and also the fellowship of the craft, which no amount of enthusiasm for yachting, cruising, and so on can give, since one is only the amusement of life and the other is life itself.

Marlow (at least I think that is how he spelt his name) told the story, or rather the chronicle of a voyage:

"Yes, I have seen a little of the Eastern seas; but what I remember best is my first voyage there. You fellows know there are those voyages that seem ordered for the illustration of life, that may stand for a symbol of existence. You fight, work, sweat, nearly kill yourself, sometimes do kill yourself, trying to accomplish something—and you can't. Not from any fault of yours. You simply can do nothing, neither great nor little—not a thing in the world—not even marry an old maid, or get a wretched 600-ton cargo of coal to its port of destination.

"It was altogether a memorable time. It was my first voyage to the East, and my first voyage as second mate; it was also my skipper's first command. You'll admit it was time. He was sixty if a day. A Geordie all over; a little man, with a broad, not very straight, back, with bowed shoulders and one leg more bandy than the other, he had that queer, twisted-about appearance you see so often in men who work in the fields. He had a nut-cracker face—chin and nose trying to come together over a toothless mouth—and it was framed in iron-gray, fluffy hair, that looked like a chin-strap of cotton-wool sprinkled with coal-dust. And he had blue eyes in that old face of his, which were amazingly like a boy's, with that candid expression some quite common men preserve to the end of their days by a rare internal gift of simplicity of heart and rectitude of soul. What induced him to accept me was a wonder. I had come out of a crack Australian clipper, where I had been third officer, and he seemed to have a prejudice against crack clippers as aristocratic and high-toned. He said to me, 'You know, in this ship you will have to work.' I said I had to work in every ship I had ever been in. 'Ah, but this is different, and you gentlemen out of them big ships; . . . but there! I dare say you will do. Join to-morrow.'

"I joined to-morrow. It was thirty-two years ago; and I was just twenty. How time passes! It was one of the happiest days of my life. Fancy! Second mate for the first time—a really responsible officer! I wouldn't have thrown up my new billet for a fortune. The mate looked me over carefully. He was also an old chap, but of another stamp. He had a Roman nose, a snow-white, long beard, and his name was Mahon, but he insisted that it should be pronounced Mann. He was well connected; but there was something wrong with his luck, and he had never got on.

"As to the captain, he had been for years in coasters, then in the Mediterranean, and last in the West Indian trade. He had never been round the Capes. He could just write a kind of sketchy hand, and didn't care for writing at all. Both were thorough good seamen of course, and between those two old chaps I felt like a small boy between two grandfathers.

"The ship also was old. Her name was the Judea. Queer name, isn't it? She belonged to a man Wilmer, Wilcox—some name like that; but he has been bankrupt and dead these twenty-five years now, and his name don't matter. She had been laid up in Shad-

well basin for two years. You may imagine her state. She was all rust, dust, grime; soot aloft, and dirt on deck. To me it was like coming out of a palace into a ruined cottage. She was about four hundred tons, had a primitive windlass, wooden latches to the doors, not a bit of brass about her, and a big square stern. There was on it, below her name in white letters, a lot of scrollwork, with the gilt off, and some sort of a coat of arms, with the motto 'Do or Die' underneath. I remember it took my fancy immensely. There was a touch of romance in it, something that made me love the old thing —something—something—O youth! . . .

"We left London in ballast—sand ballast—to load a cargo of coal in a northern port for Bankok. Bankok! I thrilled. I had been six years at sea, but had only seen Melbourne and Sydney, very good places, charming places in their way—but Bankok!

"We worked out of the Thames under canvas, with a North Sea pilot on board. His name was Jermyn, and he dodged all day long about the galley drying his handkerchief before the stove. Apparently he never slept. He was a dismal man, with a perpetual tear at the end of his nose, who either had been in trouble, or was in trouble, or expected to be in trouble—couldn't be happy unless something went wrong. He mistrusted my youth, my common sense, and my seamanship, and made a point of showing it in a hundred little ways. I dare say he was right. It seems to me I knew very little then, and I know not much more now; but I cherish a hate for that Jermyn to this day.

"We were a week working up as far as Yarmouth Roads, and then we got into a gale—the famous October gale of thirty-two years ago. It was wind, lightning, sleet, snow, and a terrific sea. We were flying light, and you may imagine how bad it was when I tell you we had smashed bulwarks and a flooded deck. On the second night she shifted her ballast into the lee bow, and by that time we had been blown off somewhere on the Dogger Bank. There was nothing for it but go below with shovels and try to right her, and there we were in that vast hold, gloomy like a cavern, the tallow dips stuck and flickering on the beams, the gale howling above, the ship tossing about like mad on her side; there we all were, Jermyn, the captain, every one, hardly able to keep our feet, engaged on that gravedigger's work, and trying to toss shovelfuls of wet sand up to windward. At every tumble of the ship you could see vaguely in the dim light men falling down with a great flourish of shovels. One of the ship's boys (we had two), impressed by the weirdness of the scene, wept as if his heart would break. We could hear him blubbering somewhere in the shadows.

"On the third day the gale died out, and by and by a north-country tug picked us up. We were twenty-three days from London to the Tyne! When we got into dock we had lost our turn, and they hauled us off to a tier where we remained for a month. Mrs. Beard (the captain's name was Beard) came from Colchester to see the old man. She lived on board. The crew of runners had left, and there remained only the officers, one boy, and the steward, a mulatto who answered to the name of Abraham. It rained every day, and in the cabin we lived *en famille*. Mrs. Beard was an old woman, with a face all wrinkled and ruddy like a winter apple, and the figure of a young girl. She caught sight of me once sewing on a button, and insisted on having my shirts to repair. This was something different from the captains' wives I had known on board crack clippers. When I brought her the shirts, she said: 'And the socks? They want mending, I am sure, and John's—Captain Beard's things are all in order now. I would be glad of something to do.' Bless the old woman! She overhauled my outfit for me, and meantime I read for the first time 'Sartor Resartus' and Burnaby's 'Ride to Khiva.' I didn't understand much of the first then; but I remember I preferred the soldier to the philosopher at the time, a preference which life has only confirmed. One was a man, and the other was either more—or less. However, they are both dead, and Mrs. Beard is dead, and youth, strength, genius, thoughts, achievements, simple hearts —all dies. . . . No matter.

"They loaded us at last. We shipped a crew. Eight able seamen and two boys. We hauled off one evening to the buoys at the dock-gates, ready to go out, and with a fair prospect of beginning the voyage next day. Mrs. Beard was to start for home by a late train. When the ship was fast, we went to tea. We sat rather silent through the meal—Mahon, the old couple, and I. I finished first, and slipped away for a smoke, my cabin being in a deck-house just against the poop. It was high water, blowing fresh; the double dock-gates were opened, and the steam-colliers

were going in and out in the darkness with their lights burning bright, a great plashing of propellers, rattling of winches, and a lot of hailing on the pier-heads. I watched the procession of headlights gliding high and of green lights gliding low in the night, when suddenly a red gleam flashed at me, vanished, came into view again, and remained. The fore-end of a steamer loomed up close. I shouted down the cabin, 'Come up, quick!' and then heard a startled voice saying afar in the dark, 'Stop her, sir.' A bell jingled. Another voice cried warningly, 'We are going right into that bark, sir.' The answer to this was a gruff 'All right,' and the next thing was a heavy crash as the steamer struck a glancing blow with the bluff of her bow about our fore-rigging. There was a moment of confusion, yelling, and running about. Steam roared. Then somebody was heard saying, 'All clear, sir.' 'Are you all right?' asked the gruff voice. I had jumped forward to see the damage, and hailed back, 'I think so.' 'Easy astern,' said the gruff voice. A bell jingled. 'What steamer is that?' screamed Mahon. By that time she was no more to us than a bulky shadow maneuvering a little way off. They shouted at us some name—a woman's name, Miranda or Melissa—or some such thing. 'This means another month in this beastly hole,' said Mahon to me, as we peered with lamps about the splintered bulwarks and broken braces. 'But where's the captain?'

"We had not heard or seen him all that time. We went aft to look. A doleful voice arose hailing somewhere in the middle of the dock, 'Judea, ahoy!' How the devil did he get there? 'Hallo!' we shouted. 'I am adrift in our boat without oars,' he cried. A belated waterman offered his services, and Mahon struck a bargain with him for half-a-crown to tow our skipper alongside; but it was Mrs. Beard that came up the ladder first. They had been floating about the dock in that mizzly cold rain for nearly an hour. I was never so surprised in my life.

"It appears that when he heard my shout 'Come up,' he understood at once what was the matter, caught up his wife, ran on deck, and across, and down into our boat, which was fast to the ladder. Not bad for a sixty-year-old. Just imagine that old fellow saving, heroically, in his arms, that old woman—the woman of his life. He set her down on a thwart, and was just climbing back on board when the painter came adrift somehow, and away they went together. Of course in the confusion we did not hear him shouting. He looked abashed. She said cheerfully, 'I suppose it does not matter, my losing the train now.' 'No, Jenny—you go below and get warm,' he growled. Then to us: 'A sailor has no business with a wife—I say. There I was, out of the ship. Well, no harm done this time. Let's go and look at what that fool of a steamer smashed.'

"It wasn't much, but it delayed us three weeks. At the end of that time, the captain being engaged with his agents, I carried Mrs. Beard's bag to the railway station and put her all comfortably into a third-class carriage. She lowered the window to say, 'You are a good young man. If you see John—Captain Beard—without his muffler at night, just remind him from me to keep his throat well wrapped up.' 'Certainly, Mrs. Beard,' I said. 'You are a good young man; I noticed how attentive you are to John—to Captain—' The train pulled out suddenly; I took my cap off to the old woman; I never saw her again. . . . Pass the bottle.

"We went to sea next day. When we made that start for Bankok, we had been already three months out of London. We had expected to be a fortnight or so—at the outside.

"It was January, and the weather was beautiful—the beautiful sunny winter weather that has more charm than in the summer-time, because it is unexpected, and crisp, and you know it won't, it can't, last long. It's like a windfall, like a godsend, like an unexpected piece of luck.

"It lasted all down the North Sea, all down Channel; and it lasted till we were three hundred miles or so to the westward of the Lizards; then the wind went round to the sou'west and began to pipe up. In two days it blew a gale. The Judea hove to, wallowed on the Atlantic like an old candle-box. It blew day after day; it blew with spite, without interval, without mercy, without rest. The world was nothing but an immensity of great foaming waves rushing at us, under a sky low enough to touch with the hand, and dirty like a smoked ceiling. In the stormy space surrounding us there was as much flying sprays as air. Day after day and night after night there was nothing round the ship but the howl of the wind, the tumult of the sea, the noise of water pouring over her deck. There was no rest for her and no rest for us. She tossed, she pitched, she

stood on her head, she sat on her tail, she rolled, she groaned, and we had to hold on while on deck and cling to our bunks when below, in a constant effort of body and worry of mind.

"One night Mahon spoke through the small window of my berth. It opened right into my very bed, and I was lying there sleepless, in my boots, feeling as though I had not slept for years, and could not if I tried. He said excitedly—

"'You got the sounding-rod in here, Marlow? I can't get the pumps to suck. It's no child's play.'

"I gave him the sounding-rod and lay down again, trying to think of various things—but I thought only of the pumps. When I came on deck, they were pumping. My watch relieved at the pumps. By the light of the lantern brought on deck to examine the sounding-rod I caught a glimpse of their weary, serious faces. We pumped all the four hours. We pumped all night, all day, all the week—watch and watch. She was working herself loose, and leaked badly. Not enough to drown us at once, but enough to kill us with the work at the pumps. And while we pumped, the ship was going from us piecemeal; the bulwarks went, the stanchions were torn out, the ventilators smashed, the cabin door burst in. There was not a dry spot in the ship. She was being gutted bit by bit. The long-boat changed, as if by magic, into matchwood where she stood in her gripes. I had lashed her myself, and was rather proud of my handiwork, which had withstood so long the malice of the sea. And we pumped. And there was no break in the weather. The sea was white like a sheet of foam, like a caldron of boiling milk; there was not a break in the clouds, no—not of the size of a man's head—no, not for so much as ten seconds. There was for us no sky, there were for us no stars, no sun, no universe—nothing but angry clouds and an infuriated sea. We pumped watch and watch, for dear life; and it seemed to last for months, for years, for all eternity, as though we had been dead and gone to a hell for sailors. We forgot the day of the week, the name of the month, what year it was, and whether we had ever been ashore. The sails blew away, she lay broadside on under a weather-cloth, the ocean poured over her, and we did not care. We turned those handles, and had the eyes of idiots. As soon as we had crawled on deck I used to take a round turn with a rope about the men, the pumps, and the mainmast, and we turned, we turned incessantly, with the water to our waists, to our necks, over our heads. It was all one. We had forgotten how it felt to be dry.

"And there was somewhere in me the thought: By Jove! this is the deuce of an adventure—something you read about; and it is my first voyage as second mate—and I am only twenty—and here I am lasting it out as well as any of these men, and keeping my chaps up to the mark. I was pleased. I would not have given up the experience for worlds. I had moments of exultation. Whenever the old dismantled craft pitched heavily with her counter high in the air, she seemed to me to throw up, like an appeal, like a defiance, like a cry to the clouds without mercy, the words written on her stern: 'Judea, London. Do or Die.'

"O youth! The strength of it, the faith of it, the imagination of it! To me she was not an old rattletrap carting about the world a lot of coal for a freight—to me she was the endeavor, the test, the trial of life. I think of her with pleasure, with affection, with regret; as you would think of some one dead you have loved. I shall never forget her. . . . Pass the bottle.

"One night when, tied to the mast, as I explained, we were pumping on, deafened with the wind, and without spirit enough in us to wish ourselves dead, a heavy sea crashed and swept clean over us. As soon as I got my breath I shouted, as in duty bound, 'Keep on, boys!' when suddenly I felt something hard floating on deck strike the calf of my leg. I made a grab at it and missed. It was so dark we could not see each other's faces within a foot—you understand.

"After that thump the ship kept quiet for a while, and the thing, whatever it was, struck my leg again. This time I caught it—and it was a sauce-pan. At first, being stupid with fatigue and thinking of nothing but the pumps, I did not understand what I had in my hand. Suddenly it dawned upon me, and I shouted, 'Boys, the house on deck is gone. Leave this, and let's look for the cook.'

"There was a deck-house forward, which contained the galley, the cook's berth, and the quarters of the crew. As we had expected for days to see it swept away, the hands had been ordered to sleep in the cabin, the only safe place in the ship. The steward,

Abraham, however, persisted in clinging to his berth, stupidly, like a mule—from sheer fright, I believe, like an animal that won't leave a stable falling in an earthquake. So we went to look for him. It was chancing death, since once out of our lashings we were as exposed as if on a raft. But we went. The house was shattered as if a shell had exploded inside. Most of it had gone overboard—stove, men's quarters, and their property, all was gone; but two posts, holding a portion of the bulkhead to which Abraham's bunk was attached, remained as if by a miracle. We groped in the ruins and came upon this, and there he was, sitting in his bunk, surrounded by foam and wreckage, jabbering cheerfully to himself. He was out of his mind, completely and forever mad, with this sudden shock coming upon the fag-end of his endurance. We snatched him up, lugged him aft, and pitched him head first down the cabin companion. You understand there was no time to carry him down with infinite precautions and wait to see how he got on. Those below would pick him up at the bottom of the stairs all right. We were in a hurry to go back to the pumps; that business could not wait. A bad leak is an inhuman thing.

"One would think that the sole purpose of that fiendish gale had been to make a lunatic of that poor devil of a mulatto. It eased before morning, and next day the sky cleared, and as the sea went down the leak took up. When it came to bending a fresh set of sails, the crew demanded to put back—and, really, there was nothing else to do. Boats gone, decks swept clean, cabin gutted, men without a stitch but what they stood in, stores spoiled, ship strained. We put her head for home, and—would you believe it?—the wind came east right in our teeth. It blew fresh, it blew continuously. We had to beat up every inch of the way, but she did not leak so badly, the water keeping comparatively smooth. Two hours' pumping in every four is no joke—but it kept her afloat as far as Falmouth.

"The good people there live on casualties of the sea, and no doubt were glad to see us. A hungry crowd of shipwrights sharpened their chisels at the sight of that carcass of a ship. And, by Jove! they had pretty pickings off us before they were done. I fancy the owner was already in a tight place. There were delays. Then it was decided to take part of the cargo out and caulk her topsides. This was done, the repairs finished, cargo reshipped; a new crew came on board, and we went out—for Bankok. At the end of a week we were back again. The crew said they weren't going to Bankok—a hundred and fifty days' passage—in a something hooker that wanted pumping eight hours out of the twenty-four; and the nautical papers inserted again the little paragraph: 'Judea bark. Tyne to Bankok; coals; put back to Falmouth leaky and with crew refusing duty.'

"There were more delays—more tinkering. The owner came down for a day, and said she was as right as a little fiddle. Poor old Captain Beard looked like the ghost of a Geordie skipper—through the worry and humiliation of it. Remember, he was sixty, and it was his first command. Mahon said it was a foolish business, and would end badly. I loved the ship more than ever, and wanted awfully to get to Bankok. To Bankok! Magic name, blessed name. Mesopotamia wasn't a patch on it. Remember, I was twenty, and it was my first second mate's billet, and the East was waiting for me.

"We went out and anchored in the outer roads with a fresh crew—the third. She leaked worse than ever. It was as if those confounded shipwrights had actually made a hole in her. This time we did not even go outside. The crew simply refused to man the windlass.

"They towed us back to the inner harbor, and we became a fixture, a feature, an institution of the place. People pointed us out to visitors as 'that 'ere bark that's going to Bankok—has been here six months—put back three times.' On holidays the small boys pulling about in boats would hail, 'Judea, ahoy!' and if a head showed above the rail, shouted, 'Where you bound to?—Bankok?' and jeered. We were only three on board. The poor old skipper mooned in the cabin. Mahon undertook the cooking, and unexpectedly developed all a Frenchman's genius for preparing nice little messes. I looked languidly after the rigging. We became citizens of Falmouth. Every shopkeeper knew us. At the barber's or tobacconist's they asked familiarly, 'Do you think you will ever get to Bankok?' Meantime the owner, the underwriters, and the charterers squabbled amongst themselves in London, and our pay went on. . . . Pass the bottle.

"It was horrid. Morally it was worse than pumping for life. It seemed as though we had been forgotten by the world, belonged to

nobody, would get nowhere; it seemed that, as if bewitched, we would have to live for ever and ever in that inner harbor, a derision and a byword to generations of long-shore loafers and dishonest boatmen. I obtained three months' pay and a three days' leave, and went to London. It took me a day to get there and pretty well another to come back—but three months' pay went all the same. I don't know what I did with it. I went to a music-hall, I believe, lunched, dined, and supped in a swell place in Regent Street, and was back to time, with nothing but a complete set of Byron's works and a new railway rug to show for three months' work. The boatman who pulled me off to the ship said: 'Hallo! I thought you had left the old thing. *She* will never get to Bankok.' 'That's all *you* know about it,' I said, scornfully—but I didn't like that prophecy at all.

"Suddenly a man, some kind of agent to somebody, appeared with full powers. He had grog-blossoms all over his face, an indomitable energy, and was a jolly soul. We leaped into life again. A hulk came alongside, took our cargo, and then we went into dry dock to get our copper stripped. No wonder she leaked. The poor thing, strained beyond endurance by the gale, had, as if in disgust, spat out all the oakum of her lower seams. She was recaulked, new coppered, and made as tight as a bottle. We went back to the hulk and reshipped our cargo.

"Then, on a fine moonlight night, all the rats left the ship. We had been infested with them. They destroyed our sails, consumed more stores than the crew, affably shared our beds and our dangers, and now, when the ship was made seaworthy, concluded to clear out. I called Mahon to enjoy the spectacle. Rat after rat appeared on our rail, took a last look over his shoulder at the decks, and leaped with a thud into the empty hulk. We tried to count them, but soon lost the tale. Mahon said: 'Well, well! don't talk to me about the intelligence of rats. They ought to have left before, when we had that narrow squeak from foundering. There you have the proof how silly is the superstition about them. They leave a good ship for an old rotten hulk, where there is nothing to eat, too, the fools! . . . I don't believe they know what is safe or what is good for them any more than you or I.' And after some more talk we agreed that the wisdom of rats had been grossly overrated, being in fact no greater than that of men.

"The story of the ship was known, by this, all up the Channel from Land's End to the Forelands, and we could get no crew on the south coast. They sent us one all complete from Liverpool, and we left once more—for Bankok.

"We had fair breezes, smooth water right into the tropics, and the old Judea lumbered along in the sunshine. When she went eight knots, everything cracked aloft, and we tied our caps to our heads. But mostly she strolled on at the rate of three miles an hour. What could you expect? She was tired—that old ship. Her youth was where mine is—where yours is—you fellows who listen to this yarn. And what friend would throw your years and your weariness in your face? We didn't grumble at her. To us aft, at least, it seemed as though we had been born in her, reared in her, had lived in her for ages, had never known any other ship. I would just as soon have abused the old village church at home for not being a cathedral.

"And for me there was also youth to make me patient. There was all the East before me, and all life, and the thought that I had been tried in that ship and had come out pretty well. And I thought of men of old who, centuries ago, went that road in ships that sailed no better, to the land of palms and spices and yellow sands; and of brown nations ruled by kings more cruel than Nero the Roman and more splendid than Solomon the Jew. The old bark lumbered on, heavy with her age and the burden of her cargo, while I lived the life of youth in ignorance and hope. She lumbered on through an interminable procession of days; and the fresh gilding, flashed back at the setting sun, seemed to cry out over the darkening sea the words painted on her stern, 'Judea, London. Do or Die.'

"Then we entered the Indian Ocean, and steered northerly for Java Head. The winds were light. Weeks slipped by. She crawled on, do or die, and people at home began to think of posting us as overdue.

"One Saturday evening, I being off duty, the men asked me to give them an extra bucket of water or so—for washing clothes. As I did not wish to screw on the fresh-water pump so late, I went forward whistling, and with a key in my hand to unlock the forepeak scuttle, intending to give them water out of a spare tank we kept there.

"The smell down below was as unexpected as it was frightful. One would have thought

hundreds of paraffin-lamps had been flaring and smoking in that hole for days. I served out the water and ran up quick. The man with me coughed and said, 'Funny smell, sir.' I answered, negligently, 'It's good for the health, they say,' and walked aft.

"The first thing I did was to put my head down the square of the midship ventilator. As I lifted the lid it seemed to me that a visible breath, something like a thin fog, a puff of faint haze, rose from the opening. The ascending air was hot, and had a heavy, sooty, paraffiny smell. I gave one sniff, and put down the lid gently. It was no use choking myself. The cargo was on fire.

"Next day she began to smoke in earnest. You see, it was to be expected, for though the coal was of a safe kind, that cargo had been so handled, so broken up with handling, that it looked more like smithy coal than anything else. Then it had been wetted—more than once. It rained all the time we were taking it back from the hulk, and now with this long passage it got heated, and there was another case of spontaneous combustion.

"The captain called us into the cabin. He had a chart spread on the table, and looked unhappy. He said, 'The coast of West Australia is near, but I mean to proceed to our destination. It is the hurricane month, too; but we will just keep her head for Bankok, and fight the fire. No more putting back anywhere, if we all get roasted. We will try first to stifle this 'ere combustion by want of air.'

"We tried. We battened down everything, and still she smoked. The smoke kept coming out through imperceptible crevices; it forced itself through bulkheads and covers; it oozed here and there and everywhere in slender threads, in an invisible film, in an incomprehensible manner. It made its way into the cabin, into the forecastle; it poisoned the sheltered places on the deck, it could be sniffed as high as the mainyard. It was clear that if the smoke came out the air came in. This was disheartening. This combustion refused to be stifled. Then we resolved to try water, and took the hatches off. Enormous volumes of smoke, whitish, yellowish, thick, greasy, misty, choking, ascended as high as the trucks. All hands cleared out aft. Then the poisonous cloud blew away, and we went back to work in a smoke that was no thicker now than that of an ordinary factory chimney.

"We rigged the force-pump, got the hose along, and by and by it burst. Well, it was as old as the ship—a prehistoric hose, and past repair. Then we pumped with the feeble head-pump, drew water with buckets, and in this way managed in time to pour lots of Indian Ocean into the main hatch. The bright stream flashed in sunshine, fell into a layer of white crawling smoke, and vanished on the black surface of coal. Steam ascended, mingling with the smoke. We poured salt water in, as into a barrel without bottom. It was our fate to pump in that ship—to pump out of her, to pump into her; and after keeping water out of her to save ourselves from being drowned, we frantically poured water into her to save ourselves from being burnt.

"And she crawled on, do or die, in the serene weather. The sky was a miracle of purity, a miracle of azure. The sea was polished, was blue, was pellucid, was sparkling like a precious stone, extending on all sides, all round to the horizon—as if the whole terrestrial globe had been one jewel, one colossal sapphire, a single gem fashioned into a planet. And on the luster of the great calm waters the Judea glided imperceptibly, enveloped in languid and unclean vapors, in a lazy cloud that drifted to leeward, light and slow: a pestiferous cloud defiling the splendor of sea and sky.

"All this time, of course, we saw no fire. The cargo smoldered at the bottom somewhere. Once Mahon, as we were working side by side, said to me, with a queer smile: 'Now, if she only would spring a tidy leak—like that time when we first left the Channel—it would put a stopper on this fire. Wouldn't it?' I remarked, irrelevantly, 'Do you remember the rats?'

"We fought the fire, and sailed the ship too, as carefully as though nothing had been the matter. The steward cooked and attended on us. Of the other twelve men, eight worked while four rested. Every one took his turn, captain included. There was equality, and, if not exactly fraternity, then a deal of good feeling and a serene cheerfulness. Sometimes a man, as he dashed a bucketful of water down the hatchway, would yell out, 'Hurrah for Bankok!' and the rest laughed. But generally we were taciturn and serious—and thirsty. O! how thirsty! And we had to be careful with the water. Strict allowance. The ship smoked, the sun blazed. . . . Pass the bottle.

"We tried everything. We even made an attempt to dig down to the fire. No good,

of course. No man could remain more than a minute below. Mahon, who went first, fainted there, and the man who went to fetch him out did likewise. We lugged them all on deck. Then I leaped down to show how easily it could be done. They had learned wisdom by that time, and contented themselves by fishing for me with a chain-hook tied to a broom-handle, I believe. I did not offer to go and fetch up my shovel, which was left down below.

"Things began to look bad. We put the long-boat into the water. The second boat was ready to swing out. We had also another, a fourteen-foot thing, on davits aft, where it was quite safe.

"Then, behold, the smoke suddenly decreased. We redoubled our efforts to flood the bottom of the ship. In two days there was no smoke at all. Everybody was on the broad grin. This was Friday. On Saturday no work, but sailing the ship of course, was done. The men washed their clothes and their faces for the first time in a fortnight, and had a special dinner given them. They spoke of spontaneous combustion with contempt, and implied *they* were the boys to put out combustions. Somehow we all felt as though we each had inherited a large fortune. But a beastly smell of burning hung about the ship. Captain Beard had hollow eyes and sunken cheeks. I had never noticed so much before how twisted and bowed he was. He and Mahon prowled soberly about hatches and ventilators, sniffing. It struck me suddenly poor Mahon was a very, very old chap. As to me, I was as pleased and proud as though I had helped to win a great naval battle. All youth!

"The night was fine. In the morning a homeward-bound ship passed us hull down. The first we had seen for months; but we were nearing the land at last, Java Head being about 190 miles off, and nearly due north.

"Next day it was my watch on deck from eight to twelve. At breakfast the captain observed, 'It's wonderful how that smell hangs about the cabin.' About ten, the mate being on the poop, I stepped down on the main-deck for a moment. The carpenter's bench stood abaft the mainmast; I leaned against it sucking at my pipe, and the carpenter, a young chap, came to talk to me. He remarked, 'I think we have done very well, haven't we?' and then I perceived with annoyance the fool was trying to tilt the bench. I said curtly, 'Don't, Chips,' and immediately became aware of a queer sensation, of an absurd delusion—I seemed somehow to be in the air. I heard all round me like a pent-up breath released—as if a thousand giants simultaneously had said Phoo!—and felt a dull concussion which made my ribs ache suddenly. No doubt about it—I was in the air, and my body was describing a short parabola. But, short as it was, I had the time to think several thoughts in the order here set down: 'This can't be the carpenter—What is it?—Some accident—Submarine volcano?—Coals, gas?—By Jove! we are being blown up—Everybody's dead—I am falling into the after-hatch—I see fire in it.'

"You see, she had blown up her decks, and the coal-dust suspended in the air of the hold glowed dull-red for an instant. In the twinkling of an eye, in an infinitesimal fraction of a second since the first tilt of the bench, I struck full length on the coals. I picked myself up and scrambled out. It was quick like a rebound. The deck was a wilderness of smashed timber, lying crosswise like trees in a wood after a hurricane. An immense curtain of soiled rags waved gently before me—it was the mainsail blown to strips. I thought, the masts will be toppling over directly; and, to get out of the way, bolted on all-fours towards the poop-ladder. The first person I saw was Mahon, with eyes like saucers, his mouth open, and the long white hair standing straight on end round his head like a silver halo. He was just about to go down when the sight of the main-deck stirring, heaving up, and changing into splinters before his eyes, petrified him on the top step. I stared at him in unbelief, and he stared at me with a queer kind of shocked curiosity. I did not know that I had no hair, no eyebrows, no eyelashes, that my young mustache was burnt off, that my face was black, one cheek laid open, my nose cut, and my chin bleeding. I had lost my cap, one of my slippers, and my shirt was torn to rags. Of all this I was not aware. I was amazed to see the ship still afloat, the poop-deck whole—and, most of all, to see anybody alive. Also the peace of the sky and the serenity of the sea were distinctly surprising. I suppose I expected to see them convulsed with horror. . . . Pass the bottle.

"There was a voice hailing the ship from somewhere—in the air, in the sky—I couldn't tell. Presently I saw the captain—and he was mad. He asked me eagerly, 'Where's the cabin table?' and to hear such a question

was a frightful shock to me. I had just been blown up, you understand, and vibrated with that experience—I wasn't quite sure whether I was alive. Mahon began to stamp with both feet and yelled at him, 'Good God! don't you see the deck's blown out of her?' I found my voice, and stammered out, as if conscious of some gross neglect of duty, 'I don't know where the cabin table is.' It was like an absurd dream.

"Do you know what he wanted next? Well, he wanted to trim the yards. Very placidly, and as if lost in thought, he insisted to have the foreyard squared. 'I don't know if there's anybody alive,' said Mahon, almost tearfully. 'Surely,' he said, gently, 'there will be enough left to square the foreyard.'

"You see, the old chap was in his own berth, winding up the chronometers, when the shock sent him spinning. Immediately it occurred to him—as he said afterwards—the ship had struck something, and he ran out into the cabin. There, he saw, the cabin table had vanished somewhere. The deck being blown up, it had fallen down into the lazarette, of course. Where we had our breakfast that morning he saw only a great hole in the floor. This appeared to him so awfully mysterious, and impressed him so immensely, that what he saw and heard after he got on deck were mere trifles in comparison. And, mark, he noticed directly the wheel deserted and his bark off her course—and his only thought was to get that miserable, stripped, undecked, smoldering shell of a ship back again with her head pointing at her port of destination. Bankok! That's what he was after. I tell you this quiet, bowed, bandy-legged, almost deformed little man was immense in the singleness of his idea and his placid ignorance of our agitation. He motioned us forward with a gesture almost august, and went to the wheel himself.

"Yes; that was the first thing we did: trim the yards of that wreck. No one was killed or even disabled, and every one was more or less hurt. But you should have seen them. Some were in rags, with black faces, like coal-heavers, like sweeps, and had bullet heads that seemed closely cropped, but were in fact singed to the skin. Others, of the watch below, awakened by being shot out from their collapsing bunks, shivered incessantly, and kept on groaning even as we went about our work. But they all worked. That crew of Liverpool hard cases had in them the right stuff. It's my experience they always have. It is the sea that gives it—the vastness, the loneliness surrounding their dark, stolid souls. Ah! well! we stumbled, we crept, we fell, we barked our shins on the wreckage, we hauled. The masts stood, but we did not know how much they might be charred down below. It was nearly calm, but a long swell ran from the west and made her roll. They might go at any moment. We looked at them with apprehension. One could not foresee which way they would fall.

"Then we got aft and looked about us. The deck was a tangle of planks on edge, of planks on end, of splinters, of ruined woodwork. The masts rose from that chaos like big trees above a matted undergrowth. The interstices of that mass of wreckage were full of something whitish, sluggish, stirring; of something that was like a greasy fog. The smoke of the invisible fire was coming up again, was trailing, like a poisonous thick mist in some valley choked with dead wood. Already lazy wisps were beginning to curl upwards amongst the mass of splinters. Here and there a piece of timber, stuck upright, resembled a post. Half of a fife-rail had been shot through the foresail, and the sky made a patch of glorious blue in the ignobly soiled canvas. A portion of several boards holding together had fallen across the rail, and one end protruded overboard, like a gangway leading upon nothing, like a gangway leading over the deep sea, leading to death—as if inviting us to walk the plank at once, and thus end the poignant comedy of that voyage. And still the air, the sky—a ghost, something invisible, was hailing the ship.

"Some one had the sense to look over, and there was the helmsman, who had impulsively jumped overboard, anxious to come back. He yelled and swam lustily like a merman, keeping up with the ship. We threw him a rope, and presently he stood amongst us streaming with water and very crestfallen. The captain had surrendered the wheel, and apart, elbow on rail and chin in hand, gazed at the sea wistfully. We asked ourselves, What next? I thought, Now, this is something like. This is great. I wonder what will happen. I exulted as if after a triumph. All youth! And, by Jove! aren't we all descendants of Don Quixote, all the wise, all the simple—all of us in the quixotism of our youth?

"Suddenly Mahon sighted a steamer far astern. Captain Beard said, 'We may do

something with her yet.' We hoisted two flags, which said, in the international language of the sea, 'On fire. Want immediate assistance.' The steamer grew bigger rapidly, and by and by spoke with two flags on her foremast, 'I am coming to your assistance.'

"In half an hour she was abreast, to windward, within hail, and rolling slightly, with her engines stopped. We lost our composure, and yelled all together with excitement, 'We've been blown up.' A man in a white helmet, on the bridge, cried, 'Yes! All right! all right!' and he nodded his head, and smiled, and made soothing motions with his hand as though at a lot of frightened children. One of her boats dropped in the water, and walked towards us upon the sea with her long oars. Four Calashes pulled a swinging stroke. This was my first sight of Malay seamen. I've known them since, but what struck me then was their unconcern. They came alongside, and even the bowman standing up and holding to our main-chains with the boat-hook did not deign to lift his head for a glance. I thought people who had been blown up deserved more attention.

"A little man, dry like a chip and agile like a monkey, clambered up. It was the mate of the steamer. He gave one look, and cried, 'Oh boys, you had better quit.'

"We were silent. He talked apart with the captain for a time; seemed to argue with him. Then they went away together to the steamer.

"When our skipper came back, we learned that the steamer was the Sommerville, Captain Nash, from West Australia to Singapore *via* Batavia with mails, and that the agreement was she should tow us to Anjer or Batavia, if possible, where we could extinguish the fire by scuttling, and then proceed on our voyage—to Bankok! The old man seemed excited. 'We will do it yet,' he said to Mahon, fiercely. He shook his fist at the sky. Nobody else said a word.

"At noon the steamer began to tow. She went ahead slim and high, and what was left of the Judea followed at the end of seventy fathom of tow-rope, followed her swiftly like a cloud of smoke with mastheads protruding above. We went aloft to furl the sails. We coughed on the yards, and were careful about the bunts. Do you see the lot of us there, putting a neat furl on the sails of that ship doomed to arrive nowhere? There was not a man who didn't think that at any moment the masts would topple over. From aloft we could not see the ship for smoke, and they worked carefully, passing the gaskets with even turns. 'Harbor furl—aloft there!' cried Mahon from below.

"You understand this? I don't think one of those chaps expected to get down in the usual way. When we did, I heard them saying to each other, 'Well, I thought we would come down overboard, in a lump—sticks and all—blame me if I didn't!' 'That's what I was thinking to myself,' would answer wearily another battered and bandaged scarecrow. And, mind, these were men without the drilled-in habit of obedience. To an onlooker they would be a lot of profane scallywags without a redeeming point. What made them do it—what made them obey me when I, thinking consciously how fine it was, made them drop the bunt of the foresail twice to try and do it better? What? They had no professional reputation—no examples, no praise. It wasn't a sense of duty; they all knew well enough how to shirk, and laze, and dodge—when they had a mind to it—and mostly they had. Was it the two pounds ten a month that sent them there? They didn't think their pay half good enough. No; it was something in them, something inborn and subtle and everlasting. I don't say positively that the crew of a vulgar French or German merchantman wouldn't have done it, but I doubt it. And it wouldn't have been done in the same way. There was a completeness in it, something solid like a principle, and masterful like an instinct—a disclosure of something secret—of that hidden something, that gift of good or evil, that makes racial difference, that shapes the fate of nations.

"It was that night at ten that, for the first time since we had been fighting it, we saw the fire. The speed of the towing had fanned the smoldering destruction. A blue gleam appeared forward, shining below the wreck of the deck. It wavered in patches, it seemed to stir and creep like the light of a glow-worm. I saw it first, and told Mahon. 'Then the game's up,' he said. 'We had better stop this towing, or she will burst out suddenly fore and aft before we can clear out.' We set up a yell; rang bells to attract their attention; they towed on. At last Mahon and I crawled forward and cut the rope with an ax. There was no time to cast off the lashings. Red tongues could be seen licking the wilderness of splinters under our feet as we made our way back to the poop.

"Of course they very soon found out in the steamer that the rope was gone. She gave a loud blast of her whistle, her lights were seen sweeping in a wide circle, she came up, ranging close alongside, and stopped. We were all in a tight group on the poop looking at her. Every man had saved a little bundle or a bag. Suddenly a conical flame with a twisted top shot up forward, and threw upon the black sea a circle of light, with the two vessels side by side, and heaving gently in its center. Captain Beard had been sitting on the gratings still and mute for hours, but now he rose and advanced in front of us, to the mizzen-shrouds. Captain Nash hailed: 'Come along! Look sharp! I have mail-bags on board, you know. I will take you and your boats to Singapore.'

"'Thank you! No!' said our skipper. 'We must see the last of the ship.'

"'I can't stand by any longer,' shouted the other.

"'Of course not. We are all right.'

"'Well, I'll report you in Singapore. Good-by.'

"He waved his hand. Our men dropped their bundles quietly. The steamer moved ahead, and, passing out of the circle of light, vanished at once from our sight, dazzled by the fire, which burned fiercely. And then I knew that I would see the East first as commander of a small boat. I thought it fine; and the fidelity to the old ship was fine. We should see the last of her. O the glamour of youth! O the fire of it, more dazzling than the flames of the burning ship, throwing its magic light on the wide earth, leaping audaciously to the sky, presently to be quenched by time, more cruel, more pitiless, more bitter than the sea, and, like the flames of the burning ship, surrounded by the profound night: by the night that waits, by the night that rushes suddenly, and in which we are left to grope in the ashes of our desires, in the ashes of our strength, in the cold ashes of our loves, of our friendships, of our hopes, for some spark of that youth that has been!

"But there we were left alone to see the last of her. The old man informed us it was part of our duty to save as much as we could out of the ship. Accordingly we went to work aft, while she blazed forward to give us plenty of light. We lugged out a lot of rubbish. What didn't we save? An old barometer fixed with an absurd quantity of screws nearly cost me my life. A sudden rush of smoke came upon me, and I just got away in time. There were various stores, bolts of canvas, coils of rope; the poop looked like a marine bazaar, and the boats were lumbered to the gunwales. One would have thought the old man wanted to leave nothing but a clear ship to the fire. He seemed anxious to take as much as he could of his first command with him. He was very, very quiet, but off his balance, evidently. Would you believe it? he wanted to take a length of old stream-cable and a kedge-anchor with him in the long-boat. We said, 'Aye, aye, sir,' deferentially, and on the quiet let the things slip overboard. The heavy medicine-chest went that way, two bags of green coffee, tins of paint—fancy, paint!—a whole lot of things. Then I was ordered with two hands into the boats to make a stowage and get them ready against the time it would be proper for us to leave the ship.

"We put everything straight, stepped the long-boat's mast for our skipper, who was to take charge of her, and I was not sorry to sit down for a moment. My face felt raw, every limb ached as if broken, I was aware of all my ribs, and would have sworn to a twist in the backbone. The boats, fast astern, lay in a deep shadow, and all around I could see the circle of the sea lighted by the fire. A gigantic flame rose forward straight and clear. It flared fierce, with noises like the whir of wings, with rumbles as of thunder. There were cracks, detonations, and from the cone of flame the sparks flew upwards, as man is born to trouble, to leaky ships, and to ships that burn.

"What bothered me was that the ship, lying broadside to the swell, and to such wind as there was—a mere breath—the boats would not keep astern where they were safe, but persisted, in a pigheaded way boats have, in getting under the counter and then swinging alongside. They were knocking about dangerously and coming near the flame, while the ship rolled on them, and, of course, there was always the danger of the masts going over the side at any moment. I and my two boat-keepers kept them off as best we could, with oars and boat-hooks; but to be constantly at it became exasperating, since there was no reason why we should not leave at once. We could not see those on board, and could not imagine what caused the delay. The boat-keepers were swearing feebly, and I had not only my share of the work, but also had to keep at it two men who showed

a constant inclination to lay themselves down and let things slide.

"At last I hailed, 'On deck there,' and some one looked over. "We're ready here,' I said. The head disappeared, and very soon popped up again. 'The captain says, All right, sir, and to keep the boats well clear of the ship.'

"Half an hour passed. Suddenly there was a frightful racket, rattle, clanking of chain, hiss of water, and millions of sparks flew up into the shivering column of smoke that stood leaning slightly above the ship. The cat-heads had burned away, and the two red-hot anchors had gone to the bottom, tearing out after them two hundred fathom of red-hot chain. The ship trembled, the mass of flame swayed as if ready to collapse, and the foretopgallantmast fell. It darted down like an arrow of fire, shot under, and, instantly leaping up within an oar's length of the boats, floated quietly, very black on the luminous sea. I hailed the deck again. After some time a man in an unexpectedly cheerful but also a muffled tone, as though he had been trying to speak with his mouth shut, informed me, 'Coming directly, sir,' and vanished. For a long time I heard nothing but the whir and roar of the fire. There were also whistling sounds. The boats jumped, tugged at the painters, ran at each other playfully, knocked their sides together, or, do what we would, swung in a bunch against the ship's side. I couldn't stand it any longer, and, swarming up a rope, clambered aboard over the stern.

"It was as bright as day. Coming up like this, the sheet of fire facing me, was a terrifying sight, and the heat seemed hardly bearable at first. On a settee cushion dragged out of the cabin, Captain Beard, with his legs drawn up, and with one arm under his head, slept with the light playing on him. Do you know what the rest were busy about? They were sitting on deck right aft, round an open case, eating bread and cheese and drinking bottled stout.

"On the background of flames twisting in fierce tongues above their heads they seemed at home like salamanders, and looked like a band of desperate pirates. The fire sparkled in the whites of their eyes, gleamed on patches of white skin seen through the torn shirts. Each had the marks as of a battle about him—bandaged heads, tied-up arms, a strip of dirty rag round a knee—and each man had a bottle between his legs and a chunk of cheese in his hand. Mahon rose. With his handsome and disreputable head, his hooked profile, his long white beard, and a pint bottle of stout in his hand, he seemed one of those reckless sea-robbers of old making merry amidst violence and disaster. 'The last meal on board,' he explained to me. 'We had nothing to eat all day, and it was no use leaving all this.' He flourished the bottle about, and indicated the sleeping skipper. 'He said he couldn't swallow anything, so I got him to lie down,' he went on; and as I stared, 'I don't know whether you are aware, young fellow, the man had no sleep to speak of for days—and there will be mighty little sleep in the boats.' 'There will be no boats by and by if you fool about much longer,' I said, indignantly. I walked up to the skipper and shook him by the shoulder. At last he opened his eyes, but did not move. 'Time to leave her, sir,' I said, quietly.

"He got up painfully, looked at the flames, at the sea sparkling round the ship, and black, black as ink farther away; he looked at the stars shining dim through a thin veil of smoke in a sky black, black as Erebus.

"'Youngest first,' he said.

"And the ordinary seaman, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, got up, clambered over the taffrail, and vanished. Others followed. One, on the point of going over, stopped short to drain his bottle, and with a great swing of his arm flung it at the fire. 'Take this!' he cried.

"The skipper lingered disconsolately, and we left him to commune alone for a time with his first command. Then I went up again and brought him away at last. It was time. The ironwork on the poop was hot to the touch.

"Then the painter of the long-boat was cut, and the three boats, tied together, drifted clear of the ship. It was just eighteen hours after the explosion when we abandoned her. Mahon had charge of the second boat, and I had the smallest—the fourteen-foot thing. The long-boat would have taken the lot of us; but the skipper said we must save as much property as we could—for the underwriters—and so I got my first command. I had two men with me, a bag of biscuits, a few tins of meat, and a cask of water. I was ordered to keep close to the long-boat, that in case of bad weather we might be taken into her.

"And do you know what I thought? I thought I would part company as soon as

I could. I wanted to have my first command all to myself. I wasn't going to sail in a squadron if there were a chance for independent cruising. I would make land by myself. I would beat the other boats. Youth! Beautiful, silly, charming!

"But we did not make a start at once. We must see the last of the ship. And so the boats drifted about that night, heaving and setting on the swell. The men dozed, waked, sighed, groaned. I looked at the burning ship.

"Between the darkness of earth and heaven she was burning fiercely upon a disc of purple sea shot by the blood-red play of gleams; upon a disc of water glittering and sinister. A high, clear flame, an immense and lonely flame, ascended from the ocean, and from its summit the black smoke poured continuously at the sky. She burned furiously, mournful and imposing, like a funeral pile kindled in the night, surrounded by the sea, watched over by the stars. A magnificent death had come like a grace, like a gift, like a reward to that old ship at the end of her laborious days. The surrender of her weary ghost to the keeping of stars and sea was stirring like the sight of a glorious triumph. The masts fell just before daybreak, and for a moment there was a burst and turmoil of sparks that seemed to fill with flying fire the patient and watchful night, the vast night lying silent upon the sea. At daylight she was only a charred shell, floating still under a cloud of smoke and bearing a glowing mass of coal within.

"Then the oars were got out, and the boats, forming in a line, moved round her remains as if in procession—the long-boat leading. As we pulled across her stern a slim dart of fire shot out viciously at us, and suddenly she went down, head first, in a great hiss of steam. The unconsumed stern was the last to sink; but the paint had gone, had cracked, had peeled off, and there were no letters, there was no word, no stubborn device that was like her soul, to flash at the rising sun her creed and her name.

"We made our way north. A breeze sprang up, and about noon all the boats came together for the last time. I had no mast or sail in mine; but I made a mast out of a spare oar and hoisted a boat-awning for a sail, with a boat-hook for a yard. She was certainly overmasted, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that, with the wind aft, I could beat the other two. I had to wait for them. Then we all had a look at the captain's chart, and, after a sociable meal of hard bread and water, got our last instructions. These were simple: steer north, and keep together as much as possible. 'Be careful with that jury rig, Marlow,' said the captain; and Mahon, as I sailed proudly past his boat, wrinkled his curved nose and hailed, 'You will sail that ship of yours under water if you don't look out, young fellow!' He was a malicious old man—and may the deep sea where he sleeps now rock him gently, rock him tenderly to the end of time!

"Before sunset a thick rain-squall passed over the two boats, which were far astern, and that was the last I saw of them for a time. Next day I sat steering my cockle-shell—my first command—with nothing but water and sky around me. I did sight in the afternoon the upper sails of a ship far away, but said nothing, and my men did not notice her. You see, I was afraid she might be homeward bound, and I had no mind to turn back from the portals of the East. I was steering for Java—another blessed name—like Bankok, you know. I steered many days.

"I need not tell you what it is to be knocking about for days in an open boat. I remember nights and days of calm when we pulled, we pulled, and the boat seemed to stand still, as if bewitched, within the circle of the sea horizon. I remember the heat, the deluge of rain-squalls that kept us baling for dear life (but filled our water-cask), and I remember sixteen hours on end with a mouth dry as a cinder and a steering-oar over the stern to keep my first command head on to a breaking sea. I did not know how good a man I was till then. I remember the drawn faces, the dejected figures, of my two men, and I remember my youth and the feeling that will never come back any more—the feeling that I could last forever, outlast the sea, the earth, and all men; the deceitful feeling that lures us on to joys, to perils, to love, to vain effort—to death; the triumphant conviction of strength, the heat of life in the handful of dust, the glow in the heart that with every year grows dim, grows cold, grows small and expires—and expires, too soon, too soon—before life itself.

"And this is how I see the East. I have seen its secret places and have looked into its very soul; but now I see it always from a small boat—a high outline of mountains, blue and afar in the morning, like faint mist

at noon; a jagged wall of purple at sunset. I have the feel of the oar in my hand, the vision of a scorching blue sea in my eyes. And I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the dark. A red light burns far off upon the gloom of the land, and the night is soft and warm. We pull with aching arms, and suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint and tepid and laden with strange odors of blossoms, of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night—the first sigh of the East on my face. That I can never forget. It was impalpable and enslaving, like a spell, like a charm, like a whispered promise of mysterious delight.

"We had been pulling this finishing spell for eleven hours. Two pulled, and he whose turn it was to rest steered. We had made out the red light in that bay and pulled at it, guessing it must mark some small coasting port. We were right. As we pulled in we passed two vessels, outlandish and high-sterned, sleeping at anchor, and, approaching the light, now very dim, ran the boat's nose against the end of a jutting wharf. We were blind with fatigue. My men dropped the oars and fell off the thwarts as if dead. I made fast to a pile. A current rippled softly. The scented obscurity of the shore was grouped into vast masses, a density of colossal clumps of vegetation, probably—mute and fantastic shapes. And at their foot the semicircle of a beach gleamed faintly, like an illusion. There was not a light, not a stir, not a sound. The mysterious East faced me, perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave.

"And I sat, weary beyond expression, triumphant like a conqueror, sleepless and entranced, as if contemplating a profound, a fateful, enigma.

"A splashing of oars, a measured dip reverberating on the level of water, intensified by the silence of the shore into loud claps, made me jump up. A boat, a European boat, was coming in. I invoked the name of the dead; I hailed Judea! A thin shout answered.

"It was the captain. I had beaten the flagship by three hours, and I was glad to hear the old man's voice again, tremulous and tired. 'Is it you, Marlow?' 'Mind the end of that jetty, sir,' I cried.

"He approached cautiously, and brought up with the deep-sea lead-line which we had saved—for the underwriters. I eased my painter and fell alongside. He sat, a broken figure, at the stern, wet with dew, his hands clasped in his lap. His men were asleep already. 'I had a terrible time of it,' he murmured. 'Mahon is behind—not very far.' We conversed in whispers, in low whispers, as if afraid to wake up the land. Guns, thunder, earthquakes, would not have awakened the men just then.

"Looking round as we talked, I saw away at sea a bright light traveling in the night 'There's a steamer passing the bay,' I said. She was not passing, she was entering, and she even came close and anchored. 'I wish,' said the old man, 'you would find out whether she is English. Perhaps they could give us a passage somewhere.' He seemed nervously anxious. So, by dint of punching and kicking, I started one of my men into a state of somnambulism, and, giving him an oar, took another and pulled towards the lights of the steamer.

"There was a murmur of voices in her, metallic hollow clangs of the engine-room, footsteps on the deck. Her ports shone, round like dilated eyes. Shapes moved about, and there was a shadowy man high up on the bridge. He heard my oars.

"And then, before I could open my lips, the East spoke to me, but it was in a Western voice. A torrent of words was poured into the enigmatical, the fateful, silence; outlandish, angry words, mixed with words and even whole sentences of good English, less strange but even more surprising. The voice swore and cursed me violently; it riddled the solemn peace of the bay by a volley of abuse. It began by calling me Pig, and from that went crescendo into unmentionable adjectives—in English. The man up there raged aloud, and with a sincerity in his fury that almost convinced me I had, in some way, sinned against the harmony of the universe. I could hardly see him, but began to think he would work himself into a fit.

"Suddenly he ceased, and I could hear him snorting and blowing like a porpoise. I said—

"'What steamer is this, pray?'

"'Eh? What's this? And who are you?'

"'Castaway crew of an English bark burnt at sea. We came here to-night. I am the second mate. The captain is in the long-boat, and wishes to know if you would give us a passage somewhere.'

"'Oh, my goodness! I say. . . . This is the Celestial from Singapore on her return trip. I'll arrange with your captain in the

morning, . . . and, . . . I say, . . . did you hear me just now?'

"'I should think the whole bay heard you.'

"'I thought you were a shore-boat. Now, look here—this infernal lazy scoundrel of a caretaker has gone to sleep again—curse him. The light is out, and I nearly ran foul of the end of this jetty. This is the third time he plays me this trick. Now, I ask you, can anybody stand this kind of thing? It's enough to drive a man out of his mind. I'll report him. . . . I'll get the Assistant Resident to give him the sack. See—there's no light. It's out, isn't it? I take you to witness the light's out. There should be a light, you know. A red light on the—'

"'There was a light,' I said, mildly.

"'But it's out, man! What's the use of talking like this? You can see by yourself it's out—don't you? If you had to take a valuable steamer along this God-forsaken coast, you would want a light too. I'll kick him from end to end of his miserable wharf. You'll see if I don't. I will—'

"'So I may tell my captain you'll take us,' I broke in.

"'Yes, I'll take you. Good-night,' he said, brusquely.

"I pulled back, made fast again to the jetty, and then went to sleep at last. I had faced the silence of the East. I had heard some of its language. But when I opened my eyes again, the silence was as complete as though it had never been broken. I was lying in a flood of light, and the sky had never looked so far, so high, before. I opened my eyes and lay without moving.

"And then I saw the men of the East—they were looking at me. The whole length of the jetty was full of people. I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter, the color, of an Eastern crowd. And all these beings stared without a murmur, without a sigh, without a movement. They stared down at the boats, at the sleeping men that at night had come to them from the sea. Nothing moved. The fronds of palms stood still against the sky. Not a branch stirred along the shore, and the brown roofs of hidden houses peeped through the green foliage, through the big leaves that were shining and still like leaves forged of heavy metal. This was the East of the ancient navigators, so old, so mysterious, resplendent and somber, living and unchanged, full of danger and promise. And these were the men. I sat up suddenly. A stir, a wave of movement passed through the crowd from end to end, passed along the heads, swayed the bodies, ran along the jetty like a ripple on the water, like a breath of wind on a field—and all was still again. I see it now—the wide sweep of the bay, the glittering sands, the wealth of green infinite and varied, the sea blue like the sea of a dream, the crowd of attentive faces, the blaze of vivid color—the water reflecting it all, the curve of the shore, the jetty, the high-sterned outlandish craft floating still, and the three boats with the tired men from the West sleeping, unconscious of the land and the people and of the violence of sunshine. They slept thrown across the thwarts, curled on bottom-boards, in careless attitudes of death. The head of the old skipper, leaning back in the stern of the long-boat, had fallen on his breast, and he looked as though he would never wake. Farther out old Mahon's face was upturned to the sky, with the long white beard spread out on his breast, as though he had been shot where he sat at the tiller; and a man, all in a heap in the bows of the boat, slept with both his arms embracing the stem-head and with his cheek laid on the gunwale. The East looked at them without a sound.

"I have known its fascination since; I have seen the mysterious stores, the still water, the lands of brown nations, where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength. But for me all the East is contained in that vision of my youth. It is all in that moment when I opened my young eyes on it. I came upon it from a tussle with the sea—and I was young—and I saw it looking at me. And this is all that's left of it! My God! Only a moment, an instant, a beat of the eyelid, and all is gone. All! The strength, the ignorance, the romance, the hopes, the glamour—youth! . . . A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember, the time for a sigh, and—good-by! Night. Good-by . . .!"

He drank.

"Ah! The good old time—the good old time. Youth and the sea. You have known it. What was it? What was there in it? Eh? Not the life itself. Hey? What? Glamour and the sea, the good, strong sea, the salt, bitter sea, that could whisper to you and roar at you and knock your breath out of you."

He drank again.

"By all that's wonderful, it is the sea, I believe, the sea itself—or is it youth alone? Who can tell? But you here—you all had something out of life: money, love—whatever one gets on shore—and, tell me, wasn't that the best time, that time when we were young at sea; young and had nothing, on the sea that gives nothing, except hard knocks—and sometimes a chance to feel your strength—that only—what you all regret!"

And we all nodded at him; the man of finance, the man of accounts, the man of law, we all nodded at him over the polished table that, like a still sheet of brown water, reflected our faces, lined, wrinkled; our faces marked by toil, by deceptions, by success, by love; our weary eyes looking still, looking always, looking anxiously, for something out of life, for something that never comes, that while it is expected is already gone, gone past, gone unseen, gone in a flash—gone together with the youth, with the strength, with the romance of illusions.

Books and Authors

Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head were received by The Outlook during the week ending September 15. Prices will be found under the head of Books Received in the preceding issue of The Outlook. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

HISTORY AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS

The argument made by Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the author of "Social Evolution," for *The Control of the Tropics* by the Anglo-Saxon races was so fully set forth in Mr. Kidd's interesting article published in The Outlook of September 10 that we do not need to analyze it here. The volume will be read with peculiar interest by the people of this country at this time, because of its bearing on the great problem of expansion and colonial government now in process of solving. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

Within the last year or so the London "Times" has published, from time to time, cable dispatches from its correspondent in China which have announced such startling changes in Great Britain's policy in her dealings with Russia that the dispatches were at first discredited. In every case, however, events proved that the correspondent was right, and that his knowledge of Chinese affairs was far in advance of that possessed by the newspapers at home. It is now known that the correspondent of the "Times" was Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun. He has just published a book of quite unusual interest called *China in Transformation*. It may be described as by far the most important work on the general subject published for several years. Generally speaking, Mr. Colquhoun is decidedly pessimistic about British policy in China, and he reproaches Lord Salisbury's Government for lack of courage and energy. Since the book was written there have been decided changes in the Chinese situation, and these changes, to a considerable extent, invalidate, we think, some of Mr. Colquhoun's conclusions. We shall speak of the work at greater length before long. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

If it had not been for the journalistic pretentiousness surrounding the "mission" of the Rev. George Hepworth to Armenia, we are sure that his book would have had a more appreciative reading. Such an expedition as he undertook at the request of the New York "Herald" could hardly settle any of the vexed questions connected with the history of the Armenian massacres, though it might have thrown (and undoubtedly does throw) a good deal of light on the situation. Generally speaking, Dr. Hepworth's book, *Through Armenia on Horseback*, is readable, although it often falls into trivialities and occasionally strains after liveliness. We have never had any doubt that Dr. Hepworth was perfectly free, under the terms of his engagement with the "Herald," to present his conclusions fully, whatever they might be, and that, in point of fact, he examined the subject without any strong bias. It is equally true, as he himself admits, that he was accompanied by a personal agent of the Sultan, and was throughout brought strongly under Turkish influences. He found the Armenians "as low in many respects as either Turks or Kurds," and feels sure that the difficulty is political rather than religious, and that Armenia shares the moribund condition of all Turkey. Dr. Hepworth holds that the Armenian massacres were caused by Armenian revolutionists, or, more strictly, that the

presence of the revolutionists gave occasion and excuse for the massacres, while the Turks were undoubtedly, he says, looking for such occasion and excuse. The book is handsomely printed and well illustrated. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

Just such a book as Professor Bernard Moses's *Establishment of Spanish Rule in America* has long been needed, and its publication at this moment is opportune. We earnestly hope that Professor Moses may follow this volume with one treating in a similar way the decadence and end of Spanish rule in America. The present book is written in a non-technical style, and traces carefully the chief events in the organizing of Spain's colonies, with the outlines of Spain's colonial policy. It contains not a little historical and economic knowledge that it would be difficult or impossible to find elsewhere in connected form. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Another volume of decided timeliness is Mary H. Krout's *Hawaii and a Revolution.* Under this title the author gives her experiences as correspondent in the Sandwich Islands during the crisis of 1893, and for the following year. She writes with the warmest possible feeling with the annexation party, and is not always, perhaps, historically impartial, this showing chiefly in omission rather than in any offensive positive criticisms. The book contains, scattered here and there through the narrative of events, a considerable amount of important information about education, religion, commerce, the customs of the natives, etc. The author sums up the question which has been settled by annexation since she wrote the concluding pages, in this form: "Shall what now exists—society, wealth, comfort, in which even the poorest share—be dissipated by hands incapable of administering law and order? or shall it be transferred to those who created it, and who, in saving their own, must save with it that which yet remains to the natives?" The few illustrations in the book are from excellent photographs. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Mr. Francis Newton Thorpe has made an important contribution to our historical literature in *A Constitutional History of the American People (1776–1850)*, in two substantial volumes, his endeavor being to trace the evolution of government, and to register the changes of opinion and fundamental conception regarding the principles of government through which the people of the country have passed. He deals with events as illustrating the working out of a political system, and traces the course of political history from this standpoint down to 1850. His history is, in other words, an attempt to interpret, from the standpoint of principle, the history of the Anglo-Saxon peoples on this continent, and to make clear the successive steps by which the country has arrived at its present conceptions and institutions of civil and political order. The work will receive more extended comment. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. John J. Chapman, whose volume "Emerson and Other Essays" gave a distinct impression of freshness, vivacity, and courage, confirms that impression by the publication of five additional essays under the title *Causes and Consequences*—a title which, upon the reading of the book, is seen to have a very definite relation to its argument. Mr. Chapman's point of view is both critical and optimistic. He is a thoroughgoing believer in democracy and in American civilization, while at the same time an extremely sharp and at times a somewhat captious critic both of institutions and manners in this country. The point of view from which he deals with political corruption, bosses, rings, and commercialism is as critical as that of the "intelligent minority" which for so many years has been lifting up its voice against the distortion of American ideals and the lowering of American methods. Mr. Chapman believes that our political corruptions and social inferiorities are due to what he calls "the temporary distortion of human character by the forces of commerce." His view of things is hopeful. No man has spoken more frankly about the boss system, which he characterizes as practical nullification of self-government, and he happily describes the boss as "a hired man employed to do the dirty work of others;" but he believes that the boss is already in large measure a figure of the past, and that we have escaped the peril of the boss system which at one time threatened to change the form of our Government from a democracy into the most vulgar plutocracy the world has ever known. Mr. Chapman is direct, pungent, and by no means lacking in originality. He is an idealist with a journalistic style. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

BIOGRAPHY

Naturally, the editors of The Outlook have noted with peculiar pleasure and interest the

The Quaker staying power was also shown strongly. The Spectator will not soon forget the steps at the Mint, where a determined crowd of sightseers, on Civic Day, had settled themselves by half-past nine in the morning, the procession being expected to reach that point by half-past one in the afternoon. It was a decidedly raw morning, and the stone steps must have been chilly resting-places; but frail women and tender babes were packed closely upon them, with a patient determination written upon each face. Three very small boys, exactly alike, and wearing gray woolen caps of precisely the same pattern, occupied the projecting base of the side lamp-post, and about them a wise parent or guardian had wrapped a gray blanket, and tucked it in well around their chubby forms. Only the right arm of each was outside this protecting envelope, and in each red right hand was a redder apple, in process of slow and happy assimilation. It was a delightful picture.

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And so the three hours' march went on, on Military Day; Miles and Evans, Philip and Wainwright, Hobson and the Merrimac crew in their four-horse drag, the Twenty-first Infantry, the Tenth Cavalry, the dozen of Rough Riders, the plucky Guantanamo marines, and other gallant campaigners came by and were cheered to the echo; the flags dipped before the President, and the long lines of soldiers passed on through the high white arch among the rows of tall flag-garlanded columns; and the bands played "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the close-massed throngs tossed up their hats and waved their handkerchiefs and shouted themselves hoarse in their boundless enthusiasm over our boys in blue.

❀

The Spectator was pleased to notice the genuine and hearty enthusiasm everywhere aroused on Military Day by the Tenth Cavalry—the negro regiment which fought so magnificently at San Juan. A perfect storm of cheers greeted their approach all along the line. Even when, two days after, they marched to the station on their way home, the crowd recognized and applauded them and the small boy paid homage and made no ill-bred jest about "coons." The war has taught America anew the treasures of loyalty and courage she possesses in her negro citizens, and it is a wholesome lesson for some people.

❀

Even the Chinaman came to the front. Lee Toy, the "Mayor of Chinatown," rode in Admiral's uniform at the head of their line on Civic Day, and thirty-six of them, dressed as sailors, impersonated the Chinese fighters on the Olympia, with the words on their banner, "We helped Dewey." The Spectator wondered if the obvious crumbling of the Chinese Empire had had its effect upon even their stolid minds, and made them decide that America was a better country to "tie to" than their native land. A Chicago friend, who was with the Spectator, acknowledged that the City of Brotherly Love had the more impressive pageant of the two. "We have no Independence Hall to rededicate, to begin with," he said; "we miss the historic background." Certainly it added a great deal, and the different floats emphasized the civic pride of Philadelphia on this point. "Betsey Ross Making the American Flag" was especially dear to the crowd on the sidewalks, even though the fair Betsey of the occasion was so late in appearing that the float was delayed, and a great deal of advice was given her, as she passed along, "to hurry the next time, and not miss the train." William Penn and his Indians were another joy to the populace. And if the Spectator had been inclined to forget that Philadelphia is the first manufacturing city in the Union nowadays, the modern industrial floats would have prevented such a mistake. One cannot, perhaps, at first blush, grasp the connection between leather and peace, even when a pyramid of dressed skins is surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty, and followed by a large goat labeled "Dewey;" but the roofer whose float proclaimed that "Where the Roof Leaks there is no Peace," touched a responsive chord all along the line, while the firms whose paraders threw cakes of soap, cough-drops, and rolls to the onlookers were greeted with enthusiasm. One company of carpenters and joiners particularly took the Spectator's fancy. They carried stout poles, to the tops of which were fixed miniature articles of furniture—beginning with cradles, and changing successively down the line to high chairs, rocking-chairs, lounges, dressing-tables, etc., until they wound up with coffins! The Spectator felt, after that, that it was time to go home.

The Peace Commission in Paris

By a Staff Correspondent

WHY should Paris have been chosen for the meeting of our Peace Commissioners with those of Spain? This is a Commission which is to decide the fate of nations in the Far East and in the Far West. It will change the map of the world. It seems almost out of place that such momentous decisions should be made amidst the hubbub of a great metropolis; rather, one might say, perhaps, should they be made in some silent spot among the mountains.

Let one, however, proceed from his Paris hotel to the Quai d'Orsay. He will perhaps go through noisy streets—yet no street in Paris or in London is as noisy as our own—and when he arrives at the bank of the Seine and walks along, either from the old Pont de la Concorde or from the new but as yet unfinished Pont Alexandre III., and enters the garden of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he cannot resist a certain feeling of satisfaction that the Conference should be, after all, so appropriately housed.

M. DELCASSÉ

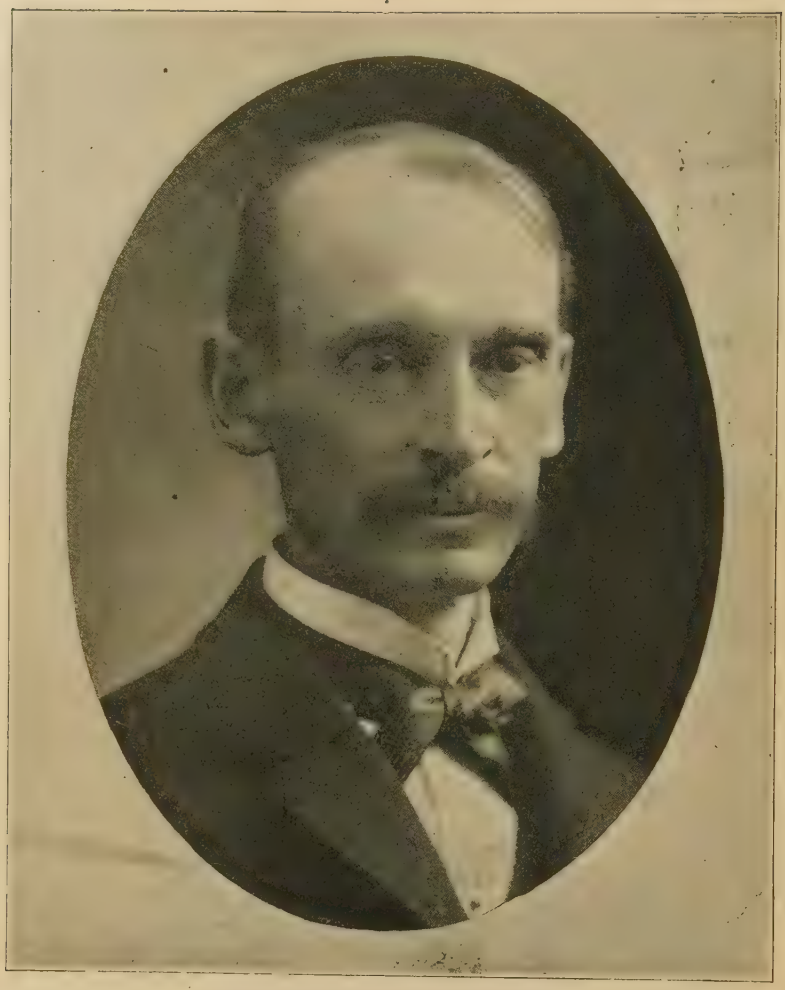
French Minister of Foreign Affairs, through whose courtesy the Commission met at the Foreign Ministry.

No Paris quai is particularly crowded, and the Quai d'Orsay seems the least so of any. At this time of the year the sun's rays strike not fiercely but gently through the yellowing leaves of the trees, and fall, together with a few of those leaves, on the broad walk; patches of mellow sunshine and yellow leaves alternating with the shadows.

We pass through a lofty grill into the trim garden. The guard salutes, and so does the porter. How quiet it is here! indeed, it does not seem possible that one high iron fence and some shrubbery could produce so much privacy. There is a broad gravel esplanade for carriages, and away to the left some thoroughbred-looking horses are champing their bits, impatiently waiting the result of an irritatingly calm and long conference in the Palace. The beautiful façade of the Ministry rises at the back of all this green and gray foreground. The walls are built of a peculiarly exquisite stone, which gives the effect of yellow and brown and gray and amethyst all in one. The Palace was erected in 1845, and its front is adorned with Doric and Ionic pilasters. There are balustrades on each story, and at the top are the armorial bearings of the principal Powers. To the right a paved walk leads to an archway, and this to the long building back of the Palace which serves for the many offices pertaining to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Men are constantly hurrying along this walk and carrying huge leather cases, within which are state papers. Now one of the Municipal Guards dashes up on horseback. Man and horse seem something alike, for the man wears a kind of long mane floating from his helmet, and so perfect a rider is he that one motion seems to move him and his steed. The guard hands a dispatch to the porter, and the latter gives it to his page, who immediately hurries with it under the archway. Meanwhile we

THE PALACE OF THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS IN PARIS

In the foreground (Place de la Concorde) stands the obelisk presented to Louis Philippe by Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. Beyond, the Pont de la Concorde leads to the Palais Bourbon, now the Chamber of Deputies. Still beyond may be seen the dome of the Invalides under which Napoleon I. is buried On the right is the Palace.



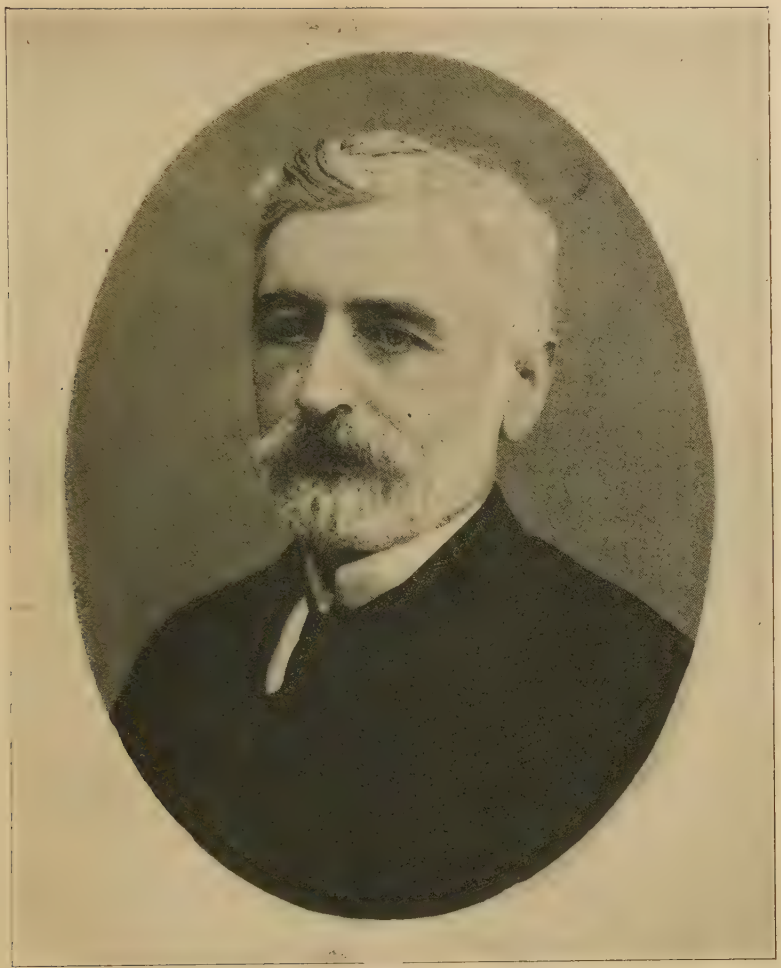
JUDGE WILLIAM R. DAY
President of the American Peace Commission

are pacing slowly towards the left, where is the state entrance.

In another minute the Commissioners will arrive. Here they come already—the Americans first, as is fitting and characteristic. It would have been a case of cart before horse had the Spaniards arrived first; besides, why should they ever belie their beloved "Mañana" (to-morrow)?

It is through the courtesy of M. Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister, that the Spanish-American Commissioners are permitted to hold their joint sessions at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. M. Delcassé has already done much to bring the Spanish and Americans into harmony. The French, and especially the Parisians of every class, welcome the advent of the Commission, and declare that it adds honor to Paris.

We enter the Palace. The Commission occupies two salons in what is known as the Galerie des Fêtes. These rooms are already nationally and internationally historic, having been occupied over forty years ago by the Congress of Paris, and only a few years ago by the Behring Sea Commission. The ceilings are at a great height, and the walls are nung with red damask. The ceiling frescos date from Louis Philippe's time, and the furniture is in the fashion prevailing during the reign of Louis XV. From the windows there is a charming view. In the middle of one room is a huge table covered with green cloth. Ranged round this table are the chairs of the Commissioners, and at either end the "thrones" of the two Presidents, ex-Secretary Day and Señor Montero Rios. The Commission decided that its joint sessions



SEÑOR MONTERO RIOS

President of the Spanish Peace Commission

should be under dual control, and, of course, should be absolutely secret. A generous buffet is spread in the adjoining apartment, and is served by a head waiter and four assistants. All communication with the rest of the Palace has been cut off, and at the entrance to the salons of the Commissioners there is an antechamber to accommodate two messengers and an usher.

When our Commission meets separately, the sessions are held in large, sunny, and well-furnished apartments on the ground floor of the Hôtel Continental, not on the Rue Castiglione side, but near the private entrance at the back of the house. One reaches them directly by this private entrance, and also from the office by the corridor and court surrounding the great reading-room. Two policemen guard the Commission's safe night and day, and the same watchfulness and secrecy is manifested by all the Commissioners, and indeed by all the aids and assistants, down to the smallest fraction of an assistant. They have thus started off bravely, all of them. Let us hope that they will keep it up, and that there may be something done by our Government in connection with this Spanish business which the newspapers will not have either cleverly guessed at or pertinaciously ferreted out.

The Spanish Commissioners occupy the handsome house at No. 63 Rue Pierre Charron, very near the Avenue des Champs Élysées—an excellent location.

So much for place. Now for people.

The honored President of our Commission is ex-Secretary of State, the Hon. William R. Day. He seems about fifty years old. He

is not a very tall man; he is a thin man and an angular. His hair and mustache are blonde-gray; but one forgets about his personal appearance directly he speaks. Then it is that one feels that this is a spirit rather than a bit of flesh and blood; then it is that one feels himself surrounded by an aroma of intelligence, moderation, conciliation, and keen judgment, which seems to be breathed forth from the man who has been the right arm of the President of the United States.

After Mr. Day there is Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota. He is about sixty years old, and a man of medium size. He seems a singularly unimpressive person, but he is not. He is a man of great ability, and has done good work on the Foreign Relations Committee in the United States Senate. His drooping mustache and generally droopy air would hardly give one the idea that Mr. Davis is an ardent extensionist. But things are not as they seem.

Now comes a more attractive type. Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, is over sixty years of age. His long term of service in our Congress has been a long record of public usefulness. He has been supposed to be a jingo of the jingoes, and he has said and done much to confirm this; still no one has ever had cause to distrust Senator Frye. He has commanded in both private and public life the respect and affection of men of all parties. He is a good specimen of New England ruggedness, trustworthiness, and truth. It is well known that his appointment to the Paris Commission was a case of the office seeking the man and not the man the office. Mr. Frye is in Paris much against his will, and is already chafing at probable delays. With Senator Davis, he is supposed to form the radical or expansionist element in the American Commission. He declares that America should possess all that is necessary for its future commercial supremacy, taking care that international laws should not thereby be violated, however, and working in such a manner that the conduct of the Government and of the American people should be amply justified.

THE HÔTEL CONTINENTAL IN PARIS

The Hôtel stands at the left. Looking through the Rue Castiglione, in the distance may be seen the Vendôme column, which commemorates the Napoleonic victories of 1805.

The more conservative element, on the other hand, is supposed to be represented by Mr. Day and Senator George Gray, of Delaware. The latter is a tall, portly, fine-looking man, nearly sixty years of age. He is a fluent speaker and an admirable debater. It is fancied that President McKinley first offered a Democratic membership to ex-Secretary of State Richard Olney; we all know

HON. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

that he did offer this position to another eminent Democrat, whose acceptance was disappointingly followed by a declination. Justice White would have added great weight to the Commission, more especially because of his being a Roman Catholic, and hence, in a certain sense, representing that Church in the tangled mess of affairs to be settled in and for the Philippines. Yet it is doubtful whether any other Democrat could bring to the Commission a more generally respected authority and leadership from that party than does Senator Gray. His position and service with regard to tariff, currency, and Civil Service Reform are too well known to be mentioned here.

Alphabetically, last of all the Commissioners is the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the New York "Tribune," a candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General Harrison in 1892, an ex-Minister to France, and, more recently, the special Ambassador of the United States at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. Mr. Reid is perhaps the most distinguished-looking of our Commissioners. His hair and beard have grown rather white, but only add to the dignity of his tall figure. He must feel quite at home in Paris, though hardly so in the somewhat unaristocratic Hôtel Continental compared with his fine residence in the Avenue Hoche. All of the Commissioners now reside at the Hôtel Continental. Politically, also, Mr. Reid comes last. The other four are popularly supposed to be divided into two parties, while Mr. Reid is popularly thought to compose an Opportunist party by himself—a party of one, neither radical nor conservative. This may be true or it may not be. We shall see. Mr. Reid is a diplomat *par excellence.* He can talk for an hour, and say many things charmingly and intelligently and informatively, and yet in that time he will not give out one little bit or hint of any matter which should be kept secret. As he himself said the other day, "The old definition of an Ambassador, you know, was that he was sent to lie abroad for the good of his country. Well, we have changed this a little. At the present time, at least, it is the duty of an Ambassador to hold his tongue abroad for the good of his country."

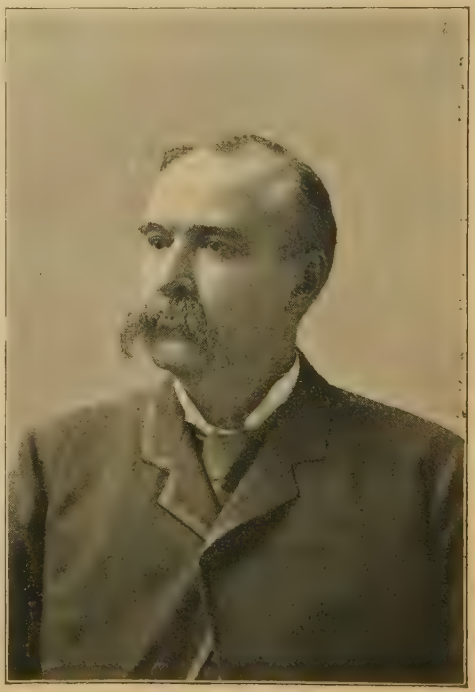
The first Secretary of the Commission is Professor John B. Moore, of Columbia University, and lately First Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Moore is a rather stout and fine-looking man, about forty-five years of age. He brings to his work a long training in international law and much expert knowledge. The second Secretary is Mr. John

SEÑOR JOSÉ GARNICA

HON. WILLIAM P. FRYE

R. MacArthur, lately Secretary of Legation at Madrid under General Woodford, and since then one of the Assistant Secretaries of State at Washington. Mr. MacArthur has the advantage over any of the preceding persons of an intimate knowledge of Spanish life and character gained at first hand, and also of command of the French and Spanish languages. To our country's chagrin the fact must be disclosed that not one of the foregoing diplomats save Mr. MacArthur has a knowledge of Spanish, and but one (Mr. Reid) a knowledge of French.

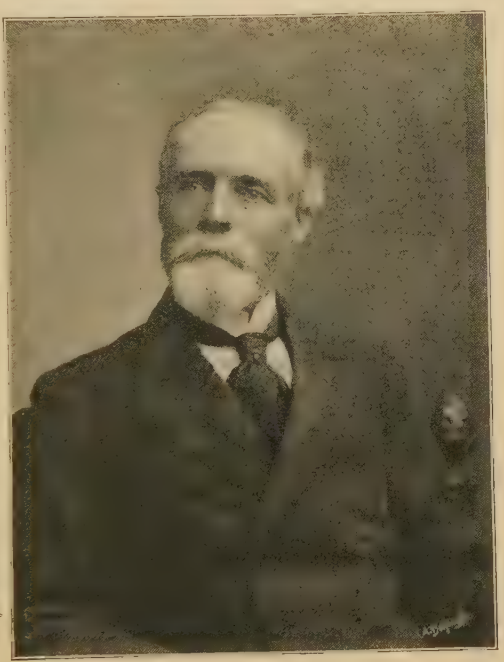
There is no more interesting figure in the Spanish Commission than his Excellency Señor Don Montero Rios, its President. He is seventy years old. He is a medium-sized man, with a white beard. These, however, are but subsidiary characteristics. The great distinguishing quality of the man is his fear of the cold. During the recent extreme heat, when most of us were living in linen clothes and on ices, Señor Montero Rios went about in a winter "capa," or Spanish cloak, and he even had a tiger-skin in his carriage lest his legs should freeze. As is well known, he occupies the exalted position of "President of the Spanish Senate." The poor Senators have not yet dared to rebel against his drastic orders that the winter doors are to be kept on during warm weather, nor are any windows or ventilators to be opened during the session. As he is suffering from a cold, our Commissioners may well hope for short sessions at the Quai d'Orsay; otherwise we may have a second Spanish war on our hands. Señor Montero Rios is a rich man, and has declined a salary which the Spanish Government has offered him as President of its Commission. He is a far greater personage than his modest exterior indicates. There is no more eminent jurist in Spain than he, and in his own province they call him the Great Galician or "Gallejo"—they even dub him the King of Galicia. In 1868 he was one of the Ministry of Reformation; during the reign of Amadeus, and again in the Sagasta Cabinet, he was Minister of Justice. To him is due the reform of the Penal Code and the Laws of Procedure. He is a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and is about to invest President Faure with the insignia of that Order. As has been hinted, Signor Montero Rios has not always been a Monarchist. With those well-known statesmen Señors Romero, Giron, and Moret, he stood by Ruiz Zorilla to the last. Señor Montero Rios's reputation, however, is greater in the world of political economy than that of politics. In the latter world he has been com



HON. GEORGE GRAY

pletely overshadowed by his friend the present Prime Minister of Spain; it is said, however, that Señor Montero Rios refused his friend's appeal to accept a position on the Peace Commission, and it required all the good offices of the Queen Regent to persuade him at last. He is not alone in his admiration of that august lady. Long before the war began Señor Montero Rios was a consistent advocate of autonomy in his country's colonies, because he did not think that Spain in her enfeebled condition could long maintain any proper semblance of sovereignty at so great a distance. He has now intimated his wish that the first subject to be considered by the Commission shall be the Philippine question. This is only natural, as that is where the Spaniards feel themselves strongest, and of course they must put their best foot foremost. They claim that the Manila occupation is a question of protocol and not of capitulation; hence they declare that we ought to abandon Manila when the peace treaty is signed. Señor Montero Rios has also been especially prominent in the ecclesiastical courts, and this prominence gives him another valued title to usefulness in the sessions of the Commission. No more interesting matter has come up for discussion than the relations of the Church to the rearrangement of peoples and countries and sovereignties. For instance, our Protestant missionaries are urging, with justice, that they be restored to old rights, especially in the Carolines, and that they be given proper protection in all possessions, Spanish as well as American. This will undoubtedly be brought about. On the other hand, the Vatican, through its Nuncio in Madrid and its Apostolic Delegate in America, urges that in territory which has become ours the position of the Church shall be speedily defined and its property guaranteed. Another septuagenarian on the Spanish side is Señor General Cerero. This is another full-bearded man, and his beard is remarkably black considering its wearer's age. He has charge of the Spanish coast defense, and has designed nearly all of the modern forts in Spain. He speaks English, and the Spaniards say that he is a great admirer of everything English; at all events, he is a close student of military progress in England and other countries.

Señor Don Buenaventura Abarzuza is perhaps the finest-looking man on the Commission. He is about sixty years old, and is the image of robust health, probably owing to his long out-of-door life, for he is a passionate sportsman—a love which his early education in England only strengthened. Like General Cerero, Señor Abarzuza's knowledge of English was one reason for his nomination; pity it is that President McKinley did not see fit to name some American Commissioner who had an equally good knowledge of Spanish. Of course there are translators, but why should important matters of international comity and decision rest on the possibly halting command of languages which professional translators have? There is only one way to have a thing well done, and that is to do it one's self; perhaps the American Commissioners wish that they were in that pleasant position. No matter how exact their English may be, in order to be effective it must be exactly understood and re-expressed in Spanish. Señor Abarzuza, like the President of the Spanish Commission, was also formerly a republican. He was Minister of the Colonies in one of the Sagasta Cabinets. He was a great friend of Castelar, who, when President of the Republic of Spain, sent Señor Abarzuza as Ambassador to France.



HON. WHITELAW REID
Copyright by Aimé Dupont

After having accepted the monarchy he became Minister of the Colonies in one of the Sagasta Cabinets. He drew up a series of reforms for Cuba.

Another English-speaking Spaniard is Señor Don Wenceslao Ramirez de Villaurrutia. He is the youngest member of the Spanish Commission, and is its sprightliest figure. Once the counselor of the Spanish Embassy here, he is now Minister to Belgium. He is a friend of the Spanish Prime Minister, and commands esteem as a diplomat.

Next to Señor Montero Rios there is no stronger man on the Spanish Commission than Señor Don José Garnica. He is apparently about sixty years old, and is a tall, strong-looking, gray-bearded man. Like the President of the Spanish Commission, Señor Garnica has earned a great reputation in political economy. He is also supposed to be a specially good master of international law. At home Señor Garnica is a Magistrate in the Court of Cassation and is Deputy from Santander.

The Secretary of the Spanish Commission is Señor Don Ojeda, who occupies the position of Minister to Morocco. The Spaniards are also provided with clerks, messengers, stenographers, but our Commission employs about twice as many persons as does theirs.

The elaborate courtesy of the Spanish members of the Commission may be contrasted with the discourtesy of part at least of the Spanish press. Far from being considerate and judicial in tone, like the Madrid daily "La Época," the next best known newspaper of the Spanish capital, "El Imparcial," has not hesitated to fill its columns with as many insulting allusions as possible to the "Yankee pigs." The following account in the "Imparcial" of our Commissioners may be taken as an example: "The presence of the North American Commission at the Hôtel Continental attracts the attention of all their fellow-guests. This is not the appearance of a delegation of diplomats; it is rather like a caravan of Cook's tourists."

The proceedings at the Quai d'Orsay were prefaced by a lunch of twenty-six covers, given by M. Delcassé in honor of the Commissioners. Señor Leon y Castillo, the Spanish Ambassador, and General Horace Porter, our Ambassador, presented the members of the two Commissions to the Foreign Minister. At table the latter had at his right our Ambassador, and at his left Señor Montero Rios. M. Brisson, the Prime Minister of France, had at his right the Spanish Ambassador, and Mr. Day at his left. On October 1 occurred the first session. The action of the present sessions is undoubtedly influenced by the report of Admiral Dewey, which has been sent here for the information of our Commissioners. This report treats of the political importance of the Philippine Islands, the character of the people, and other matters bearing on the final disposal of the islands. Of greater importance, because he is here to be questioned on his report, is that of General Merritt, who has come directly to Paris from Manila for the express purpose of testifying before the Commission. General Merritt's robust physique and dignified bearing add weight to what he has to say. He believes that the Filipinos are superior in general points of character to natives of kindred people in any other part of the world, and that they are more capable of self-government than are the Cubans. The Filipinos are favorable to the Americans, and so are many Spaniards. General Merritt also thinks that the climate has been unjustly described. It is understood that the Commissioners, after sufficiently examining General Merritt, have telegraphed their possibly modified opinions to Washington, asking for instructions. General Merritt will remain in Paris as technical adviser to the Commission.

The French people say that the outcome of the whole matter will be a question of how much we care to leave Spain after we have taken what we want. The talk here is naturally more regarding the future of the Cuban debt than any other question, because the French people are the most interested financially on that side. Fortunately, there are more who are not interested financially, and some of them venture to say that, after all, there can be no obligation on us to assume any part of a debt created by Spain for the purpose of stifling freedom in her colonies. The French think, however, that compensation should be given for the public works, fortifications, docks, and buildings which Spain had erected in Cuba and Porto Rico, also that the interest of the capital of the railways in the latter island should be guaranteed. What Spain really wants, however, and what she may get, will be concessions in commerce. She has now lost markets which absorbed millions of peninsular exports, and she must now tide over a commercial as well as a political crisis.

Paris, France.

The Police Department of New York

By Jacob A. Riis

TWO books that hold between their covers at once the best and the worst that has been said of New York's police force stand before me as I write. One struts in five stout volumes entitled "Investigation of the Police Department of the City of New York, 1894." It is best known as the "Lexow Committee's report," and contains the shameful recital of blackmail and corruption which brought a blush to every honest cheek and tore the city out of the grasp of Tammany for a season all too brief. The other is a grim old ledger, worn and dusty, with no title at all, and which few have ever seen. In the dry official phrase of the Headquarters telegraph bureau, it tells the story of how the city was saved in the days of mob-rule, and at what cost. In the crowds that hissed the police parade as it went up Broadway the other day there were old men who remembered that story and who bared their heads as the blue flag was borne past with its motto "Faithful unto Death." And they had reason. "The Citizens of New York to their Brave Police," read the inscription on the flag, and under it the dates, July 1863 and 1871. Those were the days of the Draft and the Orange riots.

Both the books are to be taken into account in a discussion of the Police Department. Their stories need to be kept steadily in mind. Without the one the hissing had no cause; without the other the statement that, despite all the rottenness which politics has hatched in the force, it was and is sound at the core, might be taken as a mere expression of opinion. It is not. It is a statement of fact. The police force as a body is not to be confounded with those who have from time to time mismanaged and misrepresented it. In times when on their account it was most to blame, it has always risen to any emergency calling it into action. Individuals went wrong. As a body, when it was needed it was to be trusted.

The police force of the "Greater New York" comprises nearly 7,500 men, marshaled in eighty separate troops or squads, including the Bridge and the Park police. Some 250 patrol on horseback, and a hundred, in round numbers, on bicycles. The number of these latter, who, hailed at the start with mirth, have proved themselves a most efficient branch of the service, is increased as fast as the asphalt pavements are extended. There are always 1,400 policemen patrolling the city's streets by day, exclusive of 800 who have stationary post "details" in or out doors and the 300 detectives, and 2,000 by night when posts are shortened. The off platoons are in reserve in the station-houses, so that the Chief can at any time, night or day, muster an army of more than 4,000 men for instant duty, should the need arise. In theory and in fact a policeman is always on duty, from the day he puts on the uniform until, after twenty-five years' service or more, he lays it aside to become a half-pay pensioner for life in fulfillment of the contract the city made with him when it pinned the badge on his coat. To give anything like an adequate idea of the real range of his work within the limits of a single article is not an easy matter. It is coextensive with all the thousand activities of the metropolis. Sooner or later it enters into each of them with help, advice, or protection. Always it goes along with them awaiting the call. The fireman comes in time of need, but to the great mass he remains a more or less unfamiliar, heroic figure; the tax-gatherer comes once a year, and is not welcome. The postman is an every-day friend; but he dwells in a realm apart, out of which he issues with his budget of good news or bad, to retire again as he came. They all have their spheres, distinct and fixed, that touch ours at certain known, expected points. The policeman alone is all-pervading. Like the poor, we have him always with us. Proverbially, companionship so steady rubs off the heroic. Perhaps it accounts in a measure for our readiness to "jump on" him with our real grievances. No one will deny their existence.

A policeman's work does not end with his patrol tour, as people are apt to assume. It often only begins there. It may happen any night that, when he has barely got into bed tired and sleepy after six hours on his feet, he is routed out by the clatter of the sergeant's bell to run to a fire, to battle with frantic, panic-stricken crowds, and to risk his life in a dozen ways in the effort to save theirs. A big fire sometimes brings out the reserves of four or five precincts, and in the earlier stages

of it the policeman works side by side with the fireman. While there is life to save, his is often the hardest duty; he is first on the spot. He does not shirk it. In twenty years I have known but one policeman to be charged with cowardice. His name was wiped from the roster, and is long since forgotten. The record of Policeman Frederick L. Stahl, who received the Rhinelander medal for valor this year, was thoroughly characteristic of the force and in keeping with its best traditions. He was not technically on duty, and until, caught in the sudden rush of the back-draft, he was hurled senseless to the bottom of the stairs, where the firemen stumbled over him in the nick of time. Stahl will bear the marks of his fight to his dying day. He was the first policeman to be promoted on the field, as it were. The Chief set a good precedent when he gave him his roundsman's stripes in public along with the medal. The whole force was honored in the act.

Irresistibly one is reminded, writing of Stahl's deed, of that other most sensational

BANNER PRESENTED TO THE NEW YORK POLICE

was miles from his home precinct, when the cry of fire rose in the street through which he was passing. A roomful of women and children were penned in a Houston Street tenement with fire blazing up from beneath, cutting off escape. Stahl was in the house almost before any one knew he was present, forcing his way through the fire and breaking down the barriers that fenced the tenants in. He got them out, and was returning, burned and bruised, to the street, when fresh cries came from above. Running back, he fought his way to the rescue of these also, rescue made by Policeman Griffenhagen on the day of the Columbian parade in the fall of 1892—sensational chiefly because it was done in the sight of thousands whose peril was as great as the policeman's unhesitating courage. It was in Union Square, where the jam was greatest, that the three-horse team drawing a fire-engine took fright and ran away, straight into the crowd, dragging the ponderous vehicle after them. Two seconds and scores would have been trampled helpless under their feet. Escape there was none. A shriek of horror went up, that was turned into

an exultant cheer as Policeman Griffenhagen threw himself in the path of the horses, seized their bits, and was dragged into the multitude, torn, bleeding, and trampled by the iron-shod hoofs, but still hanging to them, barring the way with his body till help came. Griffenhagen never recovered from his supreme effort. He was retired after years of invalidism, his nervous system hopelessly shattered; but every policeman walked with a lighter step that night and after. The dull routine of his life was glorified by his comrade's heroism.

I started to speak of this routine, dull only because, like a woman's work, it never ends. What does it not include? Along with the preservation of the peace in a city of more than three million inhabitants and the maintenance of order on the water in the biggest of harbors, extending from Rockaway Beach on the ocean shore up the Hudson to Yonkers and on the east far out in the Sound, goes the daily oversight of sixty thousand or more swarming tenements, any one of which, if left to itself, might prove a breeder of pestilence and disorder; the management of ten thousand steam boilers, above ground and under, for the condition of which the police are held responsible; the regulation of lodging-houses, of emigrant boarding-houses, pawnbrokers, and all manner of licensed concerns, including ten thousand saloons; the enforcement of ordinances of which the judges themselves do not know the ins and outs; the suppression of secret vice and crime, of policy-playing and gambling; and, to cap it all, the overseeing of the annual elections. In addition to making 111,000 arrests in 1896, the last year for which a department report has been issued, the police picked up and cared for nearly 3,000 lost children and foundlings, took charge of 18,331 persons who had met with accident or were found sick in the street, dealt with 314 suicides and 207 would-be suicides, attended 2,974 fires, investigated 1,316 sudden deaths, closed up after 4,615 careless storekeepers who had gone home leaving store or safe open and the way clear for thieves, which latter had to be provided against by a thorough search in each case, or the storekeeper would have charged the policeman with neglect; shot 411 more or less mad dogs, stopped 224 runaway teams, found 129 out of 174 missing persons, sent 1,132 live animals that were astray in the streets to the pound, and more than 30,000 dead ones to Barren Island. The force furnished rescuing crews where they were needed at fourteen collisions in the harbor and for one shipwreck. To come to the present year, the detective office of the old city alone caused the arrest of 2,556 thieves and other malefactors in the twelve months that ended with June, whose combined sentences on conviction footed up over 1,275 years, brought two murderers to the scaffold and put one behind the bars for life, and recovered more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of stolen property. In spite of which showing—rather I should say because of it—there was no "epidemic of crime" in New York. All considered, New York, with its many clashing elements, with its great wealth and its bitter poverty and the many temptations which the cleft between them harbors, is as quiet and peaceful a town as is found the world over; for which, since they are blamed when anything goes amiss, at least a share of the credit should be given to the police.

When strikes and labor troubles break out, or a hotly contested election or any one of the hundred causes of popular excitement in a metropolitan city interrupts the routine of his work, the policeman's duty becomes most arduous. There is no "night home" for him then, sometimes for weeks together. The station-houses become camps where the reserves are always resting on their arms, ready for the call at any moment. It is then that "the Finest" comes out strong and deserves its name. Individually and collectively, it has always risen to the emergency. It has come to be well understood that it would be safer for rioters to face a militia regiment than a squad of New York's policemen on its mission of preserving the peace; hence rioting in New York has ceased. On the department's roll of honor are the names of thirty-four policemen who since its organization have been killed, some in the fight with the mobs of a past day, some by thieves, like Patrolman Frederick Smith, who, less than a year ago, surprised a thief in the act of breaking open the poor-box in the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer and was shot dead by him. Others perished in the effort to save life. Three hundred and seventy keep them company who lived to see their names posted for valiant deeds.[1] They are the Department!—Four Hundred of whom it is justly proud. Those who imagine that the force is wedded by choice to the political partnership that has

[1] The roll of honor here referred to embraces only the old city's police force.

ROUNDSMAN FREDERICK L. STAHL

been its undoing may find a suggestion of the truth in the fact that, though the roll covers a stretch of forty years, the three years of the Roosevelt non-political board added nearly one-fourth to its volume. The case of Roundsman Michael Gorman, who was among the first promoted and distinguished by the Reform Board on his record of gallantry, is characteristic enough to tell the whole story. The fact that Gorman had saved a woman from drowning attracted the attention of Mr. Roosevelt, who summoned him to Headquarters to see what kind of a man he was. It developed that he was a veteran of the Civil War, grown gray in the service, who in twenty-two years had saved more than that number of persons from death by drowning and by fire. Congress had twice distinguished him with medals for valor, passing special laws for the purpose. The Life-Saving Society and the Department had decorated him, but, as he had no "pull" of any kind, he had never got further than to be a Roundsman.

It appeared that there was not a complaint of any kind against him during all those years. Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues made him a Sergeant, and within a few months, at the age of fifty-five, he saved his twenty-ninth life, under circumstances that made the Board publicly express the regret that it could do nothing more for him than to tell him that he was an honor to the department. He had all the medals and bars to medals that were to be had.

Does any one imagine that a body of seven thousand men, of normal human desires and ambitions, would naturally prefer the political plan which left Michael Gorman a Roundsman, and would have left him there to the end of his days, to the scheme that singled him out at once for his long-delayed reward? If so, his credulity is greater than my experience with men illustrates.

I cannot forbear dwelling here for a moment upon two or three of the "honor men" whose careers I have followed for years with interest. Everybody will recall Bicycle-policeman John Schuessler, whose apparent affinity for fires, mad dogs, runaways, and every species of emergency along his beat more than once startled New York. It was almost a regular thing to hear of his being laid up as the result of some desperate rescue, out of which he came always the winner, but rarely unhurt. He also received all the distinctions the Board could confer. The case of Detective Sergeant Jacob von Gerichten stands out in my memory, too, among many. The prisoner whom he was taking home from up the State saw his chance and jumped from an express train running at full speed. The old detective—he was long past his prime

then—leaped after him without a moment's hesitation, and saved his neck and his prisoner. Best do I remember, however, the killing of the ruffian McGowan on March 23, 1883, by Roundsman, now Captain, John Delaney, at No. 144 Hester Street. As a specimen of downright unyielding pluck it was extraordinary. Delaney was a court officer at the time, and went to serve a warrant for violation of the excise law, or something of the sort, upon McGowan, who was barkeeper in one of the most notorious dives of the day. McGowan received him in his room and shot him down at sight. The bullet destroyed Delaney's eye, lodging in the skull back of the eyeball and causing him the most excruciating pain. Bleeding, almost sightless, he had but one conscious thought—that his prisoner was escaping. Down the tenement stairs he groped his way after him, reaching the door just as the cowardly assassin threw himself into a cab that was standing there and ordered the driver to whip up his horse. He did, but Roundsman Delaney sprang like a cat upon the back of the carriage, and, clinging to it with desperate effort, shot McGowan dead through the little glass pane to which he pressed his pistol with his last strength. He had distinguished himself before by saving people from drowning and from being burned up; and he is the same Captain Delaney, by the way, over whose demand for advancement on political grounds the row arose that resulted in the recent retirement of Chief McCullagh. Delaney happens to be a Tammany policeman, with a firm belief in the maxim that the spoils belong rightfully to the victor. As an individual opinion, that goes well enough with fighting pluck on the force. The Irish-American stock with which it comes near to being an article of faith has furnished some of the best as well as some of the worst men the department has ever had, and occasionally it has been hard to draw the line. Until very recently this stock formed the bulk of the force. The need of seeing to it that the spoils programme is not made the department policy is apparent from the statement.

Led by a Roosevelt, the police force might—indeed, it would—in a very few years have become the most magnificent body of men to be found anywhere. Instead, it was for forty years the football of designing politicians and of bad men's ambition. The wonder is not that it fell so low, but that it was not corrupted through and through. That it was not was shown by the ready response to Mr. Roosevelt's appeal during the short time he was at the head of the department. I do not believe that in its worst days a majority of the force, or anything like it, was actually involved in the corruption that disgraced it and us; because, in the first place, my experience is that, at the worst, only a very small minority of any given number of persons is actively bad; and, in the next place, I have known too many policemen, in twenty years' daily association with the force, whom I would as soon believe guilty of a dishonorable act as I would my own brother, and no sooner. They were honest and faith-

ROUNDSMAN JOHN SCHUESSLER
Bicycle Policeman.

A BICYCLE POLICEMAN'S HEROISM

The records of the bicycle squad show that the stopping of a runaway in the method shown above is not an uncommon incident

ful, but they were helpless against the monstrous wrong that did them greater injustice than it did us harm. No doubt they knew what was going on, yet said nothing about it, and to that extent they were to blame. To that it might be taken as a sufficient answer that the day of Roosevelt had not yet come. The era of Parkhurst and of Lexow was to come first to rouse the civic conscience, or there might have been nothing to appeal to.

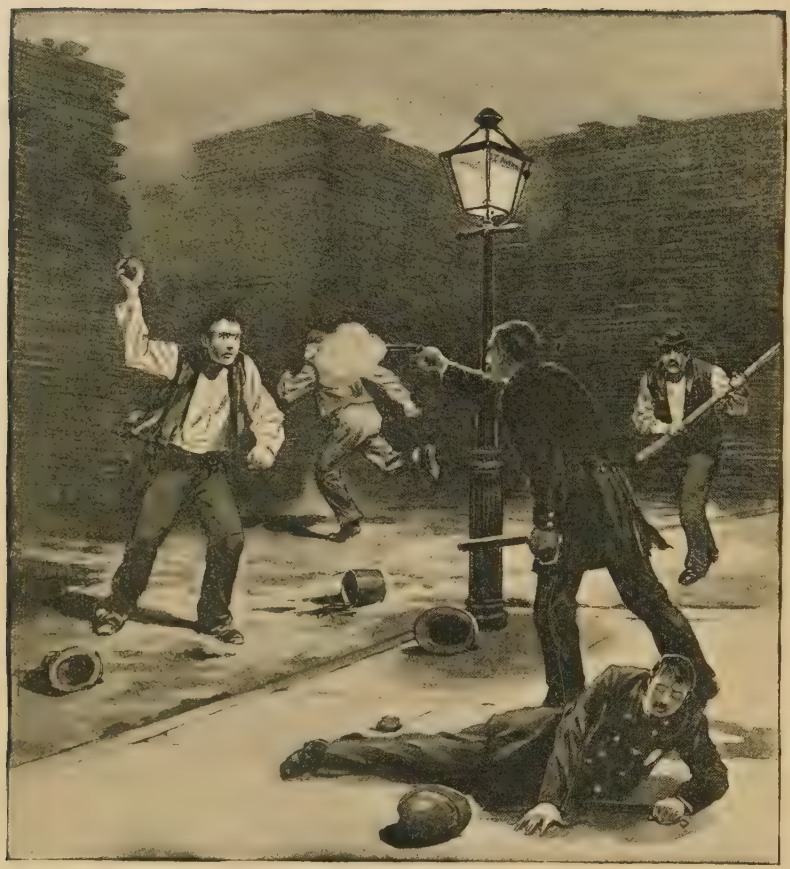
After all, a body like the police force reflects the state of public morality fairly well,

When the tide there runs low, the bad men on the force and elsewhere see their chance and use it; when it runs high, they keep under cover. They are always there ready to profit by their opportunity. When we are willing to admit that every man has his price, we may include the policeman too. There will always be policemen, I suppose, who are in the business for what they can make it pay, by fair means or foul, just as there are teachers and clergymen, and men in every walk of life, who have no higher conception of their profession than to make it pan out well. Remembering the long years during which rascality was at a premium in the department, it would not be strange if there were more of them; but I maintain, upon the basis of personal experience, that the body of the police force is, in spite of it all, made up of men honestly desirous of doing their duty faithfully and of fulfilling to the letter the contract they made with the city; and, further, that this has always been the case. Indeed, why should it not? The policeman's contract is for a life job, at pay above the average for the grade in life from which he usually comes, and with a sufficient pension for old age or disability. He is secure in his place during good behavior; he cannot be removed except on charges supported by legal evidence. His power and legitimate influence are great. As Mr. Roosevelt once said of the "man with the night-stick," "He not merely preserves order—the first essential of both liberty and civilization—but to a large portion of our population he stands as the embodiment as well as the representative of the law of the land."

If, now, it turns out that some of these catch the contagion that is again said to be rampant in the department, I would suggest that, in passing judgment, we put the blame squarely where it belongs. Honest government did not suit New York. It deliberately voted the dishonest crew back, with vastly increased powers for mischief. It was not because it had not seen a light, not because it had no other choice, nor yet, according to my way of thinking, because a majority wanted wrong to be done; but because the majority that wanted decency did not want it badly enough to go out and work for it, and so let the partisans of fraud and corruption have their way. And one of the new Board's earliest acts was to serve notice on the force of seventy-five hundred men, by the removal of the Chief and the substitution of the man who stood above all others in the public mind for the bad old order of things, that business had been resumed at the old stand. Now then, unless the average of citizenship be higher among the seventy-five hundred than in the general community which put them to these straits, can we reasonably expect anything but a repetition of the scandals of three years ago? And why should we assume it to be higher?

There! I meant to keep from arguing, but I guess it cannot be done. Anyway, come what may, the old days can never return with all their badness. The times have changed. Despite an occasional relapse, they have changed for the better, and the ground gained cannot be all lost. The department itself has advanced. However politicians may scheme, they can never again own it in quite the old sense. New ideas have come into it with the appointment of police matrons, the banishment of the tramp from the station-houses, and a dozen other measures of reform that have raised the self-respect and the whole standard of the force. The Roosevelt Board, brief as was its sway, left a mark which nothing can ever quite efface. It upset the notion that politics and the police were forever inseparable, loosened the grip of the saloon-keeper on the force by destroying, temporarily at least, his "pull," took from civil service reform as applied to the force the false reproach that it was an absurd, unreasonable thing, a dream of cranks, when it was seen to work out such results as in the case of Roundsman Gorman, and ushered in an era of enforcement of law that is yet destined to shake the worship of the political Joss to its foundations. When it comes once to be understood that laws are made to be enforced equally upon all citizens for the protection of all, the day of "pull" is past. It swept the worst of the traditions of the force into a rubbish-heap whence some of them may yet be rescued, but not without lasting damage, and impressed upon it the stamp of a strong, sincere personality that is its best legacy from the era of reform, for the moment eclipsed. The best promise for the future of the police force lies in the real regard in which the memory of Theodore Roosevelt is held by the rank and file to-day, more than a year after he ceased to have a voice in the management of the department.

The world moves on many parallel lines toward the better day. One of the strongest



A NIGHT SCENE NEAR THE DOCKS

allies of order, and therefore of an efficient police, is even now coming in the public playground, that will give the "gang" its death-blow and make law and authority respected by the boy. How should he respect them when the policeman, their visible embodiment, was his natural enemy, set to catch him playing ball in the street if he could, as if he were guilty of a heinous offense, while the landlord watched over his windows in the yard, where there was a yard? The police on Manhattan Island arrested over fourteen thousand boys in 1897. I have no means of knowing how many of them were locked up for playing ball, but I remember well, and the readers of The Outlook remember with me, that one was shot by a policeman for this transgression, after a chase of blocks. Doubtless the storekeeper had his grievances, but they were as nothing to the injury inflicted upon the boy, upon the community that lost him, and upon the policeman who had to fight him until he got him behind the bars, where no boy ever ought to be. When the first small parks were laid out in the Mulberry Bend and at Corlears Hook, the precinct police reported that the gangs vanished as if by magic. Of course they did. The boys found something better to do than to fight; they could play now. That was what they wanted. With the era of playgrounds and common sense there will come also a time of good feeling and fellowship in which the boy and the policeman shall find each other as ally and friend. I think I saw it coming when, some months ago, a couple of little shavers wandered into Police Headquarters in search of "the Commissioner." They were an odd pair: a little hunchback girl with a grave, sweet face, who held her little brother tightly by the hand. He had a bloody nose. They had come for justice, she explained. In the tenement where they lived some undesirable tenants had moved in, and objection had been raised that sent the police there. On the suspicion that the children's

mother had complained, the aggrieved tenants had "punched" the boy's nose until he had to have the doctor. The little hunchback brought the medicine-bottle as evidence. She undid her bundle and presented it with a serene confidence that she would get the justice she sought, which bore its proper fruit. The pair went home comforted. Nothing like it had ever happened before in Mulberry Street; but it was good to see that, from the policeman at the door to "the Commissioner" in his office, there was not a man in the big building who was not doing his share to see that their wrongs were righted.

I have outrun my space, and I have said nothing yet of the great Pension Fund, the solid background of the policeman's life prospect, with its capital of half a million dollars, its annual revenue derived in part from the excise moneys and other charges fixed by law, in part from a two per cent. assessment on the salaries of the force, and its army of seventeen hundred and odd pensioners, among whom there are 571 widows and 158 orphans. The fund paid out in June $71,788.01, which is at the rate of $861,000 and over for the year. I have said nothing about that prodigy of financiering, the Riot Relief Fund, which, started in 1863 by citizens for the relief of the families of policemen and firemen who were killed or injured in the draft riots, has paid out more than its original capital of $55,000, yet has it unimpaired to-day, after coming twice to the rescue of the pension fund with gifts of $10,000 from its surplus. The last to receive a check for $1,000 from the fund was the widow of the murdered officer, Frederick Smith. I have said nothing of the Broadway Squad of giants, a call for recruits for which brought recently from the department's ranks more than four hundred applicants who were more than the required six feet in height and stout in proportion—a "detail," this Broadway service, which is popularly supposed to be the "softest" of "snaps," yet which has cost two men their lives and seen more than a dozen maimed and torn. No one thinks of a policeman at a Broadway crossing as a hero, and he isn't. He is just there doing his duty, which is to see to it that the rest of the community does not get run over. Yet the casualties of that service are quite as numerous as those of some battles recently fought, only the marksmanship of the cable-cars is rather better than that of the Spanish gunners. I have said nothing of the police telegraph, nothing of the Rogues' Gallery, reconstructed upon the modern Bertillon plan. And I have merely alluded in passing to that recent and most valuable addition to the police force, the Bicycle Squad. When Major Andrews, Mr. Roosevelt's loyal and efficient colleague, who was himself a wheelman, proposed the detailment of four patrolmen to this duty in December, 1895, the idea was hailed as an amiable piece of crankery of no practical utility. But within a year and a half the little detail had swelled into the proportions of a full precinct, with station-house on Broadway. In six months the "bike cops" had made 1,667 arrests, 1,127 of them for reckless riding by bicyclists, and reduced the dangerous practice by fully fifty per cent. But this was not all. They had arrested 115 drunken men, 106 for disorderly conduct, 81 reckless drivers, stopped 75 fights, made 58 thieves prisoners, and 10 prisoners for felonious assault. One of their number had been killed pursuing a runaway, and six had earned a place on the roll of honor, one of them three times. No wonder the work of the squad attracted the admiring attention of cities abroad.

These things I might have dwelt upon. It would have been easier, perhaps more profitable to the reader. The other seemed to me a duty from which I was unable to get away. I am aware that there are many who differ wholly from me; who believe that the temptations the business offers have corrupted the force to the core. I do not. I believe that policemen are just men like the rest of us, engaged in a business which attracts some unscrupulous persons by offering unusual opportunities to them, and that until the connection between politics and the police is broken, which makes merchandise of vice, and blackmails equally the criminal and the policeman, it will never be different. But I believe that it will be broken; that we shall yet see a non-partisan police management succeed the bi-partisan fraud and failure, and that when this grievous obstacle to the emancipation of the police shall have been surmounted at last, the man who will hail the better day most gladly will be the man of the rank and file who does the good police work for which others get the credit, while they load the odium of their corruption on his back—the man whom Theodore Roosevelt trusted, and who believed in him in turn, and so showed of what stuff he was made—the man with the night-stick.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a portrait by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, painted at Boston in 1886.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends [1]

By Edward Everett Hale

XIV.—MINISTER TO ENGLAND

IN England Mr. Lowell rendered essential service to his country. His firmness, serenity, courtesy, and diligence enabled him to keep on the best terms with the members of the English Cabinet with whom he had to do. He was to a remarkable degree, as we shall see, a favorite with all classes of the English people. He satisfied the administration of President Hayes, who sent him. He did not satisfy the more talkative leaders of the Irish-Americans, who, to use a happy phrase of his, were like an actor who "takes alternately the characters of a pair of twins who are never seen on the stage simultaneously."

But nobody could have satisfied them. They were in a false position—so false that even diplomacy of the old fashion could not have satisfied it. No man can serve two masters, and no man can be a citizen of two nations at the same time. So those gentlemen found out who, while, as Irishmen, they pressed the Irish people to revolt, fell back under the ægis of America when they got into trouble. For the others, for those who had really made themselves Americans, and meant to remain such, Mr. Lowell was more than the advocate. He was their fearless guardian. And in such guardianship he was always successful. And, be it said, first and last, he knew nothing of the morals of that diplomacy of the older fashion. He might have directed a despatch wrong, so that Lord Granville should read what was meant for Mr. Evarts, and Mr. Evarts what was meant for Lord Granville, and no harm would have been done. That was his way—as, be it said, it is the way of gentlemen, and, generally, of our National negotiations.

At the same time Lowell made friends in England among all classes of people. For a generation the line of American Ministers had generally been good. True, we had sent one or two fools there, generally to get them out of the way of home aspirations and ambitions. But Mr. Everett, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Adams, Mr. Welsh, and Mr. Motley were all conscientious, intelligent gentlemen, who really were as much interested in English history and English literature as Englishmen were, and "really, you know, they spoke English very well, with almost no accent, you know."

Diplomacy, and the whole business of ambassadory, is, in fact, about as much out of place in our time as chain mail is, or as orders of precedence are. But people of sense try to make a new diplomacy in which each nation can approach, not the government of the other, but the people. And Mr. Lowell, who could think on his feet, who could speak well in public, who had always something to say, and who, indeed, liked to say it, had a real "calling" in this line. He made, in his English stay, several public speeches which did more good than any "state paper," so called, could have done. In private society he was a favorite, as he was everywhere. In 1882 somebody told me in London the story of an invitation which Lord Granville, the Foreign Minister, had sent him. Lord Granville, in a friendly note, asked him to dinner, saying at the same time that he knew how foolish it was to give such short notice "to the most engaged man in London." Lowell replied that "the most engaged man is glad to dine with the most engaging."

Also, London is an excellent place in which to study, and to learn without studying. And, from the first, Lowell enjoyed London and England. Mrs. Lowell was able sometimes to receive her friends, and even to bear the fatigue of a reception at court, and of presenting to the Queen American ladies who visited London. She made herself most welcome in the circle, not large, whom she was able to meet in that way. The delicacy of her health, however, prevented her husband from attempting the more public social functions of hospitality, of that kind that consists mostly in calling people together to dinners or evening parties. But he was, all the same, cordial to all comers from his own nation, ready and successful in promoting their object, while, as has been said, he was at ease among all classes in England. His holidays, if we may call them so, were spent privately in visits with friends, and for six or seven summers in Whitby—the Whitby of Marmion, in "the North of

[1] Copyright, 1898, by The Outlook Company.

WHITBY: THE HARBOR

England—a place of which he was very fond.

He was presented and began on his formal duties in the winter of 1881–2. His stay in England lasted until June 10, 1885. Mrs. Lowell had died in February of that year.

The first important matter in his negotiations was connected with the Irish disaffection. Most general readers to-day will have forgotten that an insurrection, or plan of insurrection, attributed to the Fenian organization, had disturbed Ireland and frightened England not long before. The name Fenian was taken from Fein McCoil, the *Fin*-gal of Ossian. Lowell, who could never resist a pun which had any sense in it, called the Fenians *Fai-néants*, which, as it proved, was fair enough, except that they and theirs kept the English masters in alarm. I was talking with a Liberal in England in May, 1873, and he said, "Why, if you had landed in Ireland you would have been in jail by this time." I asked what was the matter with me. And he said that my crush hat and my broad-toed shoes would have convicted me. Now the shoes had been bought in Bristol, only three days before, and I said so. "Bristol? were they? Well, they knew you were a Yankee." That is to say, any one who looked like an outsider had to run his chances with the Irish constables of the time.

Among others who were less fortunate than I, Henry George was arrested. He was as innocent as I, and was at once released, with proper apologies.

The view which Lowell took, and the dilemma in which his Irish clients acted, and even went to prison, are well explained in a despatch from which I will make a few short extracts. The whole collection of despatches show the extreme unwillingness of Lord Granville to give offense in America:

MR. LOWELL TO THE AMERICAN SECRETARY

"March 14, 1882. (Received March 27.)

"In concluding this despatch I may be permitted to add that I have had repeated assurances from the highest authority that there would be great reluctance in arresting a naturalized citizen of the United States, were he known to be such. But it is seldom known, and those already arrested have acted in all respects as if they were Irishmen, sometimes engaged in trade, sometimes in farming, and sometimes filling positions in the local government. This, I think, is illustrated by a phrase in one of Mr. Hart's letters, to the effect that he never called himself an American. He endeavors, it is true, in a subsequent letter, to explain this away as meaning American born; but it is obviously absurd that a man living in his native village should need to make any such explanation. Naturalized Irishmen seem entirely to misconceive the process through which they have passed in assuming American citizenship, looking upon themselves as Irishmen who have acquired a right to American protection, rather than as Americans who have renounced a claim to Irish nationality."

Simply, the view he sustained is that well laid down in two letters written to Mr. Barrows, to be read to one of these prisoners, from which here are a few extracts. They embody briefly the established policy of our Government:

"The principles upon which I have based my action in all cases of applications to me from naturalized citizens now imprisoned in Ireland under the Coercion Act are those upon which our Government has acted, and in case of need would act again. I think it important that all such persons should be made to understand distinctly that they cannot be Irishmen and Americans at the same time, as they now seem to suppose, and that they are subject to the operation of the laws of the country in which they choose to live."

In another letter he says:

"If British subjects are being arrested for no more illegal acts than those which the prisoner is charged with having committed, or of the intention to commit which he is justly suspected, it seems that, however arbitrary and despotic we may consider the 'Coercion Act' to be, we are, nevertheless, bound to submit in silence to the action taken under it by the authorities even against our own fellow-citizens.

"It should be observed that this act is a law of the British Parliament, the legitimate source and final arbiter of all law in these realms, and that, as it would be manifestly futile to ask the Government here to make an exception on behalf of an American who had brought himself within the provisions of any law thus sanctioned, so it would be manifestly unbecoming in a diplomatic representative, unless by express direction of his superiors, to enter upon an argument with the Government to which he is accredited as to the policy of such a law or the necessarily arbitrary nature of its enforcement."

That neither he nor the American Government was hard on the "suspects" appears from several letters, of which this illustrates the tenor:

TO OUR CONSUL AT LIMERICK

"You will please see without delay John McInerny and Patrick Slattery, suspects claiming to be American citizens and confined in Limerick jail, and say to each of them that 'in case he should be liberated you have authority to pay him forty pounds sterling for his passage to the United States,' for which sum you may draw upon me at sight."

This sort of correspondence ended in May, 1882. The following letter was practically the end of it.

TO MR. FRELINGHUYSEN

"Meanwhile it is nearly certain that all the suspects, except those charged with crimes of violence, will be very shortly set at liberty, thus rendering nugatory the most effective argument in favor of disorder and resistance to the law."

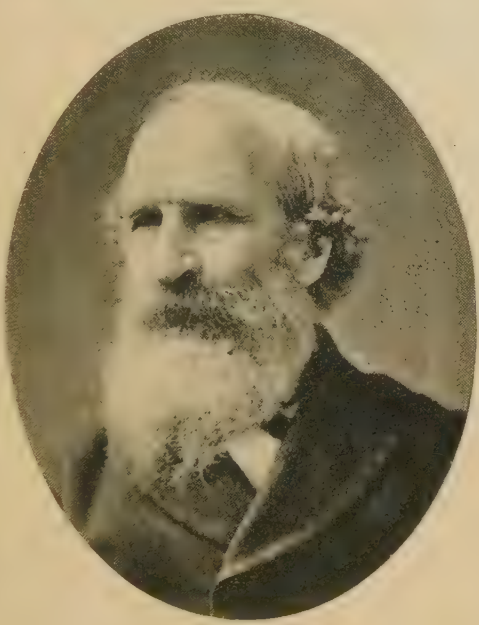
To turn from such correspondence to his

RUINS OF WHITBY ABBEY

Lowell spent five summers in Whitby—"a wonderfully picturesque place," he writes in 1887

WHITBY

frank relations with the People of England, it is interesting to see how readily he accepted the modern theory of American diplomacy. This makes the foreign Minister the representative not only of the Administration, but of every individual among the people. It recognizes the people as indeed the sovereign. In this view, for instance, the American Minister has to place rightly the inquiries of every person in the United States who thinks that there is a fortune waiting for him in the custody of the Court of Chancery. In such cases the American citizen addresses "his Minister" directly. On a large scale the foreign Minister has the same sort of correspondence as the "domestic minister" at home, of whose daily mail half is made up of the inquiries of people who have not an encyclopædia, a directory, or a dictionary, or, having them, find it more easy to address the clergyman whose name they first see in the newspaper. They turn to him to ask what was the origin of the Aryan race or what is meant by the fourth estate.



WILLIAM PAGE

The reader who has not delved into the diplomatic correspondence does not readily conceive of the range of subjects which thus come under the attention of an American Minister abroad, in the present habit, which unites the old diplomacy and the formality of old centuries with the hustling end-of-the-century practice, in which every citizen enjoys the attention of the Minister. In Lowell's case subjects as various as the burial of John Howard Payne's body, the foot-and-mouth disease in cattle, the theological instruction in the schools of Bulgaria, the assisted emigration to America of paupers from Ireland, and the nationality of Patrick O'Donnell, occupy one year's correspondence. Those of us who think that the old diplomacy is as much outside modern life as chain mail is, or the quintessences of old chemistry, might well take the body of John Howard Payne as an object-lesson.

(1) John Howard Payne wrote "Home Sweet Home.

(2) 1852. He died and was buried in Tunis, where he represented the United States.

(3) 1882. Mr. W. W. Corcoran thought he should like to bury his body in America, with a proper monument.

(4) October. Mr. Corcoran asked the co-operation of Mr. Frelinghuysen, our Secretary of State.

(5) October. Mr. Frelinghuysen writes to Mr. Lowell to ask for the intervention of the British Government, because we have no representative in Tunis.

(6) November. Mr. Lowell writes to Lord Granville, the English Foreign Secretary.

(7) November. Lord Granville bids Mr. Lister attend to it.

(8) November. Mr. Lister writes to Mr. Reade and to Mr. Lowell to say he has done so.

(9) January, 1883. Mr. Lowell writes to Mr. Frelinghuysen to say how far they have all got.

(10) January. Mr. Frelinghuysen writes to Mr. Lowell to ask that the body may be sent to Marseilles.

(11) January. Mr. Lowell writes this to Lord Granville.

(12) January. Lord Granville telegraphs to Mr. Reade at Tunis, and writes to Mr. Lowell that he has done so.

Meanwhile they become impatient at Washington, and the Assistant Secretary telegraphs:

January 2. "Have you received news from Tunis relative to Payne's remains?"

Mr. Lowell telegraphs back, much as if it were the answer in the "Forty Thieves:"

January 3. "Not yet, but presently."

On the same day, apparently, or

January 1. Lord Granville receives a telegram from Tunis to say that all has been done and that the remains would be shipped to Marseilles.

January 6. Mr. Reade explains all to Lord Granville, and also to Mr. Taylor. Every one was present at the disinterment who should have been.

January 12. Mr. Lowell thanks Lord Granville and Mr. Currie and Mr. Reade, and all the other officials.

February 9. Mr. Frelinghuysen asks Mr.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Lowell to thank everybody; and it is to be presumed he does so.

Very well. This required a good deal of red tape. But it was very nice of Mr. Corcoran to put a monument to the poet of "Home," and somebody must do something.

It is interesting to see how wide are the consequences of such courtesies, and how important they may be.

Lowell really wanted to serve the American people, and any intelligent question addressed to him found a courteous and intelligent reply. It would not be difficult to give a hundred instances, and if any of the diplomats of to-day sometimes groan under the burden of such correspondence, let me encourage them by copying an autograph letter of his which a friend has sent to me this morning. A public-spirited gentleman in Minnesota had determined that there should be a school of forestry in that State. He knew there was such a school in India at Dehradun. He wanted the report of that school, and so he sent to the United States Legation in London to ask for it. Here is Mr. Lowell's reply, and it is interesting to know from Mr. Andrews that it was of real service in the establishment of the first school of forestry of America:

Legation of the United States,
London, March 10, 1882.

Dear Sir: On receiving your letter of the 17th of February I at once wrote to Lord Harrington, who the next day sent me the report, which I now have the pleasure of forwarding to you, and especially if it helps you in awakening public opinion to the conservation of our forests ere it be too late. I foresee a time when our game and forest laws will be Draconian in proportion to their present culpable laxity.

Faithfully yours,
J. R. LOWELL.

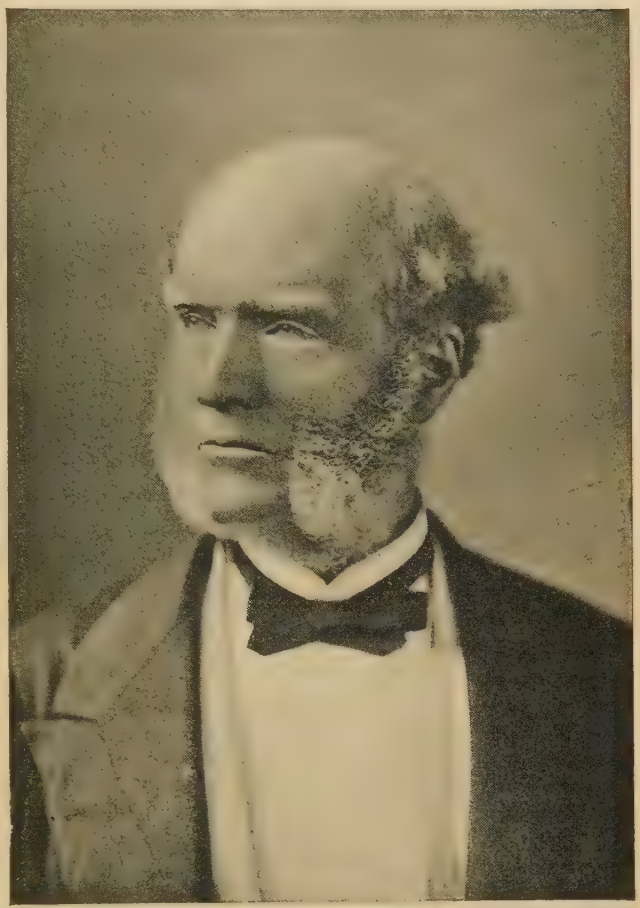
Hon. C. C. Andrews.

A foreign Minister of America once said to me that Diplomacy meant Society, and Society Diplomacy. He meant that the important things are done in personal conversation between man and man, as they sip their coffee after a dinner-party, perhaps. The conclusions thus arrived at get themselves put into form afterwards in despatches. In this view of diplomacy it was fortunate for all parties that Mr. Lowell and Lord Granville were the correspondents who had American affairs in hand, from such "emblems" as the American flag on Lord Mayor's Day round to the nationality of Mr. O'Connor. Fortunate, because the two liked each other.

Lord Granville's term of office as Foreign Secretary was almost the same as Lowell's as American Minister. Granville came in with the Gladstone Ministry in April, 1882, and he went out of office with them in 1885. Lowell's personal relations with him were those of great intimacy. He not only regarded Lord Granville with cordial respect, but knew him as an intimate friend. In 1886 he visited Lord Granville at Holmbury, at a time when Mr. Gladstone was also visiting there. "I saw Gladstone the other day, and he was as

buoyant (*boy*ant) as when I stayed with him at Holmbury, just before he started for Scotland. I think the Fates are with him, and that the Tories will have to take up Home Rule where he left it."

Lord Granville was very young when he entered Parliament, as Mr. Levison Gower, Member for Morpeth. He is said to have regretted the change of work in the House of Lords when he became Lord Granville. In 1859, when he was not forty-five years old, the Queen asked him to form a Cabinet, and in 1880 she consulted him with the same view again; but he did not become chief of the Ministry at either time. He served under Lord Palmerston and under Mr. Gladstone, as he had done under Lord John Russell. He was, while he lived, the leader of the Liberals the House of Lords, always in the minority, whatever the policy of the hour, but always cordial, amiable, and conciliatory. On Gladstone's retirement in 1878 he was spoken of as the real leader of the Liberal party. It is said of him that he always kept a friend who was once a friend—that he was willing to yield small points in controversy rather than to keep a quarrel in existence, and always "sacrificed his personal interests to those of his party."



THOMAS HUGHES

Such a man is a friend whom one likes to have; and such a character gives point to Lowell's joke, which I have cited, which calls him the most engaging man in London. I remember with pleasure the first time I saw him. He was acting as Chancellor of the University of London—as long ago as 1873. He was presenting the diplomas to those who had passed the examinations for degrees of that University. This means that two or three hundred young men, from all parts of Great Britain, were presented to him, by the heads of perhaps twenty different colleges, to receive this distinction. Now, such a formality may be merely a function, and stupid to see and stupid to go through. In this case there was genuine personal contact between the Chancellor and the neophyte. As each one of those youths, proud or timid, came up, and as Lord Granville gave the diploma to each, he detained him, for the moment, by some personal word or inquiry—such as you could guess the man who was entering life would always remember. With such a man Lowell would be sure to be on sympathetic terms. And I suppose they met each other, or were in close correspondence, almost every day in the "season."

But Lowell was not only the Minister from the people; he was a messenger to the people. And he had sense enough and historical knowledge enough to know that since there has been an America on the western side of the Atlantic, the English *people*—the rank and file—have been in sympathy with

A SCENE IN HYDE PARK

the thought and feeling and purposes of that American people. When my brother Charles was in London in 1863, and the English Government was acting, on the whole, as badly as it dared toward the United States, a member of the Cabinet said to him one day, "The clubs are against you, Mr. Hale, but the people of England are with you." This was true then; it was true in the American Revolution; it was true in Cromwell's time—he has no title which is more sure than that of the "Friend of New England." The same thing is true to-day.

Now, Lowell never said to himself, "Go to, I will address myself to the people of Great Britain," or "The people of Great Britain is one thing, and the clubs of London another." But because he was the man he was, he was always glad to meet the people and the men of the people, and let them really know what America is. It is not the America of interviewers, of excursionists, of *nouveaux riches* millionaires, or of namby-pamby philanthropists attendant on international conventions. These are the individuals whom the people of England are most apt to see. But the people of America, at home, have wider interests than theirs, and affairs more important than they have. Lowell felt this in every fiber of his life, and if the Workingmen's College in London, or some public meeting at Birmingham, or a Coleridge monument, gave him a chance to give to the people of England his notion of what the people of America are, and have in hand, why, he was most glad to do so.

This is no place in which to describe or discuss his successes as a public speaker in England. It was a matter of course that, as soon as he spoke once, whoever heard him would be glad to hear him again; and he must have had proposals without number for his assistance in public dinners, at the unveiling of monuments, and in addresses of wider range and of more permanent importance.

In the two volumes of admirable memoirs of English life which Mr. Smalley has published, one chapter is given quite in detail to the description of Lowell's remarkable welcome among Englishmen of every degree. In that chapter, which I suppose is made from one or two letters published at the time, Mr. Smalley quotes "The Spectator" as saying that Englishmen, whether they knew Mr. Lowell or not, looked on him as a personal friend.

Of all the various addresses which contributed, each in its place, to his reputation as a public speaker, that delivered at Birmingham on "Democracy" is the most remarkable. It has, indeed, become a classic. It deserves its reputation; and it undoubtedly states with careful accuracy Lowell's foundation feeling as to the institutions of this country, and what may be expected if democracy is fairly understood and fairly applied. No one who was familiar with him or with his letters, or had really studied his more serious

poems, will receive any of the utterances in this great address as being new. They were the words of a careful scholar who was born under favorable circumstances in the midst of democracy admirably well applied. His training was all the better because the people of Massachusetts were, so to speak, democratic in their origin and in the habit of their thought, without having formed many abstract theories on the subject, and being always, indeed, quite indifferent as to what the speculative theory might be.

An American Minister abroad must not be often or long absent from his post. But there are methods by which four fortnights of permitted absence may be added together, and your outing taken at once. In some way Lowell was thus free for a roam through the Continent to Italy in the autumn of 1881. In Italy he and Story and Mr. Richard Dana met. Dana was at the Wells School with him when they were little boys, and in Italy they had that most agreeable of companions, Mr. John W. Field. Dana died the next winter, and Lowell writes to Field, "The lesson for us is to close up"—"if a year or two older than I, he belonged more immediately to my own set, and I had known him life long."

In the summer of 1882, returning from Spain to America, I spent a month in London. I told Lowell one day that I was one of the "round-the-world" correspondents of the Murray Dictionary, and that I wanted to call on Dr. Murray. He said he had been trying to do the same thing, and proposed to take me—an invitation which, of course, I accepted.

The reader ought to know that the Oxford Dictionary, now nearly half finished, was undertaken forty-one years ago—as early as 1857. The first suggestion was made by Dean Trench, and, at the vote of the Philological Society, several hundred readers agreed to contribute notes, made in their reading of English books, for the materials of such a dictionary. After twenty-one years, some specimen pages were prepared from the notes collected by such readers, and submitted by Dr. Murray to the Clarendon Press in Oxford. Dr. Murray is now known through the English-speaking world for his charge of this magnificent work, which, I think, men will always call "Murray's Dictionary."

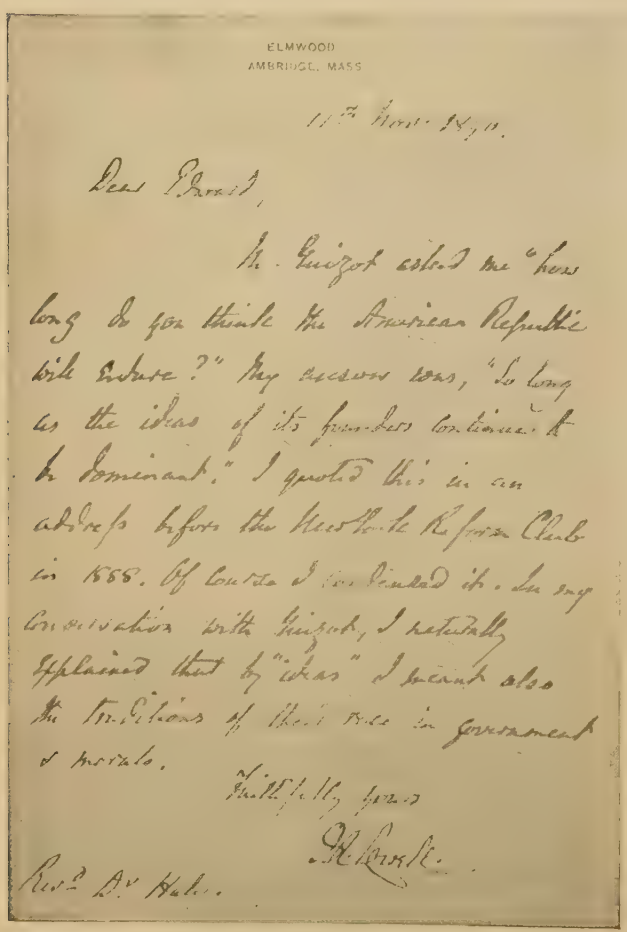
The Directors of the Clarendon Press agreed to assume the immense cost and charge of publication, and in 1888 the first volume of the great series, now as far forward as H and I, appeared. The contributors' names make a very valuable list of people interested in good English. And the volumes thus far published are the treasury to which all other dictionary-makers rush as their great storehouse of materials.

For the purpose of systematic co-operation, each reader was prepared with formal printed blanks. Each of these was to have, as far as his special reading showed, the history of one word. That word in large letters was the head of the completed blank. The reader is not necessarily an authority in language. He is a scout or truffle-dog who brings the result of his explorations to the authorities for comparison with other results.

EARL GRANVILLE

Mill Hill, where the dictionary was then—shall I say manufactured?—is about ten miles, more or less, from the house which Lowell then lived in. As we entered the cab which was to take us, he said that he should bid the driver carry us through the back of the Park, a region which I had never seen. I have been amused since to see how many traveling Americans can say the same thing. Lowell evidently knew its turns and corners and bosks and deserts well. Ragged, barefoot boys were playing cricket in their improvised way with the most primitive of tools, such as they had constructed from the spoils of the streets. No policeman bade them leave the place, no sign intimated that they were to keep off the grass. An admirable loafers' paradise for the real children of the public, such as there is not in our tidy Common in Boston, and such as I never saw in the Central Park of New York. It was pleasant to see how thoroughly at home Lowell was there. To such retreats in London he alludes again and again in his letters: "I have only to walk a hundred yards from my door to be in Hyde Park, where, and in Kensington Gardens, I can tread on green turf and hear the thrushes sing all winter. . . . As for the climate, it suits me better than any I have ever lived in."

Spare a moment, dear reader, to find what greeted us at the Dictionary House. I doubt if they have yet invented any such name as Apotheka, or Power-house, or Granary. As why should they, seeing this is the only such house in the world? A circular house of corrugated iron, originally built for a church, I believe, perhaps fifty feet in diameter, perhaps twenty-five feet high, lighted from the top. It reminded me, at the instant, of the great reading-room of the British Museum, though not so large. Here was Dr. Murray, the distinguished Director, at work with his staff of gentlemen and ladies. Of course he was delighted to see Lowell on the spot, and in the simplest and kindest way he showed us the method of the work.


ELMWOOD
AMBRIDGE, MASS

11th Nov. 1890.

Dear Hale,

M. Guizot asked me "how long do you think the American Republic will endure?" My answer was, "So long as the ideas of its founders continue to be dominant." I quoted this in an address before the Reform Club in 1888. Of course I explained it. In my conversation with Guizot, I naturally explained that by "ideas" I meant also the traditions of their use in government & morals.

Faithfully yours

J. R. Lowell.

Revd Dr Hale.

A LETTER FROM LOWELL TO DR. HALE

Every day's mail brought to this curious temple of language its new tribute to the history of the English tongue. The slips which I have tried to describe come from Cranberry Center and Big Lick, from Edinburgh and from Hong-Kong. Once a month each of the thousand or more readers mails his budgets, so there would be every day a new parcel to be sorted; and we were ready for them at Mill Hill. Here were twenty or thirty thousand pamphlet-boxes into which these slips were at once sorted. The boxes were arranged in alphabetical order, beginning with that which held the slips of the title word A, and only ending, say, with box 33,333, with the box of ZYX—if there be so convenient a word in the English language.

All which I describe in this detail, because I should

ELMWOOD

From a copyrighted photograph by Mr. Wilfrid A. French, of Boston.

be glad if the reader will imagine the gay, bright, wise, and instructive talk which followed—oh, for an hour, perhaps hours—between Dr. Murray, the first authority as to English words, and Lowell, the authority most to be relied on as to the language of New England. It was not far from the time when Lowell told the Oxford gentlemen at a public dinner that they spoke English almost as well as their cousins in America. No, I do not remember what were the words these gentlemen discussed. But each was as eager as the other. Was it "doddered" or "daddock"? I do not know. "Miss Mary, will you have the goodness to bring us 'dodder'? And Miss Mary puts up a light ladder to her D O shelf and returns with the pasteboard box which has five and twenty uses of Dodder between the days of Wiclif and Besant, and the two scholars dissect and discuss. You would think that Lowell had never thought of anything else. And yet it is the same Lowell who in a quiet corner of Mrs. Leo Hunter's to-night will be discussing with Lord Granville the amount and quality of the theology which the Great Powers shall permit in the secondary schools of Bulgaria!

I must not try to give any account in detail of the company of literary men and women whom Lowell found in London. Two careful and interesting papers by Mr Bowker, published in "Harper's" in 1888 and 1889, are well worth the reader's attention. From these papers I have made some lists of people, almost any one of whom you would be glad to have met, who worked their pens in London, or printed their books there, in those years. Mr. Bowker himself, as the English representative of "Harper's," was living there, and his personal notes of these people are valuable as they are entertaining. Of novelists alone he gives a list in which are these names:

Wilkie Collins, R. D. Blackmore, Miss

Braddon (Mrs. Max well), Dinah M. Craik, Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant, James Payn, D. C. Murray, H. Rider Haggard, R. L. Stevenson, W. Clark Russell.

Take those ten names only, and you say, as a lady once said to me, "Any one of them would make the fortune of a reception." But Mr. Bowker's next ten do not pale in comparison:

F. W. Robinson, George Macdonald, George Meredith, W. E. Norris, Mrs. Ritchie (Anne Thackeray), Mrs. Oliphant, Amelia B. Edwards, Mrs. E. Linn Linton, Miss Yonge, and Mrs. Macquoid. Observe, these twenty are only some of the novelists.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a photograph taken by Mr. F. M. Sutcliffe, of Whitby, England.

Among other men and women of letters, there are Tennyson, Browning, Bailey, both Morrises, Domett, Taylor, Mallock, Kinglake, our dear old Martin Tupper, Stephen, W. Pater, Addington Symonds, Swinburne, Buchanan, the Rossettis, Jean Ingelow, Owen Meredith, Matthew Arnold, Austin Dobson, A. Austin, C. Patmore, Gerald Massey, Max Müller, Spencer, Tyndall and Huxley, Lubbock, and the two Cardinals, Manning and Newman. Other clergymen are Farrar, Haweis, and Spurgeon. Besides these, among men who have done more than write books, there are, in Mr. Bowker's lists: Froude, McCarthy, and Lecky to represent history, and Dr. Smith, king of dictionaries. Smiles, the self-help man, Colvin and Hamilton, are others.

I think I may say that Lowell knew personally all the more distinguished of the persons in these very interesting groups before he left London. He formed some very tender friendships among them, and in the collection of his letters none are more affectionate, none are more entertaining, than are those to his English friends. Besides those named in the lists above there are ladies—Mrs. Stephen, the Misses Lawrence, Mrs. Clifford; and Gordon, Du Maurier, Lord Dufferin, are mentioned as people with whom he was in pleasant relations. Lady Lyttleton was a most intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Lowell.

William Page, the artist, one of his earliest friends, died in the autumn of the year 1885. Our readers have seen a good copy of one of his pictures of Lowell in early life. They had also met at Rome and in Florence, where Page had resided for eleven years. He was the President of the National Academy of Art from 1870 to 1873.

With the election of Mr. Cleveland in the autumn of 1884 Lowell knew that his stay in England would come to a close. For ten or fifteen years, indeed, he had been in public antagonism to Mr. Blaine, and he would never have served under him as President in the English legation. More than this, however, Mrs. Lowell died in the spring of 1885, unexpectedly, of course, for death is always unexpected. "We had taken it for granted together that she would outlive me, and that would have been best." How many a man and woman have had to say something like that!

She had been an invalid, with critical ups and downs. But her unfailing sympathy for him and his work had never yielded, and those who remember him in the closest intimacies of London life always speak of her with tenderness. She was almost always shut up at home and he was everywhere, among people of all sorts and conditions. But the very difference of their lives when they were parted seemed to make their companionship more tender when they were at home.

Of his departure from England, his cousin Mr. A. Lowell says, with truth:

"But his usefulness as a Minister far transcended the import of any specific questions

that arose. It was his personal presence there, winning the respect and admiration of the English for all that is best in America, that was most valuable. Among the many surprises in Mr. Lowell's life none is perhaps greater than that, after writing so bitterly about Mason and Slidell, he should have been instrumental in soothing the irritation between England and America that arose out of the Civil War; but such is the case, and it is not too much to say that he did more than any one else towards removing the prejudice which the upper classes in England had for the United States." And Mr. Smalley at the time wrote from London:

"The announcement of Mr. Lowell's recall gives rise to many expressions of regret and good will besides those which appear in the newspapers. Nor is the expression of good will a new thing. His writings, his speeches, and his public services had brought him so close to all English-speaking people that their feeling toward him was one of affection; in short, there were ninety millions who would rejoice in any good fortune that befell him, and sympathize with him in trouble. The solicitude to know whether he was to remain Minister has been general. 'Will President Cleveland keep Mr. Lowell in London?' is the question which every American in London has been asked over and over again since last November; perhaps twice a day on an average. And when the inquiring Briton was told that Mr. Lowell would have to go, the next question generally was, 'What, then, did the President mean by Civil Service Reform?'"

What indeed?

[To be concluded in the December Magazine Number]

To One Born on the Last Day of November

By Robert Underwood Johnson

Upon this day, divinely blest,
When thou wert born, as to their guest
Three seasons gave thee of their best.

March brought the graceful stir of spring;
April, a tender song to sing;
May, the most winsome blossoming;

June gave sweet breath, and that pale flush
July has deepened in thy blush.
Repose came with the August hush.

September blent thy glowing hair
With glowing temple, as the air
Of twilight blendeth dark and fair.

October's dower was so rife
With treasure that November's strife
Were futile; so he gave thee—life.

So keen and icy was the smart
Of Winter (since he had no part
In fashioning thy radiant heart),

He bade December so to plead
For thee, petitioning his need,
That the relentless Fates took heed,

And though November's thou must be,
Yet nearest Winter (they decree)
Is set thy gracious ministry.

Antigone[1]

By Paul Bourget

Author of "Cosmopolis," "Outre-Mer: Impressions of America," "Pastels of Men," etc., etc.

[M. Paul Bourget, the French poet and novelist, was born in Amiens, the son of a distinguished scholar. He received a thorough education, and began his literary career twenty-six years ago by writing for the French journals. His first volume of poems was given to the public two years later, and since that date his industry as a writer has never flagged. He is a careful student of contemporary men and manners, with a strong bent toward psychological methods both as a thinker and a writer. His work is characterized by subtlety and refinement of style rather than by great originality. He has traveled more widely than many of his literary contemporaries in Paris, and his work shows greater breadth of view. His visit to this country two years ago bore fruit in an interesting comment upon American society and life. The story which The Outlook reprints this week gives the title to his latest volume, "Antigone and Other Portraits of Women," a series of short and very characteristic studies in which M. Bourget is seen at his best. The volume bears the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, by whose courtesy "Antigone" finds its place in The Outlook.—THE EDITORS.]

I.

WE do not choose our recollections. I am never more keenly conscious of the truth of this maxim than when looking—with homesickness, as too often happens to me—at the map of that divine lake, that Mediterranean Sea, which I have so often traversed, which I hope to traverse so often again. Upon the faintly tinted surface of this map my eyes follow the indentations of those shores, almost every cape of which I have rounded, and they rest on the long black spot which represents the adorable island of Corfu. Corfu! What traveler could speak that name without a sigh, if he has ever walked beneath the silvery green of its enormous, unpruned olive-trees, opposite the wild coast of Epirus, which lifts its mountains white with snow across the straits so intensely blue by day, so faintly lilac by night? Corfu! What poet has not dreamed, over these magic syllables, of lingering, indolent pleasures? What lover has not imagined a paradise of perfume and solitude around a happy, reciprocated love? A chance meeting on a journey decrees that the Corcyra of fable evokes for me far different figures: first, that of a friend whom I had there, older than I by forty years—who has since gone to join, in that mysterious country whence none return, those wise men of old whom he so much resembled; then, that of a former schoolmate, now one of the most disreputable politicians of the Palais Bourbon—and there is a choice; lastly, and indeed chiefly, that of the sister of this dishonest individual, a person thirty-five years of age, unmarried, whom I saw only for a few days, but who many a time has haunted my reveries. And neither did the gently austere face of M. Napoléon Zaffoni (such was the name of my old friend, born during the First Empire), nor the audacious and feline profile of the too famous opportunist deputy, Clément Malglaive, nor the wasted and anxious features of that melancholy Christine Malglaive, seem made to be associated with scenes where the gold of the ripened orange shines from the dark branches, where the waters have the smile of eyes that love us, where the delicate foliage of olive-trees reminds one of waving hair. Some one has said very wisely that existence gives us only that which we carry within ourselves. Why should it be strange, then, that for me—who have a mania for psychological curiosities and dramas of the inner life—even the most sensuously beautiful scenes of this most beautiful of islands should serve merely as setting for a moral tragedy?

This journey to Corfu, with its incident of this brief tragedy, occurred in the spring of 1893. The date has its importance. It was—who does not remember?—the most distressing period of that sad episode in our domestic struggles which has been called the Panama Campaign. No good Frenchman could open a newspaper at that time without asking himself with anguish what new name would be added next to the list, already so long, of dishonest ministers and deputies. Among these

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to touch them. The largest aspect of Oxford is that which relates it to the life and character of the English people. It has never, even in the worst times, lacked the presence of scholars devoted to the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake; the system of fellowships, although often abused, has practically provided for the endowment of research. But the great body of Oxford students are not, and never have been, men bent on scholarly pursuits. The University, like the great public schools, has come to be a place for the education of the English gentleman. That education is still, for the great majority of young Englishmen, conducted along the traditional lines. The American student at Oxford is likely to be surprised by the high average of classical knowledge among his fellow-students, and the low average of knowledge of modern languages and of general subjects. The boy who enters New College from Winchester, or Christ Church from Eton, is likely to have an ease in reading his Greek and Latin texts which fills the American student of the same relative rank in the schools at home with envy; the same boy knows his mathematics thoroughly, and often shows an astonishing familiarity with the Bible. But he is as often ignorant of his own literature and of modern literature in general.

There are always men in the University who are at work in all the terms—Michaelmas, Hilary, Easter, or Trinity—but the majority are not students either in habit or taste; and Easter and Trinity, which are practically one and are called the Summer Term, are given over to out-of-door life. No small part of the University education is gained on the river and on the cricket and tennis fields. The place is a playground, all life and movement and sport. But in the long vacation which follows close upon this gayety, men who are now giving every golden hour of the early summer to the river and the fields will be reading with equal energy.

It is the atmosphere of Oxford which gives the place its deepest charm and its most penetrating influence. The men who escape or resist its ripening quality are few. The great majority of those who secure their degrees are not scholars; they have been students only so far as was necessary in order to pass the examinations; but the breath of culture is on them. They are rarely without that touch of idealism which is the saving element in a commercial age and nation. They are rarely indifferent to the appeals of those finer sentiments which give a trading civilization its soul; they are rarely without those deeper glimpses of things which give a trading world its wider horizons. It is the characteristic of Oxford that she teaches so many things which are not immediately useful; and it will be a melancholy day for England if Oxford ever becomes a place of utilitarian training. There was profound wisdom in Lowell's answer to President Walker: "A university is a place where nothing useful is taught." The Anglo-Saxon peoples on both sides of the Atlantic need constant reinforcement of the spiritual instincts, clarification of their vision of the relative importance of ends, widening of their spiritual interests. They will always do the practical work of life efficiently, and they are likely to secure its largest material rewards; what they sorely need is the education which shall give them command of the higher uses of material resources. It is far better that Oxford should be the "home of lost causes and impossible loyalties" than a mere training-school for commercialism.

It is this touch of idealism which redeems the tremendous executive energy of the English race; which softens its aggressive temper, restrains its imperious ambitions, and makes it the foremost civilizing force in that wide world which is being slowly organized into the forms of modern society. English rule is always expensive and often hard through lack of sympathetic insight; but it is efficient, capable, and just. The word character, with all its implications of spiritual relationship and moral obligation, stands for more in the history and organic political life of the English people than in the public life of any other modern people. It is the keyword at the Universities. The education they furnish is chiefly utilized in the organic life of the nation; its fruit is borne not so much in books as in men, not so much in the field of scholarship as in the larger field of life. "For myself," wrote Lowell, "I never felt the working of this spell so acutely as in those gray seclusions of the college quadrangles and cloisters at Oxford and Cambridge, conscious with venerable associations, and whose very stones seemed happier for being there. The chapel pavement still whispered with the blessed feet of that long procession of saints and sages and scholars and poets, who are all gone into a world of light, but whose memories seem to consecrate the soul from all ignobler companionship."

LOWELL IN HIS STUDY AT ELMWOOD

Taken in the spring of 1891. From a copyrighted photograph by Mrs. J H. Thurston, of Cambridge. Perhaps the last portrait taken of Lowell

James Russell Lowell and His Friends[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

CHAPTER XV.—CLOSING YEARS

LOWELL landed in America again in June, 1885. It was nearly seven years since he left us on his way to Spain. And these were seven years which had changed, in a thousand regards, the conditions of his old American home.

In August, 1891, he died—six years after this return. Of these years we have in his letters a record of pathetic interest, and every one who knew him and who loved him will say that of the seven decades of life—to which more than once he alludes—he never seemed more cheerful and companionable and cordial and wise than in the seventh. "And young," he would often have said himself. He discusses old age and its coming in his letters to near friends—yes, perhaps more than is wise, certainly more than is necessary. But once and again he tells his correspondent that he is as young as a boy. He signs himself, in writing to Mr. Gilder, "Giacopo il Rigiovinato." And he writes out

"From the Universal Eavesdropper:

"ANECDOTE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"Passing along the Edgeware Road with a friend two years ago, their eyes were attracted by a sign with this inscription, 'Hospital for Incurable Children.' Turning to his companion, with that genial smile for which he is remarkable, Lowell said quietly, 'There's where they'll send *me* one of these days.'"

But, all the same, seven years of Europe had changed Elmwood and Cambridge and Harvard College and New England and America and the world. In a way, of course, Lowell knew this as well as any man. He knew it better than most men knew it. And there were a good many sad things in his arrival, as there must be after seven years. So many deaths of old friends! So many changes in the daily life of the people around him! And he, almost without a vocation; obliged to establish his new avocations!

Some years before this, Mr. Lothrop Motley, in all the triumph of his well-earned success after the publication of his first volumes of history, came back to his old home, shall I say, for a holiday? I do not know but that he meant to reside here. Not many months after he arrived, however, he told me, to my surprise, that he was going back to Europe. He was going to work in Holland on the archives again; to continue his great historical enterprise. I need not say that I expressed my regret that he was to leave us so soon. But he replied, almost sadly, that there was no place here in Boston for a man who was not at work: "You ought to hang out a long pendant from one of the forts in the Harbor to the other, and write on it, 'No admittance except on business.'" This was fatally true then of Boston; it is near the truth now.

And Lowell was no longer a diplomatist; nor had he any special abuses to reform; he had no regular lectures to deliver; he had no wife with whom to talk and read and make dinner linger long, and breakfast and lunch. He was in a changed world, and for that world had to prepare himself.

Perhaps it is as well to say that Boston also was changed; the Boston of 1885 was not the Boston of 1838. The late Mr. Amos Adams Lawrence said to me, not long before his death, that in the beginning of the century Boston was governed by the great National merchants: such men as "Billy Gray," one of whose ships discovered the Columbia River; or as Colonel Perkins, who handled the trade of the East in the spirit in which a great artist composes a great picture; or as William Tudor, who supplied ice to the tropics, and when a winter failed him in New England sent his schooners up into Baffin's Bay to cut ice from the icebergs.

Mr. Lawrence said that when this sort of men gave up the government of Boston, it fell into the hands of the great mechanics: such men as developed the quarries at Quincy; as built Bunker Hill Monument, and in later days have built the Mechanics' Hall, have united Boston with San Francisco, and all the Pacific coast by rail. And then, he said, the government of Boston passed into the hands which hold it now—into the hands of the distillers and brewers and retailers of liquor.

So far as the incident or accident of administration goes, this bitter satire is true

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and it expresses one detail of the change between the Boston of the middle of this century and the Boston to which Lowell returned in June of 1885. Now, such a change affects social order; it affects conversation; in spite of you, it affects literature. Thus it affects philanthropy. The Boston of 1840 really believed that a visible City of God could be established here by the forces which it had at command. It was very hard in 1885 to make the Boston of that year believe any such thing.

But Lowell was no pessimist. He was proud of his home, and I think you would not have caught him expressing in public any such contrast as I have ventured upon in these lines. On the other hand, the letters which Mr. Norton has published in his charming volume confirm entirely the impression which Lowell's old friends received from him: that he was glad, so glad, to be at home; that he had much to do in picking up his dropped stitches; and that he liked nothing better than to renew the old associations. It was, so to speak, unfortunate that he could not at once return to Elmwood. In fact, he did not establish himself there for three years. But, on the other hand, at Southborough, five-and-twenty miles from Boston, where he lived at the home of Mrs. Burnett, his daughter, he had a beautiful country around him, and, what was always a pleasure to him, the exploration of new scenery.

I asked a near friend of his if Lowell were the least bit wilted after his return. "Wilted? I should say not a bit. Bored? yes; worried, a little. But," he added, as I should do myself, "the last talk I had with him, or rather listened to, I shall never forget."

He spent the winter of 1889 in Boston with his dear sister, Mrs. Putnam, from whose recollections I was able to give the charming account which he furnished to us of his childhood for the first pages of this series. And he was, of course, near his old friends and kindred: Dr. Holmes, John Holmes, all the Saturday Club, Dr. Howe, Charles Norton—his intimate and tender friendship with whom was one of the great blessings of his life. These were all around him. But there was no Longfellow, no Appleton, no Emerson, no Agassiz, no Dana; Story was in Europe.

MARGARET FULLER
From an old daguerreotype.

For occupation, he had just as many opportunities for public speaking as he chose to use. He had to prepare for the press the uniform edition of his works, both in prose and in poetry. It seems to me that he was too fastidious and rigid in this work. I think he left out a good deal which ought to have been preserved there. And this makes it certain that the little side-scraps which the newspapers preserved, or such as linger in some else-forgotten magazine, will be regarded as among the treasures of

collectors. More than that, many a boy and many a girl will owe to some such scraps inspirations which will last them through life. He occasionally published a poem, and occasionally delivered an address or lecture. But he took better care of himself than in the old days. There was no such crisis before the country as had engaged him then; and, in a way, it may be said that he enjoyed the literary leisure which he deserved.

He was, alas! at many periods during these six years a very sad sufferer from sickness. "Even 'Monte Cristo' fails to entertain me." There is something very pathetic in the manly way in which he alludes to such suffering. From no indulgence of his own, he was a victim of hereditary gout; and you find in the letters allusions to attacks which kept him in agony, which sometimes lasted for six weeks in succession. Then the attack would end instantly; and then Lowell would write in the strain which has been referred to, as if he were a boy again, skating on Fresh Pond or tracing up Beaver Brook to its sources.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

From a photograph taken in 1891 by Messrs. Pach Brothers, Cambridge, and called by them "The Last Portrait of Mr. Lowell."

Simply, he would not annoy his friends by talking about his pains. If he could cheer them up by writing of his recovery, he would do so.

I remember that on the first visit I made him after he was re-established at Elmwood, when I congratulated him because he was at home again, he said, with a smile still, "Yes, it is very nice to be here; but the old house is full of ghosts." Of course it was. His father and mother were no longer living; Mrs. Burnett, who was with him there, was the only one of his children who had survived; and the circle of his brothers and sisters had been sadly diminished. He and his brother Robert Lowell died in the same year. Still, he was here with his own books; he had the old college library under his lee, and he had old friends close at hand. Once or twice in

THE HALL AT ELMWOOD

From a photograph by Mrs. J. H. Thurston, of Cambridge

his letters of those days he goes into some review of his own literary endeavor. Certainly he had reason to be proud of it. Certainly he was not too proud; and I think he did have a feeling of satisfaction that his neighbors and his country appreciated the motive with which he had worked and the real success which he had attained.

As the great address at Birmingham sums up conveniently the political principles which governed his life, whether in literature or in diplomacy, so the address at the quarter-millennium celebration of Harvard College at Cambridge may be said to present a summary of such theories as he had formed on education, and of his hopes and his fears for the future of education. There are two or three aphorisms there which I think will be apt to be quoted fifty years hence, perhaps, as they are not quoted to-day. In the midst of a hundred or more of gentlemen who had served with him in the college he had the courage to use the phrase I have already cited, "Harvard has as yet developed no great educator; for we imported Agassiz."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
From the bust by Mr. William Ordway Partridge.

On the 30th of April, 1889, there was a magnificent festival in the city of New York at which he spoke. It is already forgotten by the people of that city and of the country, but at the moment it engaged universal attention. It was the celebration of the centennial of the establishment of the United States as a nation; the centennial of the birth of the Constitution; of the inauguration of Washington. It was, of course, the fit occasion for the expression of the people's gratitude for the blessings which have followed on the establishment of the Federal Constitution.

For this celebration the most admirable arrangements were made in New York by the committee which had taken the matter in hand. In the evening a banquet was served at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and many of the most distinguished speakers in the country had gladly accepted the invitation to be present. Among them Lowell, naturally was one. But to those who listened, it seemed as if all these great men were in a sort awed by the greatness of the occasion. His address, perhaps because so carefully prepared, was for the purpose no better than that of any of the others. They could not help it. Every man who spoke was asking himself how his speech would read in the year 1989. There was no spontaneity; there was decorum and consideration, the determination to think wisely, and none of the eloquence which "belongs to the man and the occasion." For hour after hour this patient stream of considerate commonplace flowed on, till at two in the morning the new President of the United States made the closing speech. The expectation of this address, and that alone, had held the great audience together. He was probably the only man who had not had a chance "to make any preparation." He had gone through the day alive with the feeling of the day, drinking in its inspirations; and with such preparation as six hours at the dinner-table would give him, he rose to say what the day had taught him. He made one of the most magnificent addresses to which I have ever listened. He led with him from height to height an audience jaded and tired by the dignity of lawyers, the dexterity of politicians, and the commonplace of scholars. In fifteen minutes he had established his own reputation as a great orator among the thousand men who were fortunate enough to hear him.

And yet, such is the satire of what we call history, that, because the other speeches had been written out and could be sent to the journals—because even a New York morning newspaper has to go to press at some time—this absolutely extemporaneous speech of the one man who proved himself equal to the occasion did not get itself reported in any adequate form, and will never go down into history. There is, however, no danger that

ELMWOOD: LOWELL'S STUDY

From a photograph by Mr Wilfrid A. French.

any of the other addresses of that great ceremonial will be read at the end of the hundred years.

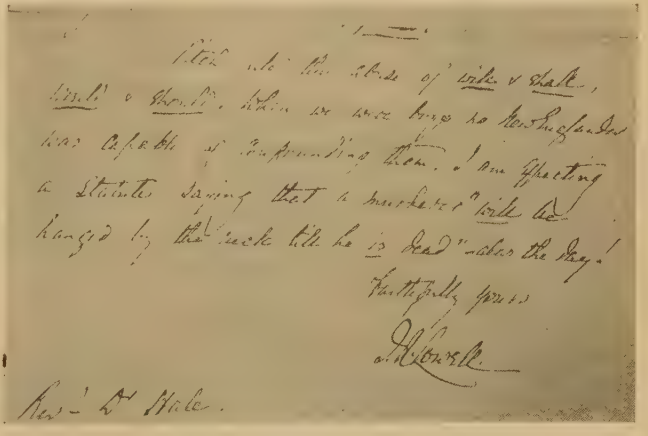
His cousin says that our Mr. Lowell was chiefly occupied by his addresses and other prose essays in the first years after his return, but that he wrote a few poems. Most of these will be found in the "Atlantic." For the Lowell Institute he prepared a course of lectures on the old English dramatists, which have been published since his death. Of his addresses he printed but few, but the address on "The Independent in Politics" which he delivered in 1888 before the New York Reform Club was printed by that Club.

Of his Cambridge life after his return to Elmwood his cousin writes: "The house was haunted by sad memories, but at least he was once more among his books. The library, which filled the two rooms on the ground floor to the left of the front door, had been constantly growing, and during his stay in Europe he had bought rare works with the intention of leaving them to Harvard College. Here he would sit when sad or unwell and read Calderon, the "Nightingale in the Study," in whom he always found a solace. Except for occasional attacks of the gout, his life had been singularly free from sickness; but he had been at home only a few months when he was taken ill, and, after the struggle of a strong man to keep up as long as possible, he was forced to go to bed. In a few days his condition became so serious that the physicians feared he would not live; but he rallied, and, although too weak to go to England, as he had planned, he appeared to be comparatively well. When taken sick, he had been preparing a new edition of his works, the only full collection that had ever been made, and he had the satisfaction of publishing it soon after his recovery.

The revision of his works for publication was the last literary work he was destined to do, and it rounded off fitly his career as a man of letters. Of these six years perhaps his friends remember most his conversation. Like other great men and good men, he did not insist on choosing the subject for conversation himself, but adapted himself to the wishes and notions of the people around him. His memory was so absolute, his fancy was so free, and his experience so wide, that he seemed as much at home in one subject as in another. But when he had quite his own way among a circle of people more or less interested in books or literature, the talk was quite sure to drift round into some discussion of etymologies, of dialect, or of the change of habit which comes in as one or two centuries go by. And when his curiosity was once excited about a word—as I said when I was speaking of his talk with Mr. Murray—he would hold on to that word as a genealogist holds on to the biography of a great-grandmother of whom he knows only half the name. Here are one or two passages from notes which illustrate what I mean: "I used to know some about Pennsylvania Dutch, but forget their names." "I wish I could have studied the Western lingo more, for it has colored our national speech most." "I think perhaps W. P. Garrison might put you on the track of something about the Southern *patois*."

"Pitch into the abuse of 'will' and 'shall,' 'would' and 'should;' when we were boys, no New Englander was capable of confounding them. I am expecting a statute saying that a murderer '*will* be hanged by the neck till he *is* dead.'" Alas the day! And again: "*Daddock* I knew, but never met it alive; *dodder*, for a tree whose wood is beginning to grow pulpy with decay, I have heard, and the two words may be cousins. The latter, however, I believe to be a modern importation." Murray and the dictionaries confirm his quick guess between the relation of one of these words to the other.

We have a fine American proverb, "Get



NOTE FROM LOWELL TO DR. HALE

the best." In later years I have tried to make some Western State adopt it for its State seal. I have never seen it in any earlier use than in one of Lowell's pleasant letters describing a canoe voyage in Maine; and I wrote to him rather late in his life to ask him if he were the inventor of the phrase. It has been adopted, as the reader may be apt to remember, by the authors of Webster's Dictionary, and is a sort of trade-mark to their useful volumes. I am sorry to say that Lowell himself did not remember whether he had picked it up in conversation or whether he coined it in its present form. For myself, I like to associate it with him.

I find, as I said, I am always reading with pleasure his estimate of his own work in the close of his life. It seems to me to be free from mock modesty on the one hand, as it is from vanity on the other. He seems to me to be as indifferent about style as I think a man ought to be. If a man knows he is well dressed, he had better not recall his last conversation with his tailor; he had better go and come and do his duty. Other people may say about the dress what they choose. In Lowell's self-criticism, if one may call it so, you see the same frankness and unconsciousness, the same freedom from conceit of any kind, which you see in those early expressions which have been cited as illustrations of his boyhood and his youth. If he had said what he wanted to, he knew he had. If he had failed, he knew that. But it seemed to him almost of course that if a man knew what he wanted to say he should be able to say it. One wishes that this unconsciousness of method could work itself into the minds of literary men more often and more thoroughly. Let a man eat his dinner and let him enjoy it, but do not let the guests discuss the difference between the taste of red pepper and of black pepper. It is as true in literature as everywhere else that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. There will probably be sophists and verbal critics and fencing-masters and dancing-masters in all phases of society. They will certainly give much pleasure to each other, and perhaps they will give pleasure to the world; but it may be doubted whether they will be of much use to anybody. I suppose Grant enjoyed a dress parade when he saw it well done, but when they asked Grant how long it took to make a light infantry man, he said, "About half an hour." Let us remember this as we listen, a little bored, to what people have to tell us about style.

There are some curious discussions as to the places and the duties of prose and of poetry; what you had better say in prose, what you had better say in verse. But I am disposed to think that such discussions with him were merely matters of amusement or possible speculation. Everybody who is really familiar with Lowell's writing will remember many passages where the prose may be said to be the translation of his own poetry, or the poetry to be the translation of his own prose. And with such training as his, with such absolute command of language, with his accurate ear and perfect sense of rhythm, it would be of course that he should "lisp in numbers, for the numbers came."

To the very end of his life, his conversation, and his daily walk indeed, were swayed by the extreme tenderness for the feelings of others which his sister noticed when he was a little boy. He would not give pain if he could help it. He would go so much more than half-way in trying to help the person who was next him that he would permit himself to be bored, really without knowing that he was bored. He would overestimate, as good men and great men will, the abilities of those with whom he had to do. So his geese were sometimes swans, as Mr. Emerson's were, and those of other lovers of mankind.

His letters are never more interesting than in these closing years; and, as I have suggested, the fun of his conversation sparkled as brightly and happily as it ever did. Mr. Smalley, in an amusing passage, has described his ultra-Americanism in England. A pretty English woman said, "Mr. Hawthorne has insulted us all by saying that all English women are fat; but while Mr. Lowell is in the room I do not dare say that all American women are lean." When Lowell came home he would take pleasure in snubbing the Anglomaniacs who are sometimes found in New England, who want to show by their pronunciation or the choice of their words that they have crossed the ocean. I think that every one who is still living, of the little dinner-party where he tortured one of these younger men, will remember the fun of his attacks. This was one of the men whom you run against every now and then, who thought he must say "Brummagem" because Englishmen said so a hundred years ago; and on this occasion he was taking pains to

pronounce the word "clerk" as if it rhymed with "lark"—"as she is spoken in England, you know!" Lowell just pounced upon him as an eagle might pounce on a lark, to ask why he did so, why, if it were our fashion to pronounce the word "as she is spelled," we might not do so, whether on the whole this were not the old pronunciation, and so on, and so on. Never was anything more absurd than the idea which the Irish sympathizers took up, that a residence in London had spoiled his fondness for the old idioms and the other old home ways. Indeed, I think and affected to have discovered the line of genealogy where, a century or two ago, a streak of the blood of Abraham came into the lines of the Brownings. He was quite sure—I am sorry to say I have forgotten how—that he had a line of Jewish blood himself, a line which he could trace out somewhere this side of the times of Ivanhoe. Then there was the hereditary descent of his mother's family from the Hebrides, which has been referred to. The Spences were of Traill origin—his brother Robert carried the Traill name. And Lowell liked to think that he

ROOM ADJOINING THE LIBRARY, ELMWOOD
From a photograph by Mrs. J. H. Thurston, of Cambridge.

his stay in Southborough was specially pleasant to him because he learned in another part of Middlesex County how to renew some of those studies of "Early America" which he had begun before he knew in Cambridge.

As one turns over the volume of his letters, he finds traces of the fancies which shot themselves in a wayward fashion into his conversation. One of the fads of his later life was the taking up of the notion which we generally refer to Lord Beaconsfield, that almost everything remarkable in modern life may be traced back, later or earlier, to a Hebrew origin. He would discourse at length on the Hebrew traits in Browning, had in his make-up something of the element which in a Lochiel you would call second-sight. Sometimes he alludes to that in his letters; he has only to shut his eyes, he says, and he can see all the people whom he has known, whom he wants to see, and carry on his conversation with them. I have already said that when I painfully worked through the poems of James Russell, our James Russell's great-grandfather, rendering that homage to the shade of that poet which no one else has rendered for a hundred years, I had to remind myself that he, alas! had no second-sight, and that he differed from his great-grandson precisely in this, that he was

not of Norna's blood and could not work Norna's miracles.

One of the men of letters whose impressions of such a life every one is glad to read writes to me of Lowell's work: "Mr. Lowell excelled at once in original and critical work, thus giving the lie to the sneer that a critic is a person who has failed as a creator. Both as a poet and an essayist he revealed himself as a genuine cosmopolitan. He had the wisdom of the scholar and the horse sense of the man of the world. He was equally at home in the splendid realm of the imagination and in the prosaic domain of hard facts; and it may be said of him, as Macaulay said of Bunyan, that he gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. As a satirist and humorist he produced in the 'Biglow Papers' a work which is unique in our literature. He was not given to moralizing; his was as far as possible from being a dull didactic brain; but all to which he put his pen was wholesome and in the best sense stimulating, free from morbidness and that pessimism of

John P.
Robinson, he

who declared that

They didn't know everything
Down in Judee."

In one of our Lowell's letters written to England after his return he says that in America they had invented a new torture

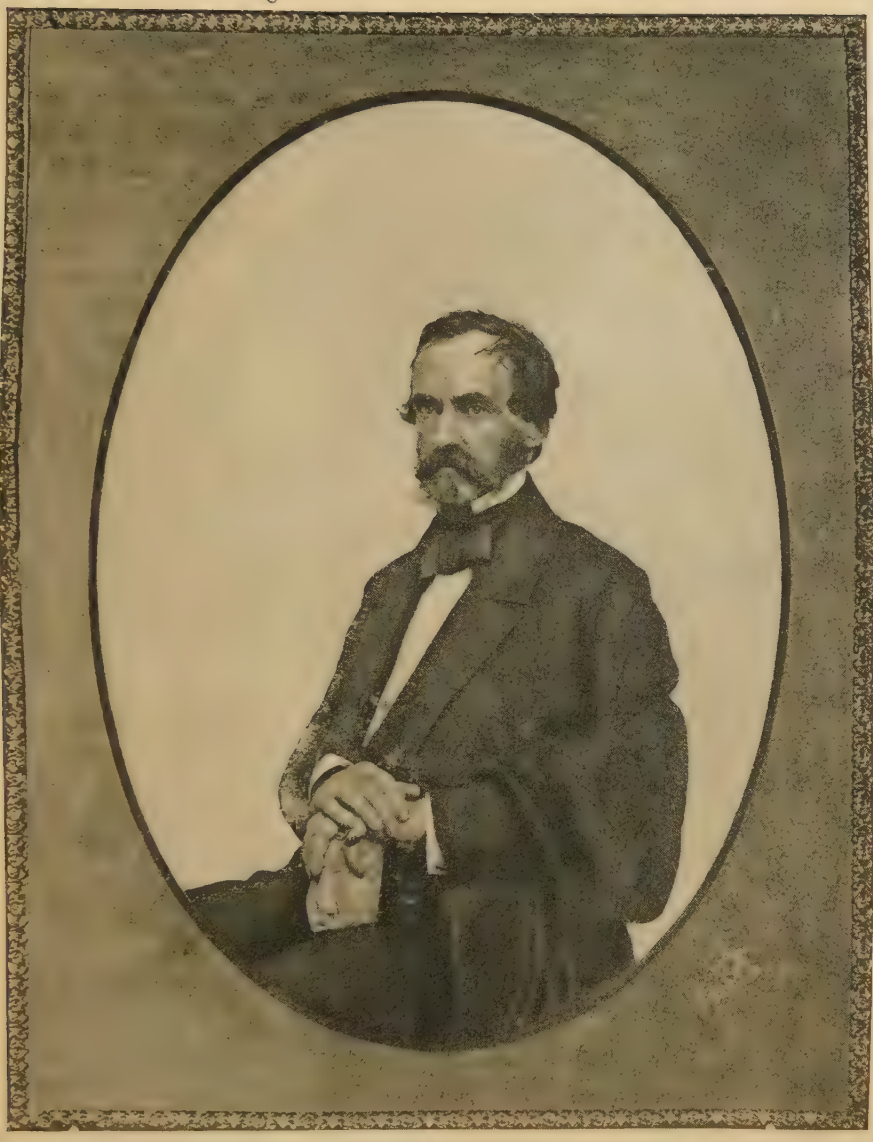
FRANCIS J. CHILD

while he was away, in the shape of calling upon authors to read their own works aloud for the benefit of charities. I am always grateful to this form of torture when it brings as agreeable compensation, as I remember on an occasion when I think we were reading for the pleasure of an audience which had contributed to the purchase of the Longfellow Park at Cambridge. For this gave me the pleasure of talking to Lowell for the two hours while the "entertainment" lasted, as we sat upon the stage in the Boston Museum. It is rather a curious thing, to a person as little used to a stage as I am, to find how wholly the footlights separate you, not simply from the personal touch of the people in the audience, but from them, until it comes to be your turn to address them. Even at a public dinner, when you sit by some agreeable person, you have not exactly the chance for conversation with him which you have when both of you are in mediæval chairs dug out from the property-room, and reading is going on quite in front of you which you may attend to or not, as you both choose. Of course the fortune of a charity was made if he were willing to read poetry or prose which he had written.

As the reader remembers, he lectured again in Boston in one or two full courses to large audiences at the Lowell Institute. He did not absolutely refuse calls from distant cities, but I think traveling became somewhat a burden to him, and after he was once in Elmwood the associations of the old books and the old life were so pleasant that it was more difficult to draw him away from home.

For his summer holiday, however, he could run across the ocean and visit his English friends in the country, or go back to his pleasant Whitby surroundings. Whitby had for him a particular charm, and one really wishes that he had been in the mood at some time to make a monograph on Whitby, so interesting are some of the references which he makes to it in his letters.

"I am really at Whitby, whither I have been every summer but 1885 for the last six years. This will tell you how much I like it. A very primitive place it is, and the manners and ways of its people much like those of New England. The people with whom I lodge, but for accent, might be of Ashfield. It is a wonderfully picturesque place, with the bleaching bones of its Abbey standing aloof on the bluff and dominating the country



CHARLES F. BRIGGS

for leagues. Once, they say, the monks were lords as far as they could see. The skeleton of the Abbey still lords it over the landscape, which was certainly one of the richest possessions they had, for there never was finer. Sea and moor, hill and dale; sea dotted with purple sails and white (fancy mixes a little in the purple, perhaps); moors flushed with heather in blossom, and fields yellow with corn, and the dark heaps of trees in every valley blabbing the secret of the stream that fain would hide to escape being the drudge of man."

We shall find this "hiding of the stream" again. "I know not why wind has replaced water for grinding; and the huge water-wheels green with moss and motionless give one a sense of repose after toil that to a lazy man like me is full of comfort." "I wish you could see the 'yards,' steep flights of stone steps hurrying down from the west cliff and the east, between which the river whose name I can never remember crawls into the sea." The river appears to have been the Esk river which Lochinvar swam where there was no ford.

A year afterwards he says: "I am rather lame to-day, because I walked too much and

over very rough paths yesterday. But how could I help it? For I will not give in to old age. The clouds were hanging ominously in the northwest, and soon it began to rain in a haphazard kind of way, as a musician who lodges over one lets his fingers idle among the keys before he settles down to the serious business of torture. So it went on drowsily, but with telling effects of damp, till we reached Falling Foss, which we saw as a sketch in water-colors, and which was very pretty.

"Thunder-storms loitered about over the valley like 'Arries on a Bank Holiday at a loss what to do with their leisure, but ducking us now and then by way of showing their good humor. However, there were parentheses of sunshine, and on the whole it was very beautiful."

Again, the next year, in 1889, he says: "I was received with enthusiasm by the Misses Galilee, the landladies; they vow they will never let my rooms so long as there is any chance of my coming. I like it as much as ever. I never weary of the view from my window; the Abbey says to me, 'The best of us get a little shaky at last, and there get to be gaps in our walls.' And then the churchyard adds, 'But you have no notion what good beds there are at my inn—.' The mill runs no longer, but the stream does, down through a leafy gorge in little cascades and swirls and quiet pools with skyscapes in them, and seems happy in its holiday." We shall come to this "happy holiday" again.

It is to a series of summers spent in this charming retirement which he had discovered at Whitby that we hear people speak who talk of his summers in England as if the grand society he had met there had spoiled him for America. One cannot read Lowell for five minutes without seeing how large his life was, and how little he was fettered by the commonplace gyves of space or time or flesh or sense. He never preaches as Dr. Young would do, or Mr. Tupper, or Satan Montgomery. But, all the same, he is living in the larger life, and so are you if he calls you into his company. Writing to Miss Norton, he says:

"I don't care where the notion of immortality came from. . . . It is there, and I mean to hold it fast. Suppose we don't know. How much *do* we know, after all? . . . The last time I was ill, I lost all consciousness of my flesh. I was dispersed through space in some inconceivable fashion and mixed with the Milky Way. . . . Yet the very fact that I had a confused consciousness all the while of the Milky Way as something to be mingled with, proved that I was there as much an individual as ever.

"There is something in the flesh that is superior to the flesh, something that can in finer moments abolish matter and pain. And it is to this we must cling. . . .

". . . I think the evolutionists will have to make a fetich of their protoplasm before long. Such a mush seems to me a poor substitute for the rock of ages, by which I understand a certain set of higher instincts which mankind have found solid under all weathers."

If I am writing for those who have read Lowell carefully and loyally, they know that he knew that "the human race is the individual of which different men and women are separate cells or organs." They know that he knew that "honor, truth, and justice are not provincialisms of this little world," but belong to the life and language of the universe. They know that he knew that he belonged to the universe and was the infinite child of the infinite God. He says sometimes in joke that he hates to go to church. I am afraid that most men who could preach as well as he would say the same thing with the chances of the ordinary religious service. But he also says, "If Dr. Donne or Jeremy Taylor, or even Dr. South, were the preacher, perhaps—"

As it happens, I recollect no expressions of his more enthusiastic than those in which he described public services of religion. His mother had belonged to the Church of England, and his love for the Prayer Book was associated with his earliest recollections of her.

For the rest, I am sure I should be most sorry to have any one think that a man of his large, religious nature, who lived in the eternities, could be satisfied with the average ecclesiastical function of to-day.

It was a disappointment to him that his health forbade one more visit to his dear Whitby, which he had proposed for the summer of 1890. On the last day of his last visit there, as I suppose, he wrote the beautiful poem, not so well known as it should be, with which I will close this series of reminiscences. He wrote it happily and he liked it. He calls it "My Brook." It begins with a gay description of the flow and joyous dash of young life. As time passes on, the lively brook is held back by dams sometimes; it is

set to work to feed mankind, or to help men somehow; it is pent in and almost prisoned. But not for always. Why should not his brook burst its bonds and leap and plash and sparkle as happily as when it was born?

We print this poem because the circumstances of its composition and publication prevented its insertion in what are generally spoken of as the complete editions edited by himself. He says to his daughter, in speaking of it, "A poem got itself written at Whitby which seems to be not altogether bad; and this intense activity of the brain has the same effect as exercise on my body, and somehow braces up the whole machine." It is a pleasure to feel that he read this beautiful poem himself with something of the satisfaction which every one will find in it. And it is impossible that it should not suggest the conditions of his own closing life. "My Brook" he calls it. And one need not run back to the memories of "Beaver Brook" to fancy the walk or the ride in which some mountain brook in the North Riding renewed the old Cambridge experiences. The charming brook of his youth, gay and joyous, had passed through one and another channel of hard work and of close discipline; but, as he says, there was no reason why, as he and his brook came nearer to the ocean, there should not be the same joy and freedom that there was when he and his brook began on life.

As it happened, just after he had written

JOSIAH COOKE

MARY LOWELL PUTNAM

this charming poem—better than that, just as he liked it—he received an earnest request from that excellent friend of literature, Mr. Robert Bonner, asking him to send something which he might print. On the impulse of the moment Lowell sent this poem. Mr. Bonner kept it for illustration. He illustrated it beautifully, and it appeared before the world fifteen months after, at Christmas of the year 1890, in the New York "Ledger." By the courtesy of Mr. Bonner's sons, I am able to print it all—as the fit close of this series. I could not have hoped to give so charming a review by the poet of Lowell's own life and his eternal hopes.

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MY BROOK

It was far up the valley we first plighted troth,
When the hours were so many, the duties so few;
Earth's burthen weighs wearily now on us both—
But I've not forgotten those dear days; have you?

Each was first-born of Eden, a morn without mate,
And the bees and the birds and the butterflies thought
'Twas the one perfect day ever fashioned by fate,
Nor dreamed the sweet wonder for us two was wrought.

I loitered beside you the whole summer long,
I gave you a life from the waste-flow of mine;
And whether you babbled or crooned me a song,
I listened and looked till my pulses ran wine.

'Twas but shutting my eyes; I could see, I could hear,
How you danced there, my nautch-girl, 'mid flag-root and fern,
While the flashing tomauns tinkled joyous and clear
On the slim wrists and ankles that flashed in their turn.

. . . . . .

Ah, that was so long ago! Ages it seems,
And, now I return sad with life and its lore,
Will they flee my gray presence, the light-footed dreams,
And Will-o'-Wisp light me his lantern no more?

Where the bee's hum seemed noisy once, all was so still,
And the hermit-thrush nested secure of her lease,
Now whirr the world's millstones and clacks the world's mill—
No fairy-gold passes, the oracles cease!

The life that I dreamed of was never to be,
For I with my tribe into bondage was sold;
And the sungleams and moongleams, your elf-gifts to me,
The miller transmutes into work-a-day gold.

. . . . . .

What you mint for the miller will soon melt away;
It is earthy, and earthy good only it buys,
But the shekels you tost me are safe from decay;
They were coined of the sun and the moment that flies.

Break loose from your thralldom! 'Tis only a leap;
Your eyes 'tis but shutting, just holding your breath;
Escape to the old days, the days that will keep.
If there's peace in the mill-pond, so is there in death.

Leap down to me, down to me! Be, as you were,
My nautch-girl, my singer; again let them glance,
Your tomauns, the sun's largess, that wink and are there,
And gone again, still keeping time as you dance.

Make haste, or it may be I wander again;
It is I, dear, that call you; Youth beckons with me;
Come back to us both, for, in breaking your chain,
You set the old summers and fantasies free.

You are mine and no other's; with life of my life
I made you a Naiad, that were but a stream;
In the moon are brave dreams yet, and chances are rife
For the passion that ventures its all on a dream.

Leapt bravely! Now down through the meadows we'll go
To the Land of Lost Days, whither all the birds wing,
Where the dials move backward and asphodels blow;
Come flash your tomauns again, dance again, sing!

Yes, flash them and clash them on ankle and wrist,
For we're pilgrims to Dreamland, O Daughter of Dream!
There we find again all that we wasted or mist,
And Fancy—poor fool!—with her bauble's supreme.

As the Moors in their exile the keys treasured still
Of their castles in Spain, so have I; and no fear
But the doors will fly open, whenever we will,
To the prime of the Past and the sweet of the year.

And so "my brook" passes into the ocean.

THE END